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Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia at Washington, on the Twenty-Sixth Day of April, in the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen, "For the Purpose of Promoting Historical Knowledge and Patriotism, and the Peace of Righteousness among Nations"



THE NAME by which the Society is to be known is "The National Historical Society."

The Society is to continue in perpetuity.

The particular business and objects of the Society will be:

(a) To discover, procure, preserve, and perpetuate whatever relates to History, the History of the Western Hemisphere, the History of the United States of America and their possessions, and the History of families.

(b) To inculcate and bulwark patriotism, in no partisan, sectional, nor narrowly national sense, but in recognition of man's high obligation toward civic righteousness, believing that human governments are divinely ordained to bear the sword and exercise police duty for good against evil, and not for evil against good, and recognizing, as between peoples and peoples, that "God has made of one blood all nations of men."

(c) To provide a national and international patriotic clearing-house and historical exchange, promoting by suitable means helpful forms of communication and co-operation between all historical organizations, patriotic orders, and kindred societies, local, state, national, and international, that the usefulness of all may be increased and their benefits extended toward education and patriotism.

(d) To promote the work of preserving historic landmarks and marking historic sites.

(e) To encourage the use of historical themes and the expression of patriotism in the arts.

(f) In the furtherance of the objects and purposes of the Society, and not as a commercial business, to acquire The Journal of American History, and to publish the same as the official organ of the Society, and to publish or promote the publication of whatever else may seem advisable in furtherance of the objects of the Society.

(g) To authorize the organization of members of the Society, resident in given localities, into associated branch societies, or chapters of the parent Society, and to promote by all other suitable means the purpose, objects, and work of the Society.

The Membership body of The National Historical Society consists of —

(1) Original Founders, contributing five dollars each to the Founders' Fund, thus enrolling as pioneer builders of a great National Institution;

(2) Original State Advisory Board Founders, contributing twenty-five dollars each to the Founders' Fund, from whom are elected the Members of the State Advisory Boards;

(3) Original Life-Member Founders, contributing one hundred dollars each to the Founders' Fund, from whom are elected for life the members of the Grand Council of the Vice-Presidents;

(4) Patrons, who contribute one thousand dollars to further the work of the Society;

(5) Annual Members, who pay two dollars, annual dues, receiving The Journal of American History.

(6) Sustaining Members, who contribute five dollars, annual dues, receiving The Journal of American History.

(7) Sustaining Life-Members, who contribute one hundred dollars annually.

(8) Sustaining Contributors, who contribute annually any sum between five dollars and one hundred dollars.

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VICTOR EMANUEL III, KING OF ITALY
From a photograph by the International Film Service



ARMANDO DIAZ, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF ITALY



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VITTORIO EMANUELE ORLANDO, PREMIER OF ITALY



HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN OF ITALY

The Journal of American History

VOLUME XIII
NINETEEN NINETEEN



NUMBER 1
FIRST QUARTER

Foreword by the Editor-in-Chief



HIS SPECIAL ITALY NUMBER of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY appears at a moment peculiarly opportune for Italy and America. All of its contents except this Foreword was at the point of publication before President Wilson issued his statement of April 23 concerning Italy which led to the Italian Delegation's dramatic withdrawal from the Peace Conference at Paris. Now, happily, as we go to press with this final word of explanation, the world is informed that Premier Orlando and Baron Sonnino are on their way back to Paris at the special solicitation of President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Clemenceau, with the understanding that the justice of Italy's attitude toward Fiume and Dalmatia will be recognized and the Treaty of Peace and League of Nations consummated.

By good fortune, this magazine appears just when its readers seek the information here presented, which not alone gives us a more ade-

quate sense of the great and indispensable part played by Italy in winning the War, but also enables us to understand better the quenchless ardor of the Italians of Fiume and Dalmatia for the realization of their long dream of reunion with Italy.

This Italian Number grew out of a Resolution of the Board of Directors of The National Historical Society, July 13, 1918, recommending and authorizing such a Number of the Society's magazine, with the special view of setting forth "Italy's ideals, hopes, and convictions," so as to "promote the patriotic education of the people of the United States, . . . deepen our friendship with Italy, . . . prepare a sympathetic understanding for the co-operation of the United States and Italy in a righteous League of Nations at the close of the War, . . . and . . . enlighten America concerning the peace settlement necessary to liberate all the Italian peoples of Europe and secure the just interests of Italy in the Adriatic."

In preparing its France and Great Britain Numbers of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, this Society was greatly indebted for special information and editorial co-operation to their Excellencies, the French and British Ambassadors to the United States; and, in response to the Society's Resolution and the invitation of THE JOURNAL's editors, his Excellency, Count Macchi di Cellere, Italian Ambassador to the United States, very generously contributed to the pages of this Number, while, through his courtesy, much material was obtained from Italy for this special purpose. To his Excellency I wish to express here the gratitude of the editors of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY and of the officers and members of The National Historical Society. I also wish to convey to Mr. Fernando Cuniberti of the Royal Italian Embassy our grateful appreciation of his devoted labors in acting as Special Editor of this issue.

Here, too, I tender our thanks to the "Friends of Italy," members of The National Historical Society and others, who have generously contributed to a special fund for free distribution of the Italy Number.

The added enlightenment concerning Italy's aspirations which we obtained in connection with the preparation of this Number of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY increased our fear-lest a grave mistake be made at Paris in rejecting Italy's just recognition of her responsibilities toward her people in the Irredenta. Accordingly, the Society's Executive Committee authorized the sending of an appeal to President Wilson at Paris, and the following letter was cabled to the President on the evening of May 2, 1919:

FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Dear Mr. President:

May we not frankly lay before you the reason why we are greatly troubled in conscience by the proposed disposition of Fiume by the Peace Conference? We are moved to do this because we regard the establishment of a League of Nations to maintain peace through international righteousness as a great advance in human government and feel profound gratitude for your remarkable labors in behalf of such a League. We have also had full fellowship with the principles defined by you during the War, including the so-called Fourteen Points, for we have believed that you rested them all on the great American principle that "government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed."

Can you wonder at our surprise, therefore, after carefully studying your statement of April 23, dealing with the Italian-Jugoslav dispute, to find that this great American principle is utterly set aside in the proposed disposition of Fiume, a city of 46,000 inhabitants?

We agree perfectly with the general principles laid down in your statement of April 23; and we also agree that the principles you proposed for an armistice with Germany, and which Germany and our Allies accepted, should also prevail in the settlement of the questions of the Adriatic. But was not the principle of "the consent of the governed" fundamental in your entire conception of a just armistice and a just peace?

How comes it then that in all your references to Fiume in your statement of April 23 you do not so much as refer to the desire of the population of that city to determine its own allegiance, but treat that large community as if it were a pawn to be delivered over either to Italy or the Jugoslavs as a matter of commercial convenience?

Fiume is a commonwealth of nearly 50,000 people, with those of Italian blood and aspirations overwhelmingly in the majority. These people passionately refuse to be handed over against their will to any power in the world, and question the right and title of the Peace Conference at Paris or of any combination of nations to hand them over; and in this, when the situation is understood, they will have the full sympathy and admiration of all Americans and, we believe, of all Englishmen. Certain it is that the right of the self-disposal of all civilized political communities is the foundation-stone of the Anglo-Saxon conception of liberty and justice.

We have taken pains to obtain the latest reliable information concerning Fiume, and find that, according to the census of last December, founded upon the official vital statistics of that city, it then had a total civil population of 46,264. We call your attention to the fact that, according to the first Census of the United States, Vermont had a population of only 25,000 in 1770, Delaware had the same, Georgia had 26,000, Maine had 34,000, and Rhode Island 55,000. The population of Rhode Island had fallen to 52,000 in 1780, in which year Vermont had 40,000 inhabitants, Delaware 37,000, Georgia 55,000, and Maine 55,000.

In other words, when these American colonies disposed of themselves in our Revolutionary period, and denied the right either of Great Britain or of any of their fellow-colonies to dispose of them, they were all little commonwealths with populations considerably less or not much greater than that of Fiume. Our American forefathers in one colony did not dream of interfering with the self-disposition of the people of these little commonwealths, either at the time of the Revolution or of the adoption of the American Constitution. We hold that our fathers were right in this, and no American can deny the same right to the city of Fiume, over 62% of whose inhabitants are Italian, of a race whose cities were republics long before republican institutions were known among Anglo-Saxons.

Dear Mr. President, you must pardon us for feeling distressed in finding the assertion toward the close of your statement of April 23 that "interests are not now in question, but the rights of peoples." For in the preceding part of your statement you discuss Fiume in a paragraph which refers only to the commercial interests of Hungary, Bohemia, Roumania, and the Jugoslavs, without the faintest allusion to the inalienable rights of the people of Fiume.

The Italian population of Fiume is certainly as enterprising, commercially, as the less developed Jugoslavs. These Italians would scarcely be human if they did not wish to develop their city commercially and afford an outlet for all the commerce which Hungary, Bohemia, and Jugoslavia can offer them. But is it comprehensible how the commerce of Hungary, Bohemia, and Roumania, through Fiume, could be better served by taking its control out of the majority-population of the city, consisting of enterprising Italians, and placing it in the hands of a small minority of Jugoslavs? In December, 1918, the Italians in Fiume were 28,911, while the Croats were only 9,092, the Slovenes 1,674, and the Serbians 161.

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You mention Hungary, Bohemia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia. Hungary alone seems dependent on Fiume. We hear little of Roumanian business at Fiume, while Bohemia can use a nearer port, Trieste. But how are the commercial interests of Hungary and Bohemia to be served by Fiume better under the flag of Jugoslavia, an experimental nation not yet on its feet whose elements are now in civil war, than under the flag of Italy, an established democracy highly organized commercially?

And are not the Jugoslavs themselves independent of Fiume, being bountifully supplied with Adriatic ports under the Treaty of London? In the long stretch of coast assigned them from Fiume nearly to Zara have they not the excellent ports of Buccari and Porto Re (near Fiume), Cirquenizza, Novi, Segna and Carlopago? And on the still longer coast assigned to them south of Sebenico have they not Traù, Spalato, Ragusa and Cattaro?

All these are largely Italian. Is it not tragedy enough to abandon these Italians to a doubtful experiment in human government without the unnecessary martyrdom of Fiume? The lament of Spalato is enough. Do not burden our conscience with the reproaches of Fiume.

Inasmuch as the major population of Fiume passionately claims its inalienable right to choose its own flag and governmental allegiance; and since this is a right which no other free people can question for a moment; and since the people of Fiume, threatened with a tyrannical disposition of their destinies by outsiders, have appealed to their blood-kinsmen of the Italian nation, we believe, Mr. President, that it would be cowardly and dishonorable for the Italian Government and the Italian people not to respond to this appeal in the way that they have done.

Under the circumstances, we do not see how the Italian delegates to the Peace Conference could do less than withdraw with dignity, as they have done, so as to obtain a referendum from Fiume and Italy concerning the vital issues involved. But we have been very much encouraged by the reasonableness of the statement of Premier Orlando to the Italian Parliament and his evident great care to present your views accurately and to emphasize your sympathy with the Italian people and your earnest desire for some settlement consistent with Italy's natural desire to preserve the liberation of Fiume.

In view of the great exercise of conscience over this matter throughout the world, if now the right of Fiume to dispose of herself be conceded on the ground of the fundamental Anglo-Saxon principle of "the consent of the governed," we believe the world can confidently count upon the gratitude and sense of honor of the Italians of Fiume and all Italy to deal with absolute justice with the rights of Hungary, Bohemia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia, at the port of Fiume. If we cannot trust the Italians as trustees of such rights, whom can we trust? Are the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Roumanians, and the Jugoslavs more trustworthy?

The point of view of this letter can be boiled down to one single proposition: we cannot concede either to Italy or to Jugoslavia the right to dispose of Fiume against its will, and can much less concede such a right to more remote nations. We acknowledge the right of Fiume to dispose of itself.

We add further that if the new-born League of Nations undertakes at the outset to dispose tyrannically of communities like Fiume the League will find itself hopelessly arrayed against the most enlightened conscience in the world at the present time. Neither this League nor any other League can bind eternal wrong upon the conscience of mankind. On the other hand, the world's hope from the League is a thing too precious to jeopardize by mistakes of policy so grave and so fundamental.

We feel sure that you will not misunderstand the spirit which moves our protest; and we wish to close with the repeated expression of our profound gratitude to you and all your associates at Paris for your devoted efforts to achieve the almost impossible in behalf of humanity.

Very respectfully,

FRANK ALLABEN, President

DUDLEY BUTLER, Treasurer

MABEL T. R. WASHBURN, Secretary

Executive Committee of

The National Historical Society

37 West 39th Street, New York
May 2, 1919

FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

With great relief, which we believe is shared by a large part of the world, we learned from the Paris dispatches in the newspapers of May 5th that President Wilson had taken the initiative and, on the preceding day, with Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Clemenceau, had cordially solicited the return to Paris of the Italian Peace Delegates. These dispatches indicate that the London agreement with Italy concerning Dalmatia will be substantially carried out, while Fiume will be permitted to unite with her motherland after a possible brief interregnum of autonomy, under Italy as mandatory, during which the Yugoslavs will be given a commercial outlet through Fiume pending a further improvement of one of their own Dalmatian ports under supervision of the League of Nations.

No one can comprehend the point-of-view of Italy, nor the agony of the Italians in the Irredenta, at the thought of their abandonment to the tender mercies of the Yugoslavs, unless he is familiar with the history of the Irredenta since 1866. Prior to that date, Austria-Hungary was engaged in a savage attempt to Germanize the Italians of the Irredenta. Thousands were persecuted incredibly, and hundreds were hanged and otherwise martyred. No outsider, even if familiar with the facts, can feel them with the everliving horror which haunts the Italian heart.

Finding that her cruelties had made it absolutely impossible to Germanize the Italians, from about 1860 Austria-Hungary sought to destroy the Italian spirit by the Slavonization of the Italians of the Irredenta, and, in the awful outrages of this process, the Croats and Slovenes have been Austria-Hungary's ready tools and greedy hands, with their fingers ever at the Italian throat. These Slavs have had for their battle-cry, *U moru Taliansky*—"Into the sea with the Italians!" This is what is behind the passionate resolution of the long-persecuted people of Fiume to die rather than submit to be sold into the hands of their most deadly foes.

Frank Allaben.

The Purity of Purpose of Italy

BY

HIS EXCELLENCY, COUNT MACCHI DI CELLERE

Italian Ambassador to the United States

I

The Reasons for Italy's Attitude, at First a Neutral and Then a Belligerent



HE Allies are joint partners against the forces of armed brutality. It is of the highest importance that we should all appreciate to the full the unselfishness and purity of purpose of each of our associates. The magnificent and unselfish stand which the United States has taken for the preservation of democracy by its entry into war is fully realized by my nation. And it is with the hope that I may make clear and distinct the unselfishness and purity of purpose of Italy that I undertake in a few words to recall her situation. Italy's position in the war has been perverted into one of faithlessness by a clever propaganda of our common enemy; but, fortunately, the great President and the people of the United States have come to recognize that this accusation is hideously false. This German propaganda has centered around two points: That we were traitors to the Triple Alliance; that we entered the war only for selfish ends.

How far from justified are these two accusations, with all the consequences that follow them, you know. I will, however, discuss them from the Italian point of view. I could easily disregard the accusation of treason made by our enemies against us. The word treason is unknown to Italy in principle and in fact, and only Teutonic mentality could apply it to us. Italy did not betray her former allies. She was brutally and repeatedly betrayed by them. One needs merely

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to consider the spirit and the wording of the treaty of the Triple Alliance to be at once convinced of the truth of my statement. Italy joined the Austro-German combination at a period when her national existence had hardly begun. Unable to withstand the dangers of isolation, Italy became a party to the treaty, but stipulated that the Alliance should be purely defensive and that no step whatever should be taken by any of the signatories without previous consultation with the others.

Italy kept her word to the last. How the Teutonic powers kept theirs is demonstrated by their sending their ultimatum to Serbia without letting Italy know that they were even contemplating such a tremendous step. They kept Italy in the dark because they knew by experience that Italy would oppose their plans of aggression against Serbia or any other nation, and they realized that if their plans had been known in time the war they wanted to provoke and did provoke would not have been possible. Italy had stood by Serbia when, after Austria's annexation of the Serbian provinces of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the Central Powers were preparing new aggressions in the Balkans and were looking for pretexts which Italy's attitude always forestalled. Knowing that Italy would never consent to their criminal plans, Germany and Austria prepared in secret. When they considered themselves ready, they broke the peace of the world. What Italy's attitude would have been if she had known what the Central Powers were preparing is demonstrated by the efforts she made with her noble and traditional friend, England, to prevent a war which everybody knew would be the ruin of Europe and would involve the whole world. Our efforts were as vain as were those of England, because the crimes which the Central Powers were plotting against humanity and civilization had been determined upon.

Italy was betrayed by her former allies in 1908, when Austria with the knowledge and open support of Germany annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina; she was betrayed again during her war with Turkey in 1912, when Austria threatened instant war if Italy should attack Turkey at Prevesa, and when Germany sent her officers and men to lead the Turks and the Arabs against the Italian soldiers; she was betrayed once more in 1914, when Germany and Austria struck without consulting her. Italy did the only thing she could possibly do at the time—she refused to join them, and at once declared her neutrality.

The history of Italy, even in its darkest periods, abounds in instances of nobility and greatness. The Italian nation could not have

become a party to a crime against humanity—a crime so cunningly premeditated that the most repulsive of crimes suffer in comparison.

The Teutonic assault on Serbia had released Italy from any obligation under the Triple Alliance—an assault which was only the consummation of a series of crimes all preparatory to the same end, and committed in full view of the civilized world, which nevertheless could not be brought to realize what was about to happen.

We are all paying dearly now for our blind faith that no nation would dare to break a peace which the world had expended so much to secure.

Let me say that in the bloody sacrifices civilization is making to overthrow barbarism once for all, Italy is second to none.

But then (to take up the second point of my argument against the subtle Teutonic propaganda) why did Italy merely declare her neutrality instead of immediately taking up arms and joining the Entente in August, 1914? All who follow the course of international affairs appreciate the fact that in 1914 Italy was just emerging from a war with Turkey in which she had suffered atrociously as a result of Turkish cruelty and Austro-German treason.

I have already referred to the episode of Prevesa and the fact established by official documents that German officers and men took part on the Turkish side in the Italo-Turkish war. Our military stores were exhausted, our artillery was reduced to nothing, our armies had been largely disbanded, and only a very small number of them remained under arms. The result to the Allies of an immediate Italian participation in the war, under these conditions, is easily seen. Italy would have been overrun at once, put out of business altogether, and lost to the cause of the Allies probably forever—certainly for the duration of this war.

However, the mere declaration of neutrality was in itself a proof that Italy had made her decision—she would not be on the side of the aggressors. But it meant far more; it meant that heroic France, reassured about our attitude, could, as she did, immediately withdraw all of her soldiers from the Italian frontier and send them to immortalize themselves at the Marne. Thus Italy, by making possible the victorious defense of Paris, contributed in saving the war for the Allies.

The Central Powers understood what Italian neutrality meant, and began a work of corruption and intrigue which did not, however, alter the course of events. Italy had not been ready when the voice of

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history called her to be true to her immemorial traditions of love for liberty and justice; but she prepared with all speed to make her participation in the war of material advantage. You all know of what technical importance has been Italy's contribution to the war, in the perfecting of trench, mountain, and heavy artillery, in the wonderful evolution of the aeroplane, in the development of warfare among the clouds.

But let me recall to your minds the immediate practical effects of Italy's entrance into the struggle.

Russia was being rapidly driven back, apparently without any hope of recovering from the hammering blows of the Austro-German forces. Only a diversion, and a powerful one, could prevent a crushing disaster to the Allies. Italy undertook the task of creating such a diversion. She declared war on Austria, crossed old *iniquitous boundaries imposed upon her* by Austria and Germany in 1866, and forced the instant transfer of all available Austrian forces from the Eastern theatre of the war to the Italian front. Italy had created the necessary diversion and Russia was saved for her victories of a few months later.

For two and a half years Austria had been kept on the verge of disaster by the bravery of a country that has been paying for her lack of artillery, ammunition, fuel, and food with the purest blood of her sons.

Then, in October, 1917, owing to a combination of circumstances now known to all, Teutonic trickery and violence got the better of us. Our country was invaded, our army brought near destruction, our monuments razed with barbaric thoroughness, our women and children martyred. For the moment it seemed that we were lost, not alone to the cause of the Allies, but even to our own traditions. Thank God that impression proved false! Never was Italy so great as on the day she realized her danger and transformed what appeared to be one of the greatest defeats known in military annals into a victorious rally of all her forces against the invader. The day will come when we shall hear the name of the Piave mentioned in the same breath with that of the Marne, thus uniting in a halo of glory the two greatest episodes in the history of those nations which are shedding their blood in the cause of true civilization. Of this we are assured by the miraculous revival of the fighting spirit of our soldiers and by the evidence that our country is fully aware of the part history has called on her to play

for the triumph of those principles of justice which the world originally learned from Italy.

With this faith in our destiny, with the assurance that right cannot be permanently destroyed by might, with confidence and gratitude that the glorious American republic on our side has added her sense of right and her unlimited strength, we face the future bravely.

II

The Age-Long Struggle of Rome and Italy Against Teutonic Brutality



PERHAPS I need not remind you that Italy's struggle against the enemy of to-day goes back to the time when, some twenty centuries ago, on the selfsame fields and mountains that are now a part of our common allied front, the Roman eagle was already waging that fight against the barbarians in which the American eagle has recently joined us. The struggle of to-day is, to us Italians, the rounding-out of a tremendous cycle of world-history, in which, alone of all civilized nations, Italy was in at the beginning, and is in at the finish.

Since the time when Roman law laid the foundations for the international intercourse of the world, the struggle has gone on against Teutonic brutality. We are in it as a nation with all the traditions and survivals of centuries, with all the memories of the race, with all the influences of obscure ancestral heredities. One verse of our national hymn reminds us that no Teuton stick ever curbed Italy, and that the children of Rome do not grow to a yoke. That was the blunder of the enemy: he did not realize that to a liberty-loving people the spirit of freedom is like the breathing of pure air—an essential of life. Sometimes the freeman does not know how essential it is until someone tries to take it from him: then he must die or revolt. Italy revolted.

Nowhere else as in Italy have the boldest elements of evil worked to disrupt the unity of the nation's will and to nullify the patriotic efforts of the government and of the people. Nowhere has the test, consequently, been more crucial and significant, nor the spirit and the love of freedom more resiliently and convincingly triumphant.

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To-day the whole nation has stood, strong and determined, facing the enemy of centuries entrenched once more in the Venetian plains; and never was Italy's spirit higher or her attitude more defiant. Back of our lines every old man, woman, and child fought his or her share of the war. And though the food and fuel problems with us were brought down to actual questions of life and death, through want of the necessities of daily existence, yet the hundreds of thousands of refugees from our invaded and unredeemed provinces—where the enemy did his worst to defy every law of God and man—were welcomed with fullness of heart throughout the homes of the nation, the widow's mite being shared with those more destitute than she. Social service and volunteer civic assistance have been a matter of course to every citizen who is not a soldier or a war worker. The ruthless treatment inflicted by the enemy on noble portions of our land merely strengthened our determination and gave backbone to our resistance; for peace cannot be between the offender and the offended until the wrongs are righted and justice is enforced:

With our Queen working in the hospitals and our King soldiering in the trenches, we felt that the democratic spirit of the Italian constitutional monarchy needed no interpretation nor explanation to the people of this great Republic, and that our place rightfully was with those fighting for the triumph of a democracy the spirit of which is the essential spirit of our liberally-planned and liberally-evolving institutions.

Whatever the enemy may have had to say, or may have desired others to believe about it, Italy was not in this war for any base and selfish motives of conquest, imperialism, or unlawful territorial aggrandizement. While in fact fighting for the liberation of all mankind, threatened with oppression and slavery, Italy was aiming at the liberation of her oppressed sons within and beyond the boundary imposed upon her by an iniquitous treaty.

For the freedom of our country we need security on land and sea, a security which Nature itself had assured us, with well-defined geographic boundaries, and which the violence of oppressive and barbarous nations has too long stolen from us. We saw our duty clearly, and, faithful to our duty, we could not lay down our arms until the freedom of mankind, including the freedom of our oppressed brothers and the security of our land, had been attained.

At the same time we have looked with heartfelt sympathy and a sincere spirit of cooperation upon the lawful aspirations and rights

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of other countries; for we have fought too long and too hard for the achievement of our national unity and independence to grudge others the same blessings. We, who know all the hardships of such struggles, only wish that others might be spared such distress. All of those who have suffered, or are still suffering, from the same oppression and injustice, who have been with us in the hopes and throes of redemption, the fight for the realization of a great ideal, we have hoped to have with us also on the day of victory and vindication. We wish to share with them the triumph of such ideals of world-justice and freedom as our patriots, our warriors, and the great thinkers of our race, from Dante to Mazzini, Carducci, and Cavour, anticipated with their heart's desire, or consecrated with their life's blood, long before the material realization could be enforced. It is bound to be enforced to-day by the united efforts of all the civilized nations of the world from Italy, the oldest, to America, the youngest, whose armies joined us and stood firm on the battlefields of France, in communion of ideals and deeds, to decide the fight which Humanity has waged for the freedom and future peace of her sons.



Italy's Army in the World War

A Short Statement on an Immense Work

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL EMILIO GUGLIELMOTTI

Military Attaché to the Royal Italian Embassy at Washington



INSPIRED by common ideals with France, Italy courageously severed the ties binding her to the Central Powers and by her neutrality saved France in 1914. She saved the great common cause in a most dangerous moment, entering the War in the Spring of 1915. Lacking arms and ammunitions, inferior in number and positions, she fought victoriously alone during two years and a half on a front longer and much harder than the French-Belgian front; and later, in spite of being obliged to yield against the united and overwhelming forces of the four enemy autocracies, she succeeded alone, in November, 1917, in barring on the Piave their march towards the heart of France through the maritime Alps. She renewed victoriously the same miracle in June, 1918, opening thus the set of Entente victories; and in October, 1918, she definitely crushed the secular Austrian military power with the greatest victory known in history, of which eight hundred thousand prisoners, seven thousand guns, two hundred and fifty thousand horses captured, are the speaking proof and trophy.

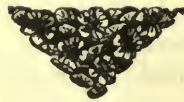
By such a victory Italy opened the road to Germany's southern borders, this being one of the decisive factors of Germany's unconditional surrender. She gave also a direct contribution to the victory on the French front by sending there strong contingents of workmen and soldiers. Rheims, Bligny, the Aisnes and the Ailette rivers, Chémin des Dames, Rocroy, are French witnesses to Italian glory.

By her long and sharp resistance on Hill 1050 in Macedonia, the natural strategic support of the left wing of the Allies, Italy efficiently co-operated with the Macedonian drive and the consequent defeat of Bulgaria; to which she also contributed by quickly advancing all along her Albanian front. She fought side by side with her Allies in the Holy Land and in Siberia; and fought also in Erythrea and in Lybia against the intrigues and rebellions organized and encouraged by the Central Powers.

Without coal, without raw material, scant of food, badly handicapped by the decline of her exchange even on the Allied markets, Italy spent in the War most of her national wealth, suffered silently up to the extreme limits, and silently fought and won on land and sea.

With a territory 32 times smaller than that of the United States, with a population of about 36,000,000, Italy had only 17,000,000 men, of which but 9,000,000 were of an available age, owing to the large emigration. In spite of all this, Italy called to the colors 5,250,000 men and kept up during the whole War an Army of more than four millions. Up to September, 1918, her losses were more than one and a half million, of whom about one million are a definite loss to the Nation — half a million dead, and half a million mutilated, blind, permanently disabled.

Last but not least, Italy made another great, if indirect, contribution. Three hundred thousand soldiers of the fighting Army of this great America, and half a million of its Army of efficient workmen, had Italian blood in their veins.



The Active Silence of the Italian Navy

BY

REAR-ADMIRAL COUNT MASSIMILIANO LOVATELLI

Naval Attaché to the Royal Italian Embassy at Washington



THE TASK of the Italian Navy during the War has been particularly delicate and difficult because of the character of the sheet of water and the coastland in and along which it was primarily called to operate. Although the protection of innumerable insular bulwarks and strong naval bases on the Dalmatian side of the Adriatic gave a tremendous advantage to the enemy fleet, this did not deter the Italians from seeking and offering fair fight in open waters. But when it became obvious that the enemy preferred to use the advantage of geography, rather than meet the risk of action, Italian effort turned to the bottling-up of the opposing fleet within the barriers of its own ports, thus reducing it to harmlessness — in fact, to absence from the field of operations. After this the Italian big units, less those that enemy intrigue blew up in Italian ports, mostly served as training schools for the unending stream of human force that was called into service — and thence often into eternity — by the patrolling of the dangerous waters.

The small cruisers, monitors, destroyers, torpedo-boats, submersibles, chasers, armed motor-boats known as "M A S," and other surface-craft, — devised to meet the demands of the new type of action which the absence of big enemy units from open waters and the enemy system of snake-darts and raids on the open Italian shore had forced upon us, — bore the brunt of the situation; while the naval crews manning the armoured trains on the Italian coast very efficiently and

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brilliantly co-operated in the general work by which the Navy met the conspicuous disadvantages of the Italian situation in the Adriatic, and the unfairness of the Austrian system of naval warfare. The same can be said of the entire force of naval aviators, whose chief title to the world's gratitude, however, lies in the defense and protection which they gave to Venice.

A word of unstinted praise belongs also to the men of the merchant fleet who, no less than the Royal Navy men, fought a dangerously hard fight of their own; as well as to the crews of the mine-sweepers and drifters, who were kept busy combing the sea and watching the Otranto gates.

The medical corps, besides its regular work, added a fine page to its records by the fight for sanitation in Albania.

The sailors who had done well in the lagoons of Grado and the plains of Monfalcone, went beyond their previous achievements when Venice was menaced and they were detailed to "the frog-ponds" of the Piave, which none but waterfowl, it was said, could be expected to stand in, much less to hold.

Half submerged in water, fighting from armed pontoons, they held.

Besides this, care had to be taken of the other seas,—entirely free from legitimate enemy appearances, it is true, but viciously infested by submarines to an extent that can now be admitted, but with the exact knowledge of which it would then have been unwise, or at best useless, to burden the civilian population.

To this must be added the convoying of ships through the Mediterranean, the watching and defense of the North African coast, co-operation with allied navies in Eastern seas, especially in the transportation and supplying of the army of Salonica and, last but not least, the transportation of the whole bulk of the retreating Serbian Army, with 30,000 of their Austrian prisoners, to places of safety for the former, of safekeeping for the latter, during the winter and spring of 1915-16.

As a result of this "silent, unremittent daily pressure," many deeds were accomplished in silence that came fully up to the standard of the few brilliant exploits that have entered into the knowledge of the world. Those to whom the world's praise was given deserved it well; but it must be said in justice to all the rest that the heroic quality of their silence has been a factor of victory not less efficient than the most brilliant achievements of their comrades.



AN INFANTRY ATTACK FROM THE TRENCHES AT SANTA CATERINA

From a painting by Sartorio



HIS EXCELLENCY, COUNT VINCENZO MACCHI DI CELLERE, ITALIAN AMBASSADOR
TO THE UNITED STATES

From a photograph by Edmonston, Washington, D. C.



HER EXCELLENCY, COUNTESS DOLORES MACCHI DI CELLERE, WIFE OF THE ITALIAN
AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

From a photograph by Edmonston Washington, D. C.



NAVY GUNS AT PUNTA SIDOHLA
From a painting by Sartorio

The Fighting Strength of the Italian Soldier

Valor and Powers of Endurance Unsurpassed
by Caesar's Legions

BY

THE HONORABLE SALVATORE A. COTILLO

New York State Senator



Y recent mission to Italy did not concern itself with the Italian soldier. What I have seen of him has been as a casual observer rather than as a student. Nevertheless, in spite of unsystematic observation, certain qualities of the Italian soldier have impressed themselves with extraordinary force, compelling admiration, willy-nilly, to stand at attention before this little champion of freedom so often misunderstood and misrepresented.

First and foremost I must mention the Italian soldier's amazing capacity for enduring hardship. As my trips through Italy revealed what the soldiers had to contend with, and the scarcity of the means at their disposal, I could not fail to recognize that in spite of all the lapse of distance, the changes and foreign admixtures of two thousand years, the olive-grey soldier of Italy to-day is in point of endurance the genuine descendant of the tunic-clad legionary of ancient Rome. In describing the Trojan forefathers of Rome, Virgil ascribed to them the qualities of the Romans of his day: the companions of Æneas were men of endurance, acquainted with suffering and sacrifice. Cicero and other Latin writers also mention as worthy of admiration the Roman campaigner's ability to stand the rigors of extreme climates and do without the three most primary necessities, food, drink, and sleep.

These qualities are as characteristic of the Italian soldier of to-day as they were of the Roman soldier of 2,000 years ago. With small rations, with insufficient equipment, with means ridiculously disproportionate to their needs, the Italians have held on to the snow-clad

mountain fastnesses of their northern front, where the only means of communication with the bases in the rear are eerie, swaying cable lines, which join peak to peak and span precipices and dizzy chasms whose bottoms swim under the eye thousands of feet below. With never a murmur, with a disregard for physical comfort not paralleled in any other army, the Italian soldier fought, bled, and died for two long years, clinging to the dusty, sun-baked, waterless slopes of the inhospitable Carso.

The fighting done by the Italian soldier in this war has been of a truly epic character. He has fought on with a fortitude and bravery seldom found in great masses of men. Just before Caporetto, particularly, the suffering of the soldiers became almost unendurable. Oftentimes their meals were scarcely more than a dry crust! Yet that would have been good enough for them. The distressing feature was the news from back home, where whole communities were without bread for weeks at a stretch. The soldiers' wives and children were suffering, and the men were not allowed leaves of absence every four months to visit their families, as with the French. They had only a leave of absence of ten days once a year. Could it be that they were purposely kept from going home?

Under these conditions the Austrians made their proffers of peace, of "fraternization." Italian newspapers of unmistakable pro-war leanings were by the Austrians counterfeited and these forgeries circulated among the Italian soldiers with the pretended news that British and French soldiers were massacring the people of the Italian cities who clamored for bread. Then suddenly, overnight, German soldiers took the place of the Austrians who had been "fraternizing" with the Italians. Surprised by a powerful foe while in such a state of mental and physical suffering, the Italians were overpowered. Lack of military foresight, in failing to establish a line of possible retreat, created additional trouble and losses. Vast forces had to retreat, and in haste. The losses in men, and especially in guns and supplies, were staggering for Italy, for Italy lacked the great reserve of guns and supplies enjoyed by England and France.

With an acute shortage of food throughout the kingdom, with an army greatly diminished in numbers, with the extreme difficulty caused by the enemy's seizure of a large percentage of their weapons, the Italian soldiers nevertheless held firm against an enemy enriched by these captures, superior in numbers, and flushed with victory. The fact that in spite of these terrible handicaps the men of Italy by

THE FIGHTING STRENGTH OF THE ITALIAN SOLDIER

desperate valor were able to stop the Barbarian onslaught in the fall of 1917, and thereby save the allied cause, is a page of imperishable glory added to a history of Italian arms already luminous.

The cause of the free peoples of the earth has never hung by so fine a thread as during the days of the second half of October, 1917. What was it that saved the world during those critical days? It was the power of self-sacrifice to the uttermost of whole regiments of Italy's sons. The twice-famous Piave bears witness to this fact. With a blind fury, a heroism arising out of their painful consciousness of the critical situation, Italy's manhood held at the Piave after the disastrous retreat from Caporetto. The best of Italy's cavalry regiments rushed upon the enemy, to certain death, in order to stay his advance.

With hardly anything but their naked bayonets, a brigade of Bersaglieri annihilated or captured an entire brigade that had set foot across the Piave. With a human wall of sheer devotion and heroism they held their lines.

It has been said that this checking of the Caporetto rout—for rout it was—was a miracle. If by miracle we mean the turning of an irresistible physical tide by forces entirely outside the realm of the physical, coming from the inmost recesses of a people's soul, then the resistance at the Piave was a miracle, just as the battle of the Marne was a miracle. But the two wonders had this difference, that the Germans at the Marne were also being threatened by an invasion of northern Prussia, while at the Piave the Germans, far from suffering any threat against their northern frontiers, were safely installed at Riga.

It has also been suggested that the Piave line was held, thanks to the Franco-British reinforcements that came to the aid of Italy. Far be it from me to depreciate the aid given by England and France at that time. But the truth is that these reinforcements arrived when the tide had already been stemmed. The Franco-British reinforcements no doubt helped to relieve the tension, but when they reached the front the stabilization of the Piave line had already taken place.

The acts of valor which immortalized the Piave, both in October, 1917, and in June, 1918, would fill volumes.

In October, 1917, as the Italians were nearing the Piave, a battalion became separated from its regiment. It was isolated and encircled by overwhelmingly superior forces. As long as ammunition lasted the battalion held its ground to a man. When their ammunition

was exhausted the men still held grimly, knowing that unless help came from some source they must surrender or die to a man. They preferred to die. Just then a man presented himself to the commander of the battalion, with tears in his eyes begging to be permitted to attempt alone to run the gauntlet of the enemy's lines in an effort to reach the rest of the regiment and summon help. This volunteer was strapped to a horse's belly and sent through the enemy's ranks. He succeeded, but when reinforcements finally came it was too late. A small remnant of the battalion had cut a passage through the foe, but the bulk of the battalion, including its commander, lay dead on the field of honor.

During the second battle of the Piave the enemy had succeeded in reaching the Italian lines. The Austrians occupied part of the railroad leading from Montello to Treviso, the northern and southern ends remaining in Italian hands, after the middle portion of the railroad had passed into Austrian control. A message from the Italian forces holding the extreme end of the Montello reached headquarters: their ammunition was running low, whereas success depended upon the unceasing fire of the batteries at that end of the line. What was to be done? The only means of sending munitions quickly and in sufficient quantity was the railway line itself—part of it occupied by the enemy.

General Fadini, commanding the artillery, at once ordered a train to be got ready, while meantime battle-planes were ordered to fly over the line to observe if it was still intact. The aviators reported that they could see no obstruction. At once a single locomotive was rushed off, helter-skelter, escorted by battle and bombing planes. After a giddy race it reached Montebellura safely, and word was sent back by telephone that the line was still practicable. A large convoy of forty cars, loaded with ammunition and bristling with machine-guns, was then sent headlong towards the enemy. It burst through the Austrian lines spreading death in its passage. The fire from all kinds of enemy guns—a single hit from which would have sufficed to explode the entire train—was directed upon it, all in vain. The convoy reached the exhausted batteries, the Italian cannon belched fire and destruction with renewed vigor, and the day was won.

General Sante Ceccherini, commanding the Third Brigade of Bersaglieri, is a hero in the fullest sense of the word. He has been decorated five times with the military medal; has been awarded the Italian, French, English, and Serbian war-cross; is a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy, and numbers five campaigns to his credit. During

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the early days of June, 1916, he commanded, on the San Michel, two battalions of Cyclist Bersaglieri. At that time he was Lieutenant-Colonel. Having reached the top of the mountain he saw about him only 150 men and 5 officers out of the 900 men and 18 officers with whom he had started the attack. Two Austrian brigades surrounded him—12,000 men! Erect, on the edge of the trench, encouraging and setting an example to his men, smiling in the midst of a hellish artillery musketry and machine-gun fire, he quietly smoked his strong-smelling pipe, "the colonel's gurgley old stein," as his men called it. Realizing that the position was untenable, he would not surrender, but gathered his men about him and hacked a way through the surrounding foe with flashing bayonets!

Enrico Toti was another Bersaglieri hero. This young Roman had lost his leg as a youth, but by prodigious strength and spirit he so far overcame his handicap that his feats as a cyclist, globe-trotter, and a swimmer were epic. At the beginning of the War he succeeded in convincing the army officials that he could take a soldier's part. With his bicycle he kept up with the best of them, and his crutch became a formidable weapon. His invincible spirits made him a leader. During an attack at Monfalcone he rushed to the attack. Mortally wounded, but undaunted, he reached the Austrian trenches. He fell, but rose again and, with a supreme gesture of contempt, hurled his crutch after the fleeing enemy, shouting "Viva L'Italia" as he fell back, dead, into the trench.

Lieutenant Franz Fischietti was fourteen years old at the beginning of the war—too young for service. With the aid of a birth certificate belonging to an elder brother, who had died a child and would then have been seventeen years old, he managed to enlist. Possessing physical strength far beyond his years, he had no difficulty so far as personal appearance was concerned. He always conducted himself like a soldier and by his gallantry attained the grade of First Lieutenant. When his class was at length called to the colors—the class of 1900—he had to reveal his identity, for he had been listed as a deserter although he had been fighting for over three years. He fell, fighting, at the head of a company of shock troops.

Lieutenant Tozzolino had his right hand paralyzed by a wound, but stayed at the front for purposes of propaganda. During the recent battle of the Piave he managed to reach a battalion which was conducting an attack against the enemy. The major in command having been killed, the men showed signs of indecision, beginning to

retreat. Lieutenant Tozzolino placed himself at their head, led them back to the attack, and reconquered the position.

Sergeant Crespi of the 16th Bersaglieri, actuated by the loftiest sentiments of comradeship and altruism, having played a brilliant part in the capture of a difficult mountain position, ran out repeatedly, braving the murderous fire of enemy machine-guns 100 metres away, leaping over chasms and ravines, in order to bring back to safety five wounded comrades.

Truly these are heroic deeds, a few samples of Italian valor that have come within my personal knowledge from the mouths of the men who witnessed them. Both of the battles of the Piave, and the eleven offensives on the Isonzo, are crowded with such deeds.

Yet, to my mind, the loftiest examples of heroism I have ever met in any army are those of two humble peasant soldiers whom I saw and heard personally in Southern Italy. Both were married, while one of them had three children. One came home on leave, to find his wife dead and his three children motherless and helpless. The other came home to find an insane wife. Upon my asking what they meant to do, now that their families were wrecked, each replied with sublime simplicity, "I must go back to the front to do my duty!"

These words from the mouths of these humble men were a revelation to me. I stood amazed, in awed admiration, as one stands before the inscrutable wonders of Nature.

Verily, the breed of Attilius Regulus is not dead in Italy!

The Overthrow of Austria

BY

CAPTAIN ALESSANDRO SAPELLI

Former Governor of Benadir, One of Italy's Colonies in Africa

I

The Preliminary Situation



VERY LITTLE has been said in America of the Italian military operations on the Isonzo, though these operations were initiated at a moment extremely precarious for the Allied armies. Italy entered the fray at the very time when the Dardenelles campaign, due to lack of quick decision and proper preparation, had proven a failure. Italy entered at the very time when the Russian armies, on which France relied, had been disastrously beaten on the Biala and Dumajez and were evacuating Czernowicz, Przemyśl, and Leopold. Italy thus entered the War at the time when Germany and Austria, strong in the knowledge of the Russian defeat, were ready to throw their entire strength on the western front — before England could transport her new army across the Channel, or France reorganize her armies and get her "second wind." At this moment, most critical for the Allies, Italy entered the conflict; and from that hour until the end she kept engaged on her front over one-third of the Teutonic coalition.

But of all the dangers by her undergone, of all the desperate struggles, the gigantic efforts, the heroic exploits of the titanic battle waged by Italy, the world took little notice until after the disaster of Caporetto. Then Italy began to be spoken of, but more in reference to the danger to which France would be exposed should the forces of

the Central Empires, passing through the Po Valley, succeed in attacking her from Savoy and the Delphinat — a frontier which, since 1914, the declaration of Italian neutrality had permitted France to leave undefended, enabling her to take from thence the 500,000 men that were the decisive factor in winning the first battle of the Marne.

Yet, even after Caporetto, the decisions of the Allies were painfully slow, perhaps because they considered Italy definitely out of the fight. The Austro-German invasion of Italy, however, the consequence of a moral deficiency and not of a military defeat, was stopped though he had failed to get the Allied support he looked for, he Allied re-enforcements, absolutely inadequate to the situation, had orders to entrench themselves on the Mincio, more than 100 kilometers behind the firing line.

After this heroic check of the invaders at the Piave silence again enveloped all things pertaining to Italy. Then came the great Austrian offensive of June, 1918, that ended for the enemy so miserably, as everyone will remember. This Austrian reverse again revealed the power of Italy to strike in self-defense, but was not a result of Italian initiative. Much was said about it, partly, perhaps, because it helped to draw public attention from a critical situation on the western front between Bapaume and Chauny, but surely more because it seemed that this Italian victory might be — as it proved to be — the first of a series of successes leading into the offensive that should bring the Allies to final victory. A signal success was just then needed to strengthen the morale of the Allies, and Italy produced it by her staggering blow that turned the Austrian attack into a crippling defeat.

Thus Germany lost the support of her powerful ally; and with the strengthening of the Allied armies by the arrival of the American troops, and the unification of the supreme command in Marshal Foch, the chances in favor of the Allied arms tremendously increased. Indeed from that moment, when Italian valor transformed the threatening host of Austria into an army of discouragement, Hindenburg, pressed on all sides along the whole front from the sea to the Argonne, abandoned all hopes of a victory in France and began hasty dispositions for a shortening of the front and a full retreat to the formidably defended lines of the Rhine, where prolonged resistance would have given his country at least a diplomatic victory.

Most people at this juncture regarded the Italians as played out, after their efforts in June, 1918, and as quite incapable of anything more than to hug the shores of the Piave. The peculiar thing to note

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is that Austria alone seemed aware of the menace against her represented by Italy; but that Austria herself apprehended the worst is clearly proved by her stubborn refusal to send help to Germany, and her policy of constantly increasing her armies opposite the Italians on the Piave and the Alpine front.

Then came the final Italian victory — so suddenly, and with consequences so enormous and so immediate, that there seemed hardly time to speak of the battle itself, which nevertheless was not only a masterpiece of military technique, but a marvelous example of human will and intrepidity.

II

The Rout of the Austrian Armies

With always the same fixed idea of descending through the valley of the Po, along the Brenta and Adige valleys, cutting out Venice and the Veneto, the Austrians had been concentrating their forces in the mountain region. Yet, not having recovered from the defeat suffered at the hands of the Italians in June, knowing that no help was forthcoming from Germany, and seriously affected by the Bulgarian defection, Austria did not dare to resume the offensive. This situation had not escaped the keen eye of General Diaz; and, even though he had failed to get the Allied support he looked for, he launched his offensive.

The Brenta and the Piave in their upper courses move, one from west to east and the other from east to west, as if they were about to meet. Separated about midway of their length by the massif of Monte Grappa and Monte Pertica, they reach the sea, almost parallel, in a south-easterly direction. The Italian Army formed a semicircle, its left wing touching Monte Baldo, the centre on Monte Grappa and Montello, between the two rivers, Piave and Brenta, and the right on the west side of the Piave.

The plan of General Diaz, perfectly carried out by his army commanders, was to press hard at the centre, thus calling all the Austrian forces toward the point where the valleys seem to meet; to manoeuvre the armies directly on the right of the Grappa in such a way that the line would extend itself towards the west, with the front facing north;

take possession of Monte Cuero, on the left of the Piave; force the mountain passes leading to the high valley, and shut off the enemy's retreat towards Belluno. From the Altipisino dei Sette Comuni, simultaneously, an army should descend to trap the foe in the valley between Quero and Fonzaso; while, lastly, the extreme left should at the same time have advanced through the Valle Arsa upon Rovereto and Trento, engaging the Austrian reserves in that quarter and reaching Trento ahead of any Austrian columns that might succeed in retreating along the Val Sugaria.

The most dangerous of these actions was that assigned to the troops stationed to the east of Monte Grappa, who would have had the right flank and their shoulders unprotected. But, to guard against this danger, the Italian high command ordered an advance of the troops lined up along the lower Piave, who were to move towards the Livenza, the Tagliamento, and the old Isonzo line, thus forming a right angle with the remaining line of the front covering the action at the centre, and could eventually constitute its reserve.

This plan, which was begun on October 24 (exactly one year from the Caporetto disaster), starting with a violent feint in the zone of Monte Grappa (that cost the sacrificing of 20,000 Italian lives, and 60,000 wounded), was developed without hesitations during the next few days. For some hours it looked as if the encircling movement would come to naught, on account of the sudden flooding of the Piave that carried away all the bridges, at a moment when only a part of the Eighth and Tenth Army had passed on the left shore. But, thanks to the activity of the Italian Army Engineers in re-establishing communications, and the uninterrupted forwarding of supplies and munitions, the latter carried out by our Capronis, and the tenacious resistance of our First Division against the attempts of the Austrian troops to push the Italians back to the Piave, the most powerful difficulties created by Nature were overcome by Man. However, even by the evening of the 27th, the plans of the command were slated to win. The enemy had re-enforced its lines in front of the Grappa, and was wasting itself in desperate attacks, in attempting to reconquer the positions, leaving thus ample time for the converging and encircling movement of the Eighth, Tenth, and Twelfth Armies, that, by the 28th, had already reached the heights of Valdobbiadene and the River Soligo.

From that moment, the fate of the Austrian Army was sure. In its retreat, it would be obliged to extend itself through the valleys, lose the tactical contact, and moral cohesion. The battle was lost, so far as

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the Austrian Army was concerned. It still resisted with the strength of desperation, but, on the 3rd of November, when the victorious Italians had already to their credit prisoners amounting to 416,116 soldiers, 10,658 officers, and 6,818 cannon, the Austrian General Weber von Webenau accepted the conditions of the Armistice dictated by the Council of Versailles. That which had been one of the most thoroughly organized armies in the world had nothing left to it but disorganized bands of soldiers, of its former seventy-three Divisions, which had been completely routed by six Allied Divisions and fifty-one Italian Divisions. The Italians, on the 11th, had already reached the Brennero, ready to march on the southern frontiers of the German confederation. But, on that same day also, the Teutonic Empire, left alone in the field, threatened by enemies on all sides, asked and obtained an armistice.

The results of the victory on the Piave were superior to all expectations, but worthy of the genius with which the plans of the battle had been laid and executed — and, above all, of the heroism and fighting qualities of the soldiers who “carried on.”



The Voice of a Soldier from Capodistria

BY

COLONEL UGO PIZZARELLO



COLONEL UGO PIZZARELLO, a valiant fighter in the Great War, is a native of Capodistria, which is but a few miles south of Trieste. He was born into the midst of the tragedy of the unredeemed provinces, for, in his infancy, his father was seized and imprisoned for the heinous offence of loving Italy and fighting with Garibaldi. His whole family, exiled from their home, took refuge in the kingdom of Italy. These circumstances were branded upon his youthful mind as with a flame. His young manhood was consecrated to a spiritual and moral preparation for that great hour when Italy should rise in maternal power and gather into her own fold her children,—Trieste, Fiume, Istra, Dalmatia, and the valley of the Adige. He took up arms for Italy while still a lad. The Great War was to him a clarion call to the fulfillment of his early dreams. As Captain of Infantry he fought with such heroism that, after twenty-six months in the trenches, and after he had received four grievous wounds (one from a bullet that even now lies imbedded in the cerebrum), he was promoted to a Colonelcy on December 1, 1916. He was awarded two silver medals for military valor, and a gold one, as well as the cross of Knight of the Military Order of Savoy. The last two were assigned him by the King of Italy, and are the two most coveted of all Italian military honors. He was also decorated by France, Russia, and Serbia. His words deserve a hearing.—*The Editors.*

The Voice of a Soldier from Capodistria



THROUGHOUT the years of the Great War, I was keenly aware of all the enormous sacrifices borne by my country for the sake of following up that victory which irradiated decisively from every Italian front. So it was natural that I should grieve more deeply at the unjust discussions to defraud her of her Italian provinces in favor of a nationality which, on the theatre of action, was our enemy, as well as that of the Entente, to the very last battle.

Our Adriatic aspirations are solely and exclusively national ones. To one who understands, it seems to betray ignorance to call such aspirations Italian imperialism when we remember that the idea of national Italian unity always embraced the regions of the Valley of the Adige, eastern Friule, Trieste, Istria, Fiume, and Dalmatia.

Our ancient mother, Rome, after the second Punic War, felt the absolute need of occupying and colonizing Dalmatia for her own life, and for the protection of the eastern Adriatic. Even to-day the traces of this ancient occupation remain, traces very evident and positive that, for the most part, the civilization of modern Dalmatia is essentially Latin.

Such a need is necessarily recalled to mind in the case of Venice, who, for the protection of her commerce and for her very existence, had dire need of the coast of Dalmatia. Only from Dalmatia as a base of action could she obstruct the predatory raids of pirates from the numerous Illyrian ports. All the little cities of the Dalmatian coast, in their great monuments and their architectural constructions, sing of Venice and of her glorious spirit of leadership. The same dire necessity weighs upon Italy to-day, only it is strengthened by the truth

that, during the Great War, our not having possession of the eastern Adriatic coast constituted one of the greatest handicaps in the struggle of arms. It is owing almost exclusively to just this strategical handicap by sea that, in spite of the superb valor of the Italian Navy, we Italians met with so many serious losses on the water. The official Naval Bulletin, in its publications, made it very clear that, during the cruel struggle of her people, Italy sacrificed 60 units, large and small, of her Navy and suffered the loss of as many ships of her mercantile marine as amounted altogether to 880,000 in the way of tonnage. All this depletion did not include the distressing situation of our Adriatic coast; for, in the recovered cities which were constantly threatened by such accessible invasions and such easy bombardments, we suffered heavy material losses, and many victims. More than that, they were called upon to bear the economic ruin which followed the necessary cessation of all their maritime traffic.

After so many sacrifices on the sea; after that ocean of blood that cost some half a million lives; after hundreds of thousands of our wounded scattered throughout Italy in every city, every village, and in the camps, all recording with the living torture of their bodies the price of their victory; after the economic sacrifice, weighing so heavily upon us, and even greater than our resources (the expense of sixty billion *lire* for the War); must we experience discussion and contest over that national unity for which we Italians in our struggle have yearned and in our victory actually achieved?

Italy had already saved humanity by remaining neutral, and thus making possible the first great victory of the Entente, that of the Marne. When Italy entered the War, she did so renouncing easy and magnificent gains and the offering of lands far more extensive than these very ones to which she aspires to-day. She entered it, facing serenely all the tortures and all the destruction of a war such as is fought to-day, because, land of justice that she is, she was conscious of the ideal of right that incited her to uphold the just cause and that made clear to her the necessity of the re-establishment of Belgium, the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France, and the just restoration of Bohemia, Poland, Roumania, Serbia, and Armenia.

But, side by side with the ideal of liberty for other peoples, and other nationalities, there always existed and still lives both in the people and in the Army a glowing consciousness of impelling necessity of national unity. That alone can insure Italy's economic development without hindrance or threats, an economic development which

can place her in a situation of potential prosperity for the future. This national unity to which we are pledged, after a century of struggle full of martyrdoms and sublime sacrifices, can not — nay, must not — come to us contested, especially by our great Allies who know so well that heroic effort our country made, and know equally well how powerfully this effort has contributed to the victory of all.

We hold, too, that our Adriatic aspirations are reduced to such a minimum as certainly can not offend or limit the economic development of the other Adriatic peoples, who, under the protection of the free flag of Italy, can have perfectly free scope for their economic development and for their commerce.

We ask for only that tract of coast in Dalmatia where the Italians of that land succeeded in defending and maintaining their nationality in spite of the great odds against them. The Italians of Dalmatia, exalted by their long martyrdom of subjection to a foreign yoke, must obtain their just reward for all their sufferings endured in the long struggle as only Latins can endure. That reward is union with their own country.

Throughout Dalmatia the tenor of life and civilian prosperity has, from of old, borne the stamp of Italian civilization, while, throughout her two thousand years of history, there came down to Dalmatia from the Dinaric Alps, nothing but barbarians, dangers, devastations, and slaughters. Bitter was the struggle of Venice against her ferocious exterminator from the eastern Balkans.

The most recent history of the Balkan nations has placed conspicuously in the light their unrest and violence. After their victory, they turned upon each other, tearing each other to pieces. Worse still, one people among them, the Bulgarians, did not hesitate to ally themselves with their recent pitiless oppressors, the infidel Turks, to fight against Russia, the mother to whom Bulgaria owed her very existence as a nation.

Italy is desirous of friendship with the Slavs, and she has shown it by effective diplomatic assistance always extended to Serbia in critical moments before the War. She has shown it during the War by the deeds performed by Italian Army corps who fought in the Balkans and left thousands of dead for the resurrection of Serbia. She has shown it by the deeds of the Italian Navy, whose marvellous daring and sacrifices both of ships and men saved the heroic Serbian Army from ultimate ruin.

Italy has every interest in aiding the rise of the Slav peoples, but not to the extent of sacrificing a part of herself and of her people. Should she do this, she would but expose herself to new dangers of a perilous kind and to increasing occasions of future trouble. Italy offers and can offer friendship, just government, autonomous legislation, and free communities to all the peoples of non-Italian stock living in her own territory; but a stern necessity to-day, that cannot be ignored, impels us, even more than when the Austrian Empire existed, to secure under proper control the eastern shore of the Adriatic. This is, and always has been, the Latin outpost of the East. Here, we have a people new to the society of civilized nations, a people to whom Italy has extended hospitality and actually started on the road to civilization — for whose redemption Italy has contributed so much in her recent sacrifices of life-blood and prosperity. Yet they presume to demand that Italy abandon her own people to inevitable barbaric violence, signs of which are now only too plainly manifest. They, forsooth, would have it that across a narrow sea, and but a short distance from her own shores which are incapable of defense, Italy should cede that part of her own territory best fortified by nature for deflecting dangers which threaten the safety and peace of the entire nation.

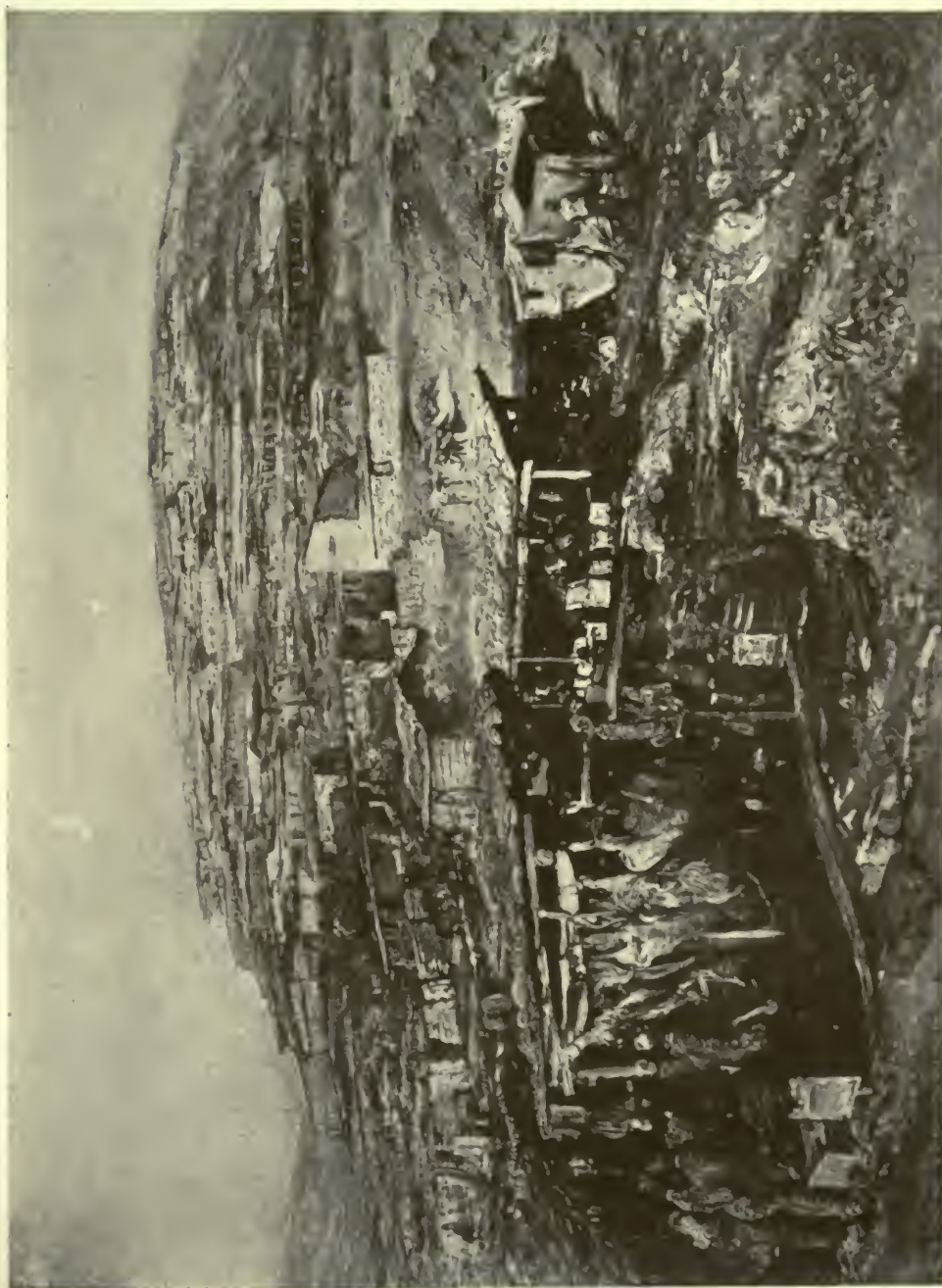
To these claims Italy with one voice replies: "By our sons who died in the War; by the heroism of our fallen; by the best of our living sons, the soldiers; by the bitterly contested battles of the Alps, the Carso, the Isonzo, the Grappa, the Piave; by the epic exploits of Luigi Rizzo, Goiran, Pellegrini, Paolucci, Rossetti, Ciano, and d'Annunzio; by the martyrdom of Battisti, Sauro, Chiesa, Felzi, Rismondo; by the tortures of all our wounded; in the name of Justice, Right, and Liberty, we plead for them to be restored to us — our sons of the Trentino, of Eastern Friuli, of Trieste, of Istria, of Fiume, and of Dalmatia. They are the special objects of our tender love, because for so many years they have suffered in vain under the galling yoke of strangers."



DUGOUTS ON THE CARSO
From a painting by Sartorio



DISTANT VIEW OF TRIESTE FROM HILL "121 BIS"
From a painting by Sartorio



BARRACKS AT BONETI ON THE CARSO
From a painting by Sartorio



ITALIAN WOMEN ERECTING BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS



ITALIAN WOMEN DIGGING SECOND LINE TRENCHES, WHILE THE MEN WERE
FIGHTING IN THE FIRST LINE

The War Service of Italian Women

BY

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VERY little has been said about the Italian woman's share in the work of the war, possibly because very little has been said, anyhow, about Italy's share in the task that confronts the Allies. The mobilization of Italian womanhood in war service has been unheralded as it was unpreconceived. It might almost be described as an emotional rather than an intellectual achievement—a thing of warm-heartedness even more, or rather more, than of clear-headedness. At any rate, it proved something of a surprise even to its own sponsors when it achieved itself out of seeming nothingness. For only to those who know by experience how the Italian woman hated to assume the duties and privileges of the other sex, can there come a fair realization of the wonder that it has been,—not that the things done were done so well, but rather, as in the case of Dr. Johnson's well-known dog, that they were done at all. To attempt to induce thousands and thousands of women of all ages and descriptions to leave their homes in non-industrial regions, cover their shining hair with factory caps—caps! of all headgear the most unfamiliar to Italian tradition, the most unbecoming to the Italian type!—and work at a lathe or bench for ten hours or more of the day, would have constituted a hopeless and at best a thankless task in normal times. No amount of coercion or persuasion could then have overcome the inborn repugnance of Beppina or Maria for the sort of labor which appeared to her mind particularly fit for a man's effort.

In war time, however, things changed. Women began to know about other women's war work in other countries; but chiefly and above all the fact appealed to them that their husbands and sons needed more guns and more shells to fight the enemy, so that, after a while, employment in a munition plant came to be regarded as a sort of distinction granted them because of their relationship to men fighting at the front. And the government was correspondingly quick in appreciating the advisability of encouraging such sentiment. In fact,

in some of the factories under direct government control, employment is restricted to those women who have or have had a member of the family in active service at the front. It can, therefore, be easily perceived how a sentimental reason, as well as the omnipresent economic reasons (for women's wages in munition plants run as high as ten to fifteen lire a day), lies back of this awakening and development of the Italian woman's industrial working power, which brought the number of Italian women wage-earners from the two million and a half of pre-war times to over five million, a number which will by no means mark the end.

On the other hand, in the more cultivated circles of life, the change has been equally noticeable and consequential. Women with seemingly no public experience have sprung forth from the quiet individual existence of their home into the light of publicity to meet the demands of the hour. They have given life to a tremendously complicated and extensive network of organizations of assistance, information, relief, and education, which has greatly facilitated the extension of woman's utility in the industrial world, since it has made it possible for working mothers to leave their children for the day in the numerous baby wards and nurseries which are commonly known throughout the country as "baby nests" (*nidi*), since the German word, *kindergarten*, has with the little victims of the Lusitania, Belgium, France, and the invaded Italian districts, forfeited forever its readmission or retention in the world of civilization, at least to the European mind.

The first step toward the all-around mobilization of feminine energies in Italy was taken when, in November, 1914, in view of the general international situation, a Woman's National Committee was formed in Milan with the express purpose of preparing every able bodied woman in the nation for one form or other of public service in case of national emergencies. This was soon followed by other committees on preparedness all over the country, in all of which women took, from the very beginning, quite a conspicuous part, characterized by the fact that all they have offered and achieved has been the result of a heritage and tradition of unbroken national spirit, rather than the businesslike falling in line of previously trained and organized units. The women of Italy have been used for centuries, for decades of centuries in fact, to send their men and their hearts out against the barbarians and the invaders. Indeed, to come to recent events, the

THE WAR SERVICE OF ITALIAN WOMEN

greater part of the nineteenth century having been filled up for Italy with the struggle against the ancestral foe, the present war is to the Italian mind and heart only a natural and consistent continuation of the national history, an enforcement of the main issues of millennial national fate, the completion of a cycle of centuries, with the whole world arrayed in a fight of right against might which Italy had begun alone against the Germans some twenty-six hundred years ago, and of which she sees the auspicious finish now.

Moreover, in a nation of large families and early marriages, such as Italy is, every woman is likely to have several dear ones in the lines, so that her personal rear-guard work is only a part of her offering to the Motherland, and her work is no less an effort of personal love than an outgrowth of national necessity. Incidentally, it affords light and a lesson not without interest and significance of a general character, showing how the Latin temperament meets emergencies and deficiencies with its primeval power of intuition and adaptability, and how the activity and good will of enthusiastic citizenship may efficiently offset shortcomings in state organization, and overcome with a tidal wave of vigor and energy the original unpreparedness of a nation,—an unpreparedness which, by the way, in Italy's case, was nothing short of tragic. In further proof of which assertion it may come not amiss to say right here that all the civic service work, from Red Cross nursing down to baby-nest attendance and clerical duties in the charity organizations, is entirely of a volunteer description, even Red Cross nurses being expected to defray their own expenses in all save quite exceptional cases.

Service has brought close to each other, for the first time, women of most differentiated positions, inclinations, and training, and is moulding them together into units of power for their own selves and the nation. Princess and peasant, working girl and bourgeoisie, equally deserve credit for their attitude in this war. Women—ladies of court circles as well as wives of government clerks—run community kitchens, collect books for the army and navy libraries, organize tag and flower days, solicit donations for special charities, gifts of gold jewelry and silverware for the mint and the melting-pot, of furs and warm clothing for alpine warfare and refugee assistance alike: women, mostly, train the maimed, blinded, or disabled soldiers into a renewal of active and useful life.

Two widely different episodes of woman's activity in war time may be quoted to show how far-reaching and diversified it is. On

one hand, we hear that the "League for Mutual Aid Among the Mothers of the Fallen in War" has just issued a call for a patriotic book to be adopted later by the Italian public schools, as representing "the most worthy monument to the memory of the heroes who died in the war." And from another side we hear that the tremendous increase in the price of shoes in Italy has caused the women to join in "shoe-making clubs" with expert shoemakers as instructors, and that it is now the fashionable thing for an Italian woman to point with pride to her feet shod with shoes of her own making. Those who can do it "follow the trade" for philanthropic purposes, as the need for shoes is very sorely felt among the several hundred thousand refugees from the invaded provinces and the families of the soldiers at the front.

Writers and public speakers, some of them professional, some improvised, have given excellent service, especially in popularizing the reasons and explaining the ideals of the war to other women; also in connection with the national loans, the Red Cross campaigns, and so forth.

Committees of women have urged national resistance and supported government action in connection with the war; the work of women doctors and nurses in hospitals has but recently received the highest praise in the Medical Congress held at Genoa, special stress being laid on the efficiency of moral propaganda by the women in the military hospitals.

As for the working classes, apart from the munition workers whom we shall mention later, squads of street sweepers, street car conductors, motor women, railroad ticket agents, and so forth, do very creditably their work in their respective departments. The "tram-women" are especially attractive in their gray top coats and quaint black satin caps, emblazoned with the crest of the city to which they belong. Let us remark *en passant* that, exclusive of the nurses on hospital duty, no other feminine uniform except that of the "tram-women" are especially attractive in their gray top coats and quaint streets: the old fashioned apron, wherever necessary, literally "covers" all needs.

As for statistics and figures, they are in a state of transition and evolution yet, and can hardly be tabulated so far. The city of Rome has been employing about two hundred "tramwomen" and three hundred street sweepers. The number of clerks in the various departments of state, even in the Department of War, is growing daily. In

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the last clean-out of nonessential exempted men about sixty-three thousand have been replaced by women in the most diversified positions, from that of stenographer to that of head packer in hospital storerooms, from assistant appraiser in military supply bases to messenger and usher or confidential clerk and accountant.

But these are only side issues, after all, of the great work that women are doing all over the land along the main lines of agriculture, munition work, food and cloth saving, and nursing. A cursory glance at these will give us a better insight into Italy's effort.

In a country such as Italy is, where the women of the peasantry have always given a great deal of help to agriculture, where the conditions of intensive cultivation of the land, in fact, make woman's work essential to the raising of the crops,—it was, perhaps, to be expected that the burden of the farmer should fall entirely upon feminine shoulders and women become the food producers to the nation. But even at that, the effort has been none the less magnificent and the result stupendous. When Italy went to war, the crops of 1915 were ready to harvest and the job was comparatively easy; but from 1916 to 1918 the women have had to do it all, or almost all. In Lombardy they saved the silk-worm industry and milked over 200,000 cows; in the south the result of their efforts gave to Puglia a better harvest in 1916-17 than had been reaped in 1915-16.

Prizes having been offered in northern Italy for women farmers, 207 competed for the honors, some of them conducting farms of over 20 hectares of land. But in 1916 the prizes given were 13,000, mostly to women who had from three to seven children under fifteen years of age, and no men, even old men, in the house or on the farm. They tilled their fields and raised their cattle and brought their products to the market, and their land looked good and prosperous as before. The prizes in 1917 were 23,000, and the records show that 38,000,000 quintals of wheat were raised; the figures for 1918 will be even higher. But the most significant fact is perhaps this: of the five million men that Italy has in her army, fully two million and a half were peasants before the war—*their work has been done by their women.*

Munitions is another interesting item in the life of the Italian woman these days. On August 1, 1914, there were only 1,760 women employed in munition factories in Italy. December 31, 1916, found the number grown to 90,000. May, 1917, recorded 120,000. To-day there are over 300,000, possibly very much over. In some of the large shell and cartridge factories fully 70 per cent. of the person-

nel is made up of women, and a percentage of 90 may be reached in the near future. Their work is reported to be efficient, accurate, and reliable. On small missiles the working force is generally about 80 per cent. women; 50 per cent. on medium shells; 15 per cent. on the large calibers. On the 38 millimeter bombs four-fifths of the working force is female; one-third, on the 240 millimeter. On the five kilogram weight piece work fully one-half of the workers are women, and they only dwindle to one-third of the whole force on heavier weights up to 50 kilograms. There is a munitions school for women in Rome which turns out fifty-one experts per month; five hundred of these have already found employment among the 2,300 women who make munitions in Roman factories. There has been recently some talk of an aviation school exclusively for women. Whether it will materialize or not remains to be seen; at any rate women are largely employed by all the airplane factories of Italy, notably by Pomilio and Caproni.

As for the food question, here we may really say that every Italian woman is an element of success and resistance, and here her supreme triumph in the sustenance of the nation has been achieved. Italy has been rationing herself since the beginning of the war with extreme severity, and with a smile. Surely no other nation could have stood the strict frugality that war conditions have imposed upon Italy, and it is largely due to the traditional thrift and the culinary ability of the Italian housewife (who is, besides, probably the only person in the world qualified to grow a kitchen garden on a window sill), if Italy was able to stand the tremendous increase of food prices and shortage of foodstuffs with which she has been confronted all along.

Knitting is, as well as food, another common bond between women of all classes in Italy. The clicking of needles has been a familiar sound throughout the country since the very first days of the war, when it was imperative that the deficiencies of the army supply stores should be met. Quick knitting for the Italian hands is traditional, hereditary, ingrained knowledge of generations, unconscious and automatic like the finger play of a skilled typist or pianist. Incidentally, therefore, the Italian army sock is a thing of beauty to behold in the making, even more so on the doorstep of a peasant cottage than in the boudoir of a duchess. The wool shortage that confronted the Italian soldier in the beginning was a most serious problem and full of dire possibilities. Then it was that the women fought the battle in their own way. The miraculous hereditary ingenuity of the woman who had had to count cents but never counted stitches, saved the day.

THE WAR SERVICE OF ITALIAN WOMEN

Wool was found, it was utilized and coaxed into ten times its apparent natural possibilities. It was patched, joined, quilted, split, raveled, knitted, crocheted, colored, and discolored, woven and transformed in and out of all shapes, patterns, and forms; but when winter came the soldiers had it. Together with it they had glove-leather and cotton-wool jackets, patchwork sleeping bags, quilted newspaper blankets, mattress-fleeced storm coats, and all manner and devices of substitutes, but "between this and that," cold they were not. And thirty-eight million trench candles a month, fabricated, collected, and sent out by the National Committee for the *Scaldarancio*, added their welcome glow to the soldiers' comparative comfort amid the alpine snows. White bathrobes, hastily foregathered in the waning summer season on the bath benches, camouflaged the Alpini in their winter quarters. Patterns went out for helmets and sweaters, for mittens and cummerbunds, and there was weaving and knitting in all the homes of the land, the women of the poorer classes working for pay, under the supervision of the others who gave out the government wool and paid out the government money, turning in socks and accounts under their own responsibility, acting as agents and middlemen without profit or charge.

From this first experiment actual workshops grew everywhere, taking contracts for army furnishings and employing thousands of wives and relatives of the fighting men at a scale of wages that was a welcome addition to the scanty allowance that every soldier's family gets from the government.

This for the "back yards!" In the war zone a great quantity of women found employment in the army laundries and salvage shops; while in mountainous territory women were found very efficient and satisfactory agents in keeping the roads clear from snow and in carrying loads of war material and food to the soldiers up in the mountains, through familiar paths. Swift, sure-footed, trustworthy, and loyal, these sturdy daughters of the Alps in ministering thus daily to the needs of the army engaged in alpine warfare have rendered signal services to the nation and surely deserve far more recognition than history will ever be able to give them.

Now for the Red Cross, the efficient Italian Red Cross that had achieved its preparation on the oft repeated occasions of floods, earthquakes, epidemics, and so forth, which of late had been so frequent in Italian life! To the Red Cross full credit must be given for what preparation a limited contingent of Italian women had achieved in

emergency and army nursing. Queen Elena had always been very strongly in favor of a wider following of the nursing profession on the part of young women of good families, and through her efforts the southern prejudice against this form of activity as a profession was fast disappearing. At the first indications of the European conflict the Red Cross enlarged immediately its membership and its equipment and opened 149 schools for volunteer nurses, who number to-day several thousands, seven hundred of which are stationed in the actual zone of operations. That they do their duty is evident from the fact that a score of them have lost their lives in service, and another score have won military recognition for signal bravery under fire. Newly trained forces join the ranks of the Red Cross daily and new volunteer assistants are constantly cropping up for the side tracks of service and the ever growing requirements of the situation. "Every woman from sixteen to sixty" that isn't some very definite something else in Italy nowadays is "something in the Red Cross." There are 348 committees, exclusively feminine, active in its interest; and, besides, the grandmothers volunteer for knitting, dressings, and wardrobe work; the flappers for clerks, messengers, and helpers in various capacities, since very wisely the Red Cross regulations exclude them from active service in the sick wards.

Another great nursing association, the "Samaritane," has sprung into existence to fill other crying needs in the ever growing hospital service. With Red Cross and nursing activities the work of the Royal Women of Italy has been chiefly connected: the significance of their exalted position in the land seems to come home to them chiefly in terms of responsibility. It is characteristic of Queen Elena that she has turned the Quirinal Palace into Red Cross Hospital No. 1, and named each ward, including the transformed throne room and ball room, after the name of a humble hero of the present war. It is equally characteristic of the merciful and forceful personality of the Duchess of Aosta that, as an active nurse in the war zone, she deserved a silver medal for military bravery, and as inspector general of the Red Cross nurses she wields undisputed authority in the war zone as well as throughout the hospitals of the rear lines. The Queen Mother's beautiful residence in the Ludovisi gardens at Rome welcomes more sick men and officers, while the beautiful castle of Moncalieri has been turned by Princess Laetitia into a convalescent home for maimed and disabled officers.

Almost entirely "manned," managed, and largely supported by

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women are the rest-houses, canteens, railroad lunch rooms, "posti di ristoro," "segretariati del soldato," and so forth, that stud the country from Piedmont to Sicily. The material assistance and comfort which they offer to the soldiers is very properly supplemented and completed by another woman-devised and woman-managed institution, typical of woman's best qualities of thoughtfulness and accuracy—the "ufficio notizie militari," or Bureau of Information for the interchange and distribution of news from the soldiers to their families and vice versa. It traces the missing, follows the sick and wounded from emergency station to base hospital and convalescent home, writes and forwards his correspondence, etc. A very clever system of name-and-place cards on file helps materially in the search from every centre, and the good work thus done by the thousand branches of the central office, which is located in Bologna, and their several thousand volunteer workers, is really invaluable in affording daily relief to the anxieties of thousands of families and thousands of fighting men.

In concluding this rapid review of the Italian woman's war work we cannot forget that though the bulk of Italian emigration to foreign countries is made up of men and not of women, still there are enough expatriate Italian women to have done and to keep on doing noble work both for Italy and for their adopted countries wherever they happen to be. The active interest taken by women of Italian birth or descent in the Liberty Loan campaign, Red Cross auxiliaries, and other war time organizations in this country is an excellent example of its kind, and quite worthy of the favorable comment that it has received. The same happens in South America, where Italian emigration is conspicuously successful, and reports from Paris and Tunis, Zurich and London, Alexandria and Bombay, show everywhere active Italian women's committees in favor of Italy or the Allies.

Another item of interest connected with Italian emigration is that when, during August and September, 1914, there came back to Italy, chiefly from enemy territory, 470,000 expatriates, 63,000 of whom were women, work was found immediately for them and for all those who happened to follow them. Similarly the problem of the many hundred thousand refugees from the invaded provinces has been met and solved largely with the help of the women. The housing of families, the care of children, the search for work and positions and permanent accommodations has only been possible through the unsparing sacrifice and devotion of the women volunteer workers in every district of Italy.

Although it can fairly be stated, we think, that while the change brought about by the war in the condition of women has been greater and more deeply felt in Italy than in other countries, where women had already for a long time been engaged in pursuits of a character preparatory, as it were, to present events, on the other hand the changes that in times of peace might have seemed alarming to the conservative Latin mind, have taken place with wonderful smoothness and lack of ostentation, as well as of comment, necessity being their obvious *raison d'être* and their convincing justification; the extraordinary adaptability and resourcefulness of the Italian character never showing up better than under the stress of circumstances. Where men had gone, women have stepped in quickly, and, it may be added, gracefully; so gracefully, indeed, that not the least curious and interesting result of the feminine mobilization of Italy may be the fact that quite possibly a feeling of national appreciation and gratitude for the modesty and simplicity of spirit in which the service was rendered, not less than for the efficiency of the service itself, may bring about, as an aftermath of the war, the free offering of the political vote as a reward to the women of a nation where women as a whole never worried very much about it, but where they volunteered for national service in the nation's hour of need, irrespective of personal or sex advantage, and thereby proved themselves deserving of public recognition for the loyalty of their patriotism and the unselfishness of their service.

Fiume

BY

DOCTOR GINO ANTONI

Vice-Mayor of Fiume and Member of the National Council of the City.



THE HONORABLE GINO ANTONI was born in Fiumans, with loyalty in their hearts and the glorious ing year a goodly number of impetuous, daring their city to its motherland. In 1914 and the follow-purpose in life—to aid his fellow-Italians in restoring Fiume, and for the last twenty years has had but one vision of union with Italy before their minds, braved the dangers of crossing the frontiers, for the joy of fighting beside the Italians. On the Isonzo and in the Alps they fought and died, happy in a death that found them on their own soil at last. Volcanic feeling was not only finding expression on the battle-fields, but among the civilian Fiumans who had succeeded in escaping from Magyar tyranny, and among those of their fellow-citizens who were in Italy before the War broke out. To be ready for the long-prayed-for hour, they formed a National Committee for Fiume and the Quarnaro. The cup for which they had bravely lived and bravely died was at their very lips, but it proved to be filled with the waters of Tantalus. But the bitterness of disappointment only whetted their determination, leaving their spirit uncrushed, undaunted. Doctor Antoni speaks for himself and his fellow-citizens.— *The Editors.*

Fiume



FOR THE last twenty years my fellow-citizens and I have been fighting for the cause of the redemption of Fiume. During the War, I was one of those put on trial for implacable Irredentism. How I escaped the gallows only adds another to the list of unexplained miracles. Now I have come to America to make the true voice of my city heard, and to make it clear in my official capacity that Fiume craves to be united to Italy.

Fiume is Italian by the blood that flows in her veins, the words of her mouth, and the burning desire of her heart!

Fiume has always fought against foreign oppression. She was a part of Hungary, but as a "separate body." Hungary was composed of three states: Hungary proper, Croatia, and Fiume. The victory of the Italian Army severed this union and Fiume regained her independence. On the 30th of October, 1918, four days before Austria signed the Armistice, Fiume unanimously declared her union with Italy, thus repeating her own history. For in 1779 she fought against the proposed annexation to Croatia, and in 1868 obtained recognition of her peculiar position as a free and independent city, united to Hungary in a temporary way, but a state in herself.

In so far as her self-determination is concerned, she counts on the sympathetic encouragement of America. In Fiume all the Mayors, all the Deputies, the Members of the Municipal Council, of the Chamber of Commerce, and of the Courts, have always been Italian. This being the case, they think themselves free to dispose of their own fate and who can deny them the right of joining their Mother-Country?

We hear people say that if Fiume is united to Italy, the populations of the interior will not have an outlet to the sea. This is not

FIUME

true. Jugo-Slavia has excellent natural harbors between Buccari and Carlopago. It is not at all necessary to sacrifice the purely Italian character of Fiume in order to give an outlet to the interior. It is interesting to recall that before the War the commerce of Croatia at Fiume was only 7% of the total commercial output, the rest of the traffic belonging to Hungary. We are not enemies of the Jugo-Slavs, unless they invade our territory. Near Fiume they have the beautiful city of Susak which they may easily and naturally develop and enlarge. If we can each live within our own boundaries, peace and friendship will naturally follow.

The Mayor, the President of the National Council, and the Deputy of Fiume to the Hungarian Parliament were received in Paris by President Wilson, to whom the situation was clearly explained and the justice of our national aspirations demonstrated. President Wilson and the American delegates expressed themselves as profoundly impressed with their significance: it was even triumphantly reported that the silent Colonel House lifted his voice in their favor.

Fiume has a population of 35,000 native Italians. This population rules its own city, and the will of the citizens of Fiume must be seriously considered. We want to be Italians and Italy wants us to be Italians. We are like brothers who are at last reunited after centuries of suffering and struggles.



Trieste

BY

DOCTOR GIORGIO PITACCO

Municipal Councillor of Trieste; Former Deputy to the Austrian
Parliament



THE HONORABLE Giorgio Pitacco, a Member of the Municipal Council of Trieste, was a former Deputy to the Parliament at Vienna. He was thus in a position for close observation and first-hand knowledge of the Austrian intrigue for crushing the Italian soul out of Trieste and Dalmatia. From 1900 to 1910 he watched the Austrians driving human hordes of Slovenes and Croats into Trieste — solely to outnumber the Italian census. Laibach was the centre of this Austrian activity which actually subsidized its hirelings of Slovene business men, agents, and tradesmen to emigrate into essentially Italian cities, especially Trieste. This is the true explanation of the sudden disproportionate increase of the Slav element in the immediate environs of Trieste.

Doctor Pitacco was sent to America by the Political Association of Unredeemed Italians as their President. This association is composed of all those from the Unredeemed Provinces who succeeded in escaping to Italy during the War. It has over 10,000 members from Trieste, Istria, Trentino, Fiume, and Dalmatia. Among them are eleven Deputies to the Parliament at Vienna, thirty-five Deputies to the Provincial Diets, and fifty Mayors. The name of the Association explains itself; it was formed to crystallize the national determination of the Unredeemed Provinces.— *The Editors.*

Trieste



WE HAVE COME to America in this period in which the future of our Unredeemed Country is to be decided, to implore the support of the generous American people. America, who, like Italy, entered the War of its own accord, for liberty and justice, will surely not permit the gravest kind of injustice to be perpetuated in separating from their Mother-Country provinces which always were, are, and are determined to remain, Italian.

Trieste, like the rest of Istria, as a sign of protest, refused to send representatives to the Austrian Parliament, in the hope that some day they might be able to send them to the Italian Parliament. The Provincial Diet of Istria, when called upon to elect its Deputies to the Parliament of Vienna in 1867, replied, "Not one," and dissolved the meeting. After universal suffrage was introduced, the Italians were obliged to participate in the political elections and send their Deputies, in order to defend their national existence and their economic interests.

After 1866, Austria, with the motive of depriving Italy of every claim to the territory along the Adriatic Sea, which had always been Italian, began a systematic plan of destruction of the indigenous Italian element, in which enterprise she received the effective support of the Croats and Slovenes. All the Government offices were entrusted to the Slavs, to the exclusion of the Italians. In Trieste, for example, a city with a majority of 200,000 Italians in a population of 250,000, the whole personnel of the Department of Post, Railroads, Judiciary, Ports, and Customs, was Slav. The employes were sent from Carniola, Carintia, Stiria, and from other provinces that had nothing in common with the city of Trieste, either in language or customs. In one day alone they transported 700 families of Croatian and German railroad men, aggregating 5,000 persons in all, to Trieste. This system, which was carried out further by the order that the Italians should be deported for every small offense, was intended to

secure for the Austrian Government a preponderant number of Slavs who had been taught to antagonize the Italians. For the same purpose the census was compiled, using figures so evidently false that the Central Committee of Vienna could not explain the sudden reduction of the Italian population from 78:27% to 62:31%, compared to an increase of 100% of the Slav population. This Committee, therefore, had to admit that the census was not reliable.

In spite of all this, the Italian character of Trieste was ardently maintained through the many Italian schools for which the community of Trieste alone paid an annual sum of over two and a half million crowns.

Trieste and Istria, which form a geographic whole, have always loyally demonstrated their great attachment to Italy, especially during this War. Many thousands of men from Trieste, Istria, Fiume, and Dalmatia volunteered in the Italian Army. Of these, hundreds died in action and eight were decorated with the gold medal for extraordinary acts of heroism. All these volunteers faced a double death: that on the battlefield, and that on the gallows, if they were captured, as in the case of Nazario Sauro from Istria, Francesco Riamondo from Spalato, and Cesare Battisti from Trento.

In the Parliament at Vienna, the Italian Deputies have held memorable debates. The one in defense of the municipal autonomy of Trieste in 1906, against the decree which deprived the city of its administrative independence, was particularly famous. Not a single one of the representatives of the various other peoples which formed the Austro-Hungarian Empire supported the Italians, with the exception of the Roumanians, who upheld them in their fight against this arbitrary act of the Government.

This war has brought into high relief the utter vileness of the reactionary and autocratic Government of Vienna. It, alas, is not yet obliterated, since it survives in the hatred of other peoples who are trying to reorganize themselves on the spoils of Austria.

Throughout the War, the Italian people have displayed wonderful qualities, on the battlefield and at home. A people whose wounded soldiers requested the physicians to attend to the enemy first, because they were more seriously wounded, whose same soldiers offered their own bread to their prisoners, because they knew them to be more hungry, are a people who can look the future straight in the face and await the triumph of Justice over every wicked intrigue.



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DITTE E SOCIETÀ BANCARIE PARTECIPANTI AL CONSORZIO
PER L'EMISSIONE DEL PRESTITO.

AN ITALIAN WAR LOAN POSTER

From a drawing by M. Borgoni



THE PEOPLE OF LISSA WELCOMING FROM THE PIER THE ARRIVAL OF THE ITALIAN SAILORS, NOVEMBER 4, 1918



ITALIAN SAILORS LANDING AT LISSA, NOVEMBER 4, 1918



LIME FURNACE AT THE MOUTH OF THE TIMAVO RIVER
From a painting by Sartorio

Italy Revealed

BY
FRANK ALLABEN

I

Hail, Italy, kindled
Out of the ash of death!
Italy, bruised and crowned
In glory of thy gashes!
Through seven seals unloosed, into thy book
Of revelation let our wonder look.

War's caustic scours imaginary sight,
And we no longer dream we see
The ghost of Rome in risen Italy —
Time's restless apparition walking
The Mediterranean mid-way in a mirage
Whose glitter in the blue mirrors of the air
Seemed but an echo of thy ancient light.

Earth's suffering flesh and blood
Now battle-griefs attest thee,
Even as pangs of war
Revived thee when the Corsican swept by,
And we beheld thee stir,
Disquieted out of silence.

A blind dismembered thing, we watched thee waking
Thy ten disjointed segments; watched their squirm
Within as many tyrannies,
Writhing to knit up seams long ripped and frayed.
Then rose thy orb of empire, lit
Like a new pole-star in the purple north,
Reared on a throne above the Piedmont hills,
Sheer over Savoy's House, whose cry empowered
Cavour's and Garibaldi's, gathering up
Mazzini's dream unbroken out of night
Into substantial day.

We watched thy blowing garments
Wing over sapphire seas,
And climb the dreaming airs
Into the golden sun.
We saw thee print upon the Red Sea shore
Thy Abyssinian sandals;
Snatch from the shoulder of the smitten Turk
Tawny-colored Libya
To gird the loins of thy strength;
Out of his turban tear
Tripoli's black diamond for thy diadem;
And stride from isle to isle before
Adalia's slumbering door
To bid thy antique ward, old Asia,
Quit the grey tomb of her antiquity.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

We heard Marconi's pathless lightnings speak;
We saw the brawn of thy battleships give
New patterns to the sea.
Yet all thy motions staged a pantomime
That twinkled through our winking eyes
To glimmer in a thought,
A pageant filmed, a marvel screened,
Part posed and part imagined.
What curious thing, half-wraith, half-life,
Could shimmer, half-emerged,
Out of the chrysalis of a thousand years?

Who'll unroll, Italy, thy seven-sealed book?
War, blistering war,
Hell's light of revelation;
The branding iron of reality
Hot on the quick of the soul!
War stamps thy succoring image
On the coin of our need.
Not war thy Spurred Boot swinging
Hard at the Musselman —
But unto us an unimpassioned rumor
Carrying no report
How, in the fevered frame of thy unquiet,
Prophetic intuitions stretched and strove,
Training behind a veil their life-and-death
Struggle with destiny.

Never could war to chip the stony Turk
Chisel thy statue heroic in our heart.
Maniac war reveals thee:
Satan incarnate in gorilla herds,
Mauling the face of man,
The heart of Belgium, and the soul of France,
Resisting, dauntless, like an angel torn,
One shoulder slit and limp.

Justice was smitten on the cheek;
Faith, being ravished, fainted away;
The hopes of nations fell;
The dry lands swayed like seas;
The age bowed down and trembled, her pillars knocking together;
The peoples staggered like a drunken man.
Flung out of pillowed slumber, dreaming Peace
Swooned into rigid nightmare, staring up,
Gazing where heaven weighed the quivering earth,
Hung in a balance high above our hope.

Italy, it was then our anguish threw
Out of her black suspense a frantic look
That caught thy noble gesture in the sky,
Casting thy glory's weight
In just neutrality that tipped the scale.

ITALY REVEALED

That tipt the scale, for out of thy frontier,
Slung from a sling, the hurtled sons of France
The invader smote and stretched along the Marne,
Prone as Goliath in the sling of David;
While, cruising up the round ball of the world,
Securely ferried through thy friendly seas,
Justice assembled her crusading knights.

As, locked within the firmament, the star
Of hope that jewels morning sudden shines
Out of his crystal casket, so we saw,
Shining through thy neutrality, thy heart.
The Mind that thrills the pulse of kings and nations
Bids, Italy, thy loosed first seal enthrone
Grave-visaged Justice, weighing iniquity.

II

He who thy palsied orbit raised again
Out of the sepulchre of ruined worlds,
Had timed thy perihelion to earth's need;
And now the event that loosed thy second seal
He nursed in secret through ten bitter months
That travailed in thy soul to be delivered
Of faith, precocious in thy womb —
Thy leaping infant, struggling for mastery
Over the interloper, German greed,
With covetous fingers crooked
In surreptitious clutch in the walls of life.

When the gorged dragons, clawing Russia down,
Filled earth with wailing, clang! the clock of God
Began to strike their doom — thou, Italy,
God's hammer on the gong!

Yet swift as thy knighted sword
Knelt in the bending vow,
The crouch of the couched panthers sprang,
Fraud and dishonor, flung
At the throat of thy plighted word
To strangle faith in the dust
At the feet of the hope of the world!

God knew — His purpose through thy borders walked,
Bringing thy help, hid in a poet's heart.

The whirlwind caught d'Annunzio,
And on the blast he rode
To Quarto hard by Genoa,
Thy people, like the swirling gusts of spring,
Delirious around.

From Genoa thy visionary son
Plowed the unknown till his long furrow burst
Into the hopeful soil of a new world.

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From thence, to weave up thy unravelled lands,
A new Columbus, Garibaldi, sailed
With his immortal thousand, steering south.
And here God's finger, in a poet's spirit,
Builds thee an altar, o'er whose cry we see
The heavens open and a flame leap down,
Lighting a hurricane of sparks and brands
That blow a roaring furnace in thy soul —
Till God forge victory.

To Rome a peril clings, like fallen clouds;
Out of the north, to Rome, thy tempest whirls
Its purging fiery pillar.

Now let thy poem be, Italy,
Both seen and heard.
Rome weaves through evening's silence her shouted word
Into an insurrection of delight.
She weaves a tapestry —
Through the warp of the air,
The woof of the patterns of her ecstasy
Dartles and hangs and swings, loud-floating there.
She weaves her torches through the black mat of night,
And thrilling threads of flaring hearts, more bright;
And into a wild bewildering roar
Her multitudinous shuttles pour
The poet-tribune, mobbed by jubilation,
Wheeled on a chariot-throne of exultation.
What Caesar's Rome
Brought such a pageant home?

Beyond that chanting blaze
Of light's processional through the slinking dark,
Bülow and his Italian shadow crouch.

The knives cringe back,
The fingers tremble,
Afraid to stab
Thy faith and honor,
Standing circled in the light,
Beyond the dark and his penumbra's blight!

Then, gushing out, thy burning wrath's
Passionate denunciation,
Volcanic through d'Annunzio,
Treason consumes to ashes, fleeing Rome.

'Tis mid-May: ruddy as the morning sun,
Spring, bursting through the winter of the world,
Around thee flings the flaming rose of war, —
Fragrant as angels over nightshade use
To put to death the noxious weed of evil, —
Red-woven to a scarlet coronal

ITALY REVEALED

Set in the tresses of mysterious night
Over unfathomable shining eyes.

The second seal stands loosed: thy frowning book
A gleaming messenger of vengeance shows,
Like red coals staring out of cloudy wrath
In at the murderous serpent coiled in man.

III

War grips thy mountains at a bound:
Hunting the Hapsburg whelps,
Thy bold Alpini swing from crag to crag,
Fighting earth, air, snow, ice, hunger — and man!

Twelve months thy sword victorious climbs the Alps,
A signal in the night.
Thy bayonets prick the Turk, menace the sly
Flesh-eating jackal of Bulgaria.
But Serbia, shattered, Montenegro, mangled,
And bruised Albania, lean against thy finger,
Stretched down to help all three.
And Verdun, sacrificial Verdun, bleeds,
Heaping her altar with the blood of France.
The world stoops faint, in sackcloth, sorrowful.
Like a black mist, discouragement covers the earth.

Only around thy head lives light —
Over the northern mountains
Thrown like a halo from the silver band
Of six score ransomed towns that crown thy brow,
Wreathed in a curve from lofty Stelvio
Four hundred miles to Carso's horny beak,
Watching the Adriatic.

Thy hills wear light: huddling to smother it,
The crafty dragon of the Danube shrugs
Her mottled foldings through the Trentino, looped
In gorge and coiled on peak.
Soon as thy war's first year new mid-May meets,
The wyvern strikes thy buckler — strikes and strikes,
As furious torrents ram a dam to seize
The shuddering land below.
Thy sons fight, backward staggering, step by step,
To where the verge o'erhangs their homes: there stand,
A rocking barrier on a dizzy brink,
Through May, through June, six weeks, — a tumult, scrambled,
Of earth and air and sky and waterfloods,
Armies and rocks and mountains, sweating blood.

Hate, hydra-headed, swarms: two thousand throats,
Arched from the Val Sugana to the Val
Lagarina, five score to the mile,
Bark flaming death and cough up killing gas

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Out of their black abysses. These have crunched
Antwerp, Liège, Laon, Ivangorod,
And Brest-Litovsk, strongholds of Belgium, France,
Russia, and Poland. Hooded and puffed, they strike,
Horribly animated to mutilate,
Aching to fang thy right flank from the rear,
And seize and throttle, through her unguarded door,
France, forspent at Verdun.

Flushed stands thy third seal loosed: we see the power
That upheaves towns and crumbles fortresses,
Unanchoring iron out of masoned stone
As Samson tore the gates of Gaza up —
See the gross demon of the might of evil
Recoil from Justice, soldiering in man's heart
That foams and gallops, wild and violent,
In the long agonism of good 'gainst evil.

Hell's horror clings through June. In hot July,
Back, snarling, dripping, slinks the baffled fiend,
As, by indomitable Alpini led,
Like flames ascending up a rising wind,
With garlands on their helms, through smiling lips,
Thy irresistible children, Italy,
Scourge with the songs of their spirit, lashing guns
That know not how to answer, being cast
Only to tear the flesh! The bruised dragon
Flees, rolling up the mountain; round thy sons
The light of God still walks the shining Alp!

Prefigured in a semblance, here forethrown
On the Trentino, as against a screen,
Thy loosed third seal predicts great wrath to come —
The victory of anguish, long dragged out,
Walking the furnace of the forge of God
Toward Italy redeemed.
Often as rushes the swift leviathan
To whelm us through the broken dike of earth,
God thrusts thy spirit, Italy, in the gap!

IV

Three acts have staged their play; four haste them on.
Thy fourth seal stirs, the number of a man,
Impetuous to begin. Thy left guard stands
In the Trentino, feinting; like a nerve,
Cadorna swings the right hand of thy power
Across the Isonzo, and Gorizia falls,
As falls Tolmino — falls, to rise redeemed.
August is gladdened by that staggering blow.
September sees thee seize San Grado so —
Sees thy assistance of her cause
Lift wearied Verdun into a pause.
October eyes thy serpent-cutting sweep

ITALY REVEALED

Far up and on and into the Carso leap.
November sees thee stun that same plateau
With a new overthrow.
Twice five thy victories in that craggy war
That earth and heaven blots into one scar.

The miracle of human spirit ran
Unloosed in thy fourth seal,
Whose prodigies reveal
The glory of the stature of a man.
By children, women, and by men,
In ice and heat, in storm and sun,
What man can do is done,
Calling the age of exploits back again.
Hail, Alpini, lions of the rocks!
Hail, wingèd Titans, eagles of the sky!
Hail, Arditti, tigers of the trench,
With bombs and knives — and fingers in a throat!
Hail, soldiers, victors on the Alp!
Hail, sailors, conquerors at sea!
Hail, valiant women and heroic children,
Grinding at your tasks, warring in your hearts!
Hail, King and Queen,
Man and woman glorified,
Battling on the front, fighting at the sick-bed,
Loved in all the land, and honored in the earth!
Hail, Italy, blazoned in the badge of God,
The decoration of a million wounds!

What billows roll the music of that epic?
What thunders crash the chorus?
Trumpet your psalms, ye Alps!
Create a symphony
Of blending land and sea!
And listen, all ye sons of Italy!

Let San Martino and Cortina sing,
Whose shaggy-gleaming eyes grew eloquent,
Watching their freed kin where your swift advance,
Cracking the iron of the Austrian keep,
Unchained the giants of the Dolomites.
And let the tidal choral, tuned to these,
The Adriatic and Ionian Seas,
Tell how your convoys through their waters sprang,
Steering the Serbs to Corfu and Valona,
Where all our anxious navies learned to foil
Ubiquitous submarines and perilous mines.
Let charmed Zarola out of her thrilling breast
The tempest of a deep contralto fling,
To sing around you, heroes, how she saw
You climb the shoulder of her towering mate
And off the Altissimo of Monte Baldo brush
Crawling invaders like a swarm of ants
Into the vengeful chasm.

Ransomed Trieste, tell how, through your soul,
 Drooping in bondage to demonic hate,
 The wing of expectation flew, as swiftly
 Into your port the Istrian Sauro sped,
 Swooped down a ship, and like a hawk whirled out;
 So doing, repetitious, till they slew him.
 Tune your loud torrents, Monte Pasubio,
 And chant the anthem of the gallant fight
 That round your loins hung victory for a girdle,
 Buying your freedom with a holocaust.
 Ring out, Durazzo; chime four different deeds
 That awed your harbor on as many days
 From four torpedo-boats: how each pounced in,
 Devoured a dragon-ship, and soared away.
 Hearken, ye engineers! hark, and rehear
 The orchestras of a thousand hills rehearse
 The oratorio of a thousand scores
 That mid reverberating plaudits sang
 Your fearful blowing up of Castelletto.
 And listen, while Trieste trills again
 Her glee when gallant Rizzo rocked her bay,
 Blasting a battle-monster, blowing another,
 Gaping and paralyzed, against the sea.
 Cry, Monte Cucco, wonderments of May
 That made your passion kiss their soldier-feet
 That leaped incredibly Isonzo's gorge
 And ran up rocky barriers. Pola, sound
 Daring as wonderful, when Pellegrini
 With only three companions at your feet
 A dreadnought slew, torpedoed. Sing, ye joys
 Of saved Bainsizza; every August wake
 The prickly hills that stud your thorny plain
 Into an anniversary carnival
 To vivify again and celebrate
 Glorious achievements that the Julian Alps
 Perceived with wild amazement! Italy there
 Leaped like a cub through Austria's scampering camps,
 O'er thousands, prisoner, and, spectre-like,
 Stood beckoning on Hermada, o'er the rim
 That bristles round Trieste! Answer, waves
 That swim the Adriatic, roll us out
 Your song of Rizzo and two motor-boats,
 Sixteen heroic men and four torpedoes,
 That broke the guarding wall of ten destroyers,
 And, killing both the giant dreadnoughts there,
 Entombed them in your sheol! Airy heights,
 And steep aerial valleys, dizzy skies,
 Rainbows, and high-winds, and ye oft-congealed,
 Recuperating clouds, speak out, declare
 What human hawks, man-falcons, dove among you,
 Hunting their prey; what climbing seas they sailed,
 O'er strongholds throwing down resounding death,
 Warning like balanced eagles scared Vienna,

ITALY REVEALED

Pouncing on ships and ramparts out of skies,
Down-swooping into battle-fields through mists
As lightnings out of storm-clouds riddle earth,
And chasing regiments and skimming trees
Like insect-scooping swallows. Rouse the south,
Freed Monte Santo; pitch a key to reach
San Gabriele in the north till he
Makes a duetto of deliverance,
Thrilling Isonzo on his lofty tongue
Till all the echoing regions round cry out,
"What bells peal out of heaven?" Let him say,
Was not the fight that crashed around his crest,
Lighting a taper through the darkened world,
As if the archangel of his name had sparred
With dense, surrounding, cloudy hosts of hell,
Till Michael, with the swords of God, had come,
Angels and men, blaring on seraph-trumps,
To rescue glory and restore the light?

A limit rims the coinage of man's power,
Though imaged in the mint and die of God.
Yet we man's emblem, in thy fourth seal stamped,
Behold henceforward and forever see —
Topping the utmost peak, high over the ledge
That builds the boldest eagle's windy nest,
In dark-limned outlines, man, a sable crest,
On rocks and ice, a black and silver wreath,
Above a field of Alpine snows, the white
Of a shield argent, vast, and issuant
Out of a golden coronet and flames
Of ribs of sunrise curled around his feet —
This on thy seal and mountains we behold,
The figure of thy glory on the Alp,
Man's silhouette engraven in the sky!

V

Blow, organ, blow,
Plaintive and slow,
For a world's hope in Italy laid low!

At last our dragging feet, slow trailing thine,
Have pledged our rusted sword, that six months toils
Behind thy spring and summer victories
To build a forge and hammer out our strength.
Then sudden comes the eclipse of thy October —
Death's glazing eye, and autumn's.
October — feverish in his caving house;
The last red rush of apoplectic life!
October — when the armies of the wood,
Brittle and sallow, fly before the blast!

God tempers with fire the steel of man's spirit,
Handling our edge so tight it only cuts
Our destiny where His grip clenches ours.

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About to thrust in heat our weapons all,
He flings thy falchion foremost.
Thus, Italy, in thy book,
The brief and index of our cause,
The days of agony begin to write.
Yet if God's anguish angelize our way,
It posts around the end its guard of light.

By double treachery tricked, and double-stabbed,
Great Russia withers — fallen, doubly fallen.
And fallen shrinks Rumania at her side.
The dragons, from the carcase of the east,
Swing up their gulping necks,
To swivel every coil around the west —
To crack thee, Italy, then France constrict.

As Moses over Egypt stretched the rod
That bred the east wind through a day and night
Into a morning drenched with locust clouds
That quenched with killing pools each greening thing,
So, Italy, from the rod stretched over thee,
Out of the east an ominous rustle scouts,
Lifting a lying tongue among the trees.
A day, a night, and out of whispers blown,
Over the Julian and the Carnic Alps
The dragon of the east wind rears and strikes.

Hissing the startled hills,
She coils and rears and strikes,
As thunders rear and bellow
And coil and roar and hiss.
Glaring among the shrinking trees,
She coils and rears and strikes,
As wicked lightnings gleam and dart
In the tongue and eye of night.

Thy trees are swaying. They exclaim together.
Their souls are afflicted. They are sore afraid.
They cringe from the striker. They bend down backward.
They swerve to heaven. They rock from side to side.
They strain to escape, but they cannot.
The lashings of death rail upon them.
Their veins swell up with poisons of sheol,
Out of the clouds of the blackness of the locusts of the pit.
They sting them to fury. They drive them mad.
Their heads wave together. They tug in frenzy.
They leap. They pitch.
In the sweat of the fear of the strength of their anguish
They wrench their feet out of the earth and crash against the hills.

Thy leaves are flying. They dance before the dragon.
Thy red leaves cry out in the venomous air
Like hearts of men in the torments of hades.

ITALY REVEALED

Like darting flocks of frightened birds
They shoot the slopes of Monte Nero,
Dashing, swirling, clambering over mountains,
Clamoring among the hills,
Covering the Alps with terror,
Falling in the valleys and choking up the streams,
Where the leap of the locust devours them —
Child and maid and the babe with her mother.

Earth mirrors in her grey and ghastly face,
Swung like a pendulum to the swaying rage
That drives thy hurrying leaves, their blighting fear,
Where flying torments never couched in words,
Abnormal as the gouging touch of hell,
Misshapen, foul, distorted warps of dread,
Besplashed with every hue of woe and death,
Yellow as rotting parchments, black as plagues,
Hectic as fevered cheeks round burning eyes,
Red as rashes, white as lepers, speckled as pox,
Grisled as skeletons startled out of tombs —
All shapes and tints and attitudes of terror
That out of Caporetto stream and wail
Like flying meteors through a darkened land.
Waving their shadows up above the earth,
Fling all their terrifying ghosts across
The visage of the world.

Let the earth pray. Let Italy fall on her face.
Let the peoples cry out of sackcloth.
Will not the God of mercy hear?
The King is with his men, his broken heart
Ascending up to heaven, and bending down to the land.
Let God fulfil the promise of the King's name:
Victor — "God with us!"
The Queen of her people implores their God,
The soul of her love melted within her,
The lifted hands of her toil crying aloft.
The women of Italy writhe in distresses,
Their hearts poured out into their bended knees.
Fear, ye wicked, the sword of the prayer of faith.

Be strong, Diaz! Gather the youth of the land together,
The old man, the boy, the straggler broken from rank,
To reenforce the rout, to make a stand at the river.
They fly, they wade, they sink, they swim the Tagliamento.
Stand! stand! stand! They fly; they will not stand.

Be strong, Diaz! Gather the youth of the land together,
The old man, the boy, the cripple crumpled by war,
To push against the flight, to stand with God at the river.
They flee, they surge, they dive, they splash across the Livenja.
Stand! stand! stand! they flee; they will not stand.

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Be strong, Diaz! Gather the youth of the land together,
The old man, the boy, the angels camping their wrath.
In the azure tent of God the cry of Italy kneeleth.
They come like sheep that leap the wash of the wool at the shearing,
Quavering through the stream, gasping out of the water.
Stand! stand! stand on the brink of the Old Piave!
Stand! stand! stand! They pause, they halt, they stand.
The number of their king is there.
The Breaker of Italy's seals hath loosed
The anagram of God-with-man.
They gather; they lean against God
On the edge of the rim of the river.

Ye bayonets of Britain and France,
Why trench behind the Adige?
Omnipotence pitches the wall of the land
On the margin of the Piave.

Hail, wall of life, damming death and evil!
Hail, wall of light, firm as the sway of angels;
Burnished with fire of seraphim,
Incensive, gloriabable around,
Numerous-eyed and numerous-winged,
All standing by unseen!

VI

Through frozen winter and unthawing spring
Her frosted courage to the old earth clung,
Or hibernated in a drawled suspense.

Prepare, ye nations! Lest the earth should say,
"I have delivered me with my own right hand,"
Ye drink of the gall-wine's bitter with Italy,
France and England staggering in the coil,
America unhelpful, until God
On Italy's bank reopen victory.

As the malicious spirit, barred in ice,
Foments his rancor till the homing sun,
Melting the lock, unjails him, and then enters
The freshet's supple body, driven mad
By meditations murderous that pitch
Demoniac fury down the roaring gorge
In a debauchery of destruction; so,
Out of the Arctic and the icy east
Piling his convolutions' catapult,
With hate so hot it fires the bitter cold,
The homicidal dragon of the north
Sways, preening to the hissing of the blast,
Before the fascinated soul of France,
Whetting the murder of his cruel eyes,
That pop with venom and with cunning glare,
Plotting to seize the vernal equinox
And chariot on its wing across the trench.
He calls his mate; but, in the fiery menace

ITALY REVEALED

And blistery grapple of Italy's burning soul, .
She dare not swerve a flank nor shift an eye.
We watch our hope in pawn between the dragons —
The wedge that splits the forking tongue of hell.

Hold the Piave! Heart of Italy, stand!
Each sunrise swings a pontoon in the bridge
That we, adventurous like thy Genoese,
To pay his new world's debit to his old,
Build back along the ocean-trail he blazed.

We strain, America! Double your haste;
Put spurs to energy; larrup the task!

What fury howls? The winds of March wrench out,
And in their lunge the dragon of the north,
From gashed Saint-Quentin, out of racked Cambrai,
Encoils the British vitals, whelmèd back.
Brave England buckles. Ravenous, the fangs
Probe to the heart and reins. Bapaume is down;
Bril falls, and Péronne; the long-suffering Somme
Is tottering to the fringe of Amiens.

Shall bending Britain break? Our engineers
Drop spade for gun and die against the gap.
O that our strength were there!
Our boys sit bivouacked: O for ships, the ships
To march them through the sea!

The crusher lags, sheers off the British shank,
Nursing his hurt and clattering his coil.
His mate stirs sibilant to his beckoning hiss.

Italy, cling! The nations, like a shutter,
Rock on the hinge of their hope,
Swung from the nail of thy valor.

We twist on the nerve of our anguish:
Be swift, America!

What month wails meagre in, bleached with despair?
Is this young April, darling of the year?
A worm is in the bud. The north wind yells,
Rocking life's cradle to the dragon's stroke.
The unhealed scabs of Flanders, raw again,
Rip, moaning, off their sores.
The British blade from Ypres to Arras shakes,
Crooks at the center to the serpent, props
The soul of England in her bout with death,
Her grim back 'gainst the sea.
The fangs droop baffled, like a criminal
That cannot awe his judge.

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Italy, watch the saurian! Blazy-eyed,
Her gorge grows wicked to her mate's distress!
Clench the last ounce! Over the arching trail —
The span thrown out of England, and our span,
Spliced in mid-ocean — double-quick, our boys
Swing to France, singing. Lock your clutch and cling!

Hung in a grapple on the river's rim,
Against our agony,
This body raveling from this denuded soul,
We grip the gnawing lizard to our pain!

May throbs in squalling, like the life of man
That, born in rosy buds, breaks swagging down
Into red dews of death. All scarlet wrath,
The great red dragon bloods the bloom of France
From Noyon unto Rheims.
May's pinky whites stain into bleeding crimsons
Around the strangled month — her blossoms bleaked,
Her wheat-fields flailed, her vine and terrace swooning.
God save thee, France! the coils unkink again,
Swimming the Aisne, Soissons enveloping,
Entangling trouble in the ruddied Marne.
One lurch away, unterrified Paris wipes
Hate-snortled virus out of her smarting eyes.

Perched on his cowardice behind war's risk,
A grizzly wraith, the parody of Satan,
In rattling armor clothed, and railing speech,
Champs Hohenzollern, shaking bloody words
Out of his heart, and, off his bloody steel,
A red rain on the earth.

Screw the last nerve to courage, Italy!
One turn of the capstan warps us in.

Our knuckles clamp around the dinosaur
Like wrath round hell's rim!

May ends in pangs; June enters, crying out
In pain to be delivered. Cruel midwives,
North winds abrade her, while the embrangling snake
Constricts maternity into violence,
Where, eyes in sorrow, bowing on her bed,
June bears war's monstrous birth of life and death.

Be valiant, Italy, this wailing day
A woe and a deliverance are born.
An omen: Château-Thierry sees our sons
Shunt back the death-lunge shot at Paris.

Enraged, that his cankerous fangs
The heart of France should miss,
The monster flags his mate
In a red-slaverling hiss.

ITALY REVEALED.

Look to her, Italy! Her hatred curls
Round Asiago, smothering his plain.
She spools her wrath round Grappa, strangling him,
With his Ferrara in her winding sheath.
Her covetous fangs lust, lanky, lickerish.
Her tongue laps murder, thirsty as the pit.
Her famished dartings knit across the Piave,
Bridging the banks with needles in thy flesh.
Zenson reels, tortured. Il Montello's rent.
The Piave leaks from Capo Sile south.

Her withering poisons cramp thy jerking thews,
And spray thy seeing into cloudy night.
Thy soul recedes from the jar of her impact,
From the sickening thud of her coil on thy chest.
Back over thy spine thy shoulders jut like cliffs,
Their vigor bent like Pisa's leaning tower,
Inclining in a perilous crisis, swaying
Like Pisa's vertigo in a powerful wind.
Thy strength is pendulous: elastic spirit's
Return steers upright, forward, outward, leaning
Far over the Piave, sword inclined
Aslant the cringing dragon, cutting deep.

Thy parched avengement quaffs her, Italy,
Quenched to the hilt at Castalunga.
She's tapped at Zenson, half the spigot out.
Her liquors spurt, more gules than Red-Sea water.
'Tis drink and bright apparel: she attires
Thy hurts in dripping gifts —
Clothes Il Montello in her scarlet raiment,
The mantle of her blood,
And Capo Sile wraps in crimson garments,
The ebbing of her strength.
Prodigal with the anilines of death,
She stains thy kirtle gorgeous.

The heavens chastise her wickedness,
Rolling their thunders against her ear,
And plumbing her heart with the prongs of lightnings.
They spue her out of their mouth,
With breath of tempests, in spital of storms.
The torrents swarm upon her.
The floods rise out of their bed to maul her.
The passion of the Piave swings his hate,
Sweeping away the bridges, plunging her into wrath.
The river beats her prone, stretched writhing across.
Heaven reproves her with the weapon of man.
She is cupped to the quick; she moults;
Her scales peel, scattered; her flesh flakes off.
Her strained nerve snaps: recoiling through the stream,
Her wounds disturb the red ford of their blood.

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Listen, ye nations, to the Triumpher, God,
Blowing the clarion of the Alps to thrill
Her hour of victory through the widowed earth!

VII

Under two flaming swords and cherubim,
Stars facing, sun to sun, their amberous wings
Curving plumed shoulders up a golden arch,
Thy sixth and seventh seals stand, Italy,
Twin victors, like twin angels double-bloomed
Out of the twin-bud thy fifth seal disclosed,
Of Godhead loaning man His agony
To wrestle darkness on the brink of life.
Thy radiant sixth around her sister sparkles
Her mystic number of the deliverance
Of victory over evil well begun;
And thy exultant seventh on tiptoe raises
Her number to the glorious cherubim,
To loose the mystery of her warfare finished
Into the sabbath of a perfect work.
The touch of glory instantly unseals
The jeweled swords of five victorious months,
Keen as the eye of the eagle's swooping wing,
Stern as the coals of the wrath the heavens fling,
Warring with war to kill the accursèd thing.

July comes, torch and blade. As once his heat
Resolved the charter of our liberties,
And razed the Bastille, melted down off men,
So now the vehemence of his anger smokes
To burn away from freedom another hell.
He sends thee, Italy, his first four days
To scorch the dragon's hope on Monte Grappa,
And bids his sixth day singe the last of her
Off the Piavian delta's wrinkled throat.

The dinosaur, subdued,
On bank and hill and plain
Wails her curdled brood,
Two hundred thousand slain.
The earth throws eyelids wet
Up sparkling into light,
Where Alpine signals set
Judgment's return to Right.
Allies, out with glaives! advance!
Delve the dragon out of France.

The strangler round the June-scream of his mate
Had flung a coil; but no coercive cry
Ransacks his succor from her sprawling wound.
Eyeing thee, Italy, out of France, his glare
Lights on thy outstretched valor ramping through
Albania; sees it swinge his warmate off

ITALY REVEALED

Vayusa, Malacastra Heights, and, coursing
Astride the Orsum, comb her from Berat;
And spies her, in the scuffle in the bend
Of the Devoli, south of Elbasan,
Pitched from Iози, Mali Siloves' crest,
Back drooling to the Skumbi.

His bristling fury in its own shadow sees
Thy striplings, Italy, retrieving France:
Three hundred thousand at the thrilling task
Of guardianer of Rheims.
Thy sturdy slips he scowls at — olive-tinctured,
Tinting whole forests of our sapling pines,
Dug off the husky slopes of liberty
To reenforce the sap and pith of France
And spread a shelter over her despair.

He dare allow no pause to loll against
Our daily thickening of armament.
Ferocious frenzies through his wicked eyes
Dart to impale their newest foes. He throws
His long death-struggle, thrashing in the earth,
The wrenched old planet creaking on her posts.
Four fiendish days and four demoniac nights,
Across the vale of Ardre, Italy,
The bars of thy flesh go banging to and fro,
Pounding the slamming blasts unpacked from the pit.
Four murderous days and slaughterous nights assault
Rheims' coat of mail — the interlinking plates
Of Italy's lives — where death falls, glancing off
Panoplied Rheims, screened Épernay, masked Châlons.
Four days and nights the gambling dice of hell
Rattle against thy ribs, and lose the throw.

From four climbed days and nights the tide-wave 's pushed
One foot-slip down the ebb. Like Italy's brave,
America's with Gouraud shield Champagne,
Defend Châlons, and, 'gainst the shifting Marne,
Hanging their pluck in the way of the serpent,
Cling to that gate of Paris with their souls,
And almost with the fury of bare hands
Thrust back the outrageous dragon.

The trump of thy June battle, Italy,
Winds through July's stout spirit not in vain.
He gazes past the brazen skies, and sees
Our battle-weight pull down the golden scale,
God's glory in the bowl. Storm-helm and cloud,
That helped the Piave, rage around us now,
Between the Marne and Aisne, spinning our strands
Into the gossamer of the long grey mist,
Drumming to silence our advancing noise
With gun-fire out of heaven.

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God weaves us into the night and wet
Till the tangled serpent swings in our net.

Out of the pillar and cloud of God,
Mangin, Pétain, Foch, and France,
Pershing, and America,
Thunder the dragon to the sod,
Javelined with lightning's lance.
God's hammers clang him there,
Writhed in a gnarled despair,
Against the anvils of the steel of Italy.
By day, by night, in his flaring forge, July,
Blowing his fires pitiless-high,
With iron mallet on the warping thing,
Rimmed to our hoop of scathing arms that sear it,
Around, against our incensed ring,
Pestles the dragon's bulk and spirit.

The blazing wrath of sweating August swears
A shriveling vengeance to sear out his stain,
Blotched four years past, when hydrophobic hate,
Snapping among the dog-days, bit them mad,
Gnashing the whole world into crazy war.
August has weighed our metal, peering through
The gadding curtains of the skies: he knows
What bayonets our marching sea-lane throws,
Three hundred thousand, unto each new month.
These in a wracking avalanche he crashes,
And Soissons, salvaged from the crusher, lives;
While the maimed demon, skulking from the Ourcq,
Where fighting palls him, twists around the Vesle
His snarled resistance in a knot of rage.

Where murder's garroting loop rubs Amiens,
Fierce August stokes the furnace of his wrath
Under the grill of Haig's men, flamed to crisp
The creeper's edge with broiling bars, that spark
The prairie boys of Illinois áfire,
Inflammable sons of Lincoln and of Grant
That smelt the ebbing monster off Chipilly.
Norward the conflagration chars the coil,
Crackling from strangled towns, out of whose corpses —
Marred Bapaume, blemished Noyon — haggard ghosts
Faint back against the scrawny arm of France.
August, well done! Thrust red between thy tongues,
Fear's hot coal scalds the leathern heart of hate,
Where Hohenzollern's throne haunts him, aslope.

What sable-plumy crest
Waves war-cry? 'Tis September's,
Whose unavenged unrest
Through four black years remembers
Horrors, whose great welts are

ITALY REVEALED

Ridged throbbant through his heart, an ulcering scar.
He watched the hideous heel advance,
Dripping the crunch of Belgium's bones,
Swaggering on the breasts of France,
Grinning through her groans,
Almost wading to his lust,
The grinding into blood and dust
Of the old-young face of Paris.

Always his days have greedily recalled
How through the Marne grim Joffre that horror mauled;
And, angel of the vengeance of the Somme,
He waves the scorpion of Britain on.
It stings: Péronne's redeemed. It flogs a breach
In the red boa from Drocourt to Queant.
We gash the curling mangler past the Vesle;
And, from the Oise to Rheims, with France we shear
And tear and fold it, ragged, back to Condé,
Like tailors ripping cloth.

Verdun's vendetta cries: September nods;
And, swift as words, the knights of Pershing whip
The serpent's crook off Mihiel at a crack;
And grip it in the Argonne, snake and den
And jungle lashing through the earth and sky,
Choked in our clutch — to cling to crime's convulsion
Till death has rattled through it.

These are the days of over-tortured earth's
Recovery out of shell-shock, morn by morn
Hearing the whetstone on God's rhythmic scythe
Mowing the haunch of murder back to hell.

The ardors of thy reapers, Italy,
In these crusading tasks to gather France
Out of the abyss, from dawn to dawning toil —
Even as thy stamina on the Piave's marge
Makes what is possible.
And eastward now September
Invokes the fellowship of thy limber arm
Against a cunning beast, and, lo,
Thy aid heaps up the Macedonian blow
That drops Bulgaria's red tool into woe.
And a far crash the gibbering Turk appals:
Down through his crumbling empire's sagging walls,
Out of his hand, ancient Damascus falls.

Striding up the mirrors of the sky,
October's red-gold torch and brand flare nigh.
Yet ere he quits, September's ire must try
To break the Hindenburg line,
That never has budged for man or gun or mine.

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Ho, Italy, they come: black-diamond eyes
Flash Italy from these yellow strings of beads,
Threaded on khaki, charging for New York —
The high, uplifted giant of the skies
That swings earth's western gate toward liberty
Above the crouching nations.

They'll crack old Hindenburg, or their own hearts.
They run, swerve, fall, creep, lift, trip, stagger, stumble,
The sons of freedom in the twisting snake,
Spectral, before, around, behind, among them,
A Proteus, up from subterranean lairs
His helly forms all simultaneous rearing.
No sooner do we think the battle won,
Than new fangs stab our flanks that, wheeling, see
Dizzy eruptions through the old cracked earth —
The virulent eczema of the oozing pit,
Inflamed in all its pores, exuding fiends.
So seeing, still we fight, fall, creep, up-stagger,
And, falling, creeping, staggering, fight until
The Hindenburg line drops broken into hell.

Italy, taps! the frosted plume commands:
October, gorgeous in his golden mail,
Remembering Caporetto.
Taps! prepare a toil with rest;
Then, up at réveillé.
Leaping with conquering dreams,
Make real what but seems,
Ripping the dragon's crest.

The eye of his purpose set to Italy's clock,
By slaying the saurian to doom her mate,
October drives the dragon of the north,
Dragging Saint-Quentin from the haggled snake,
And tattered Cambrai, shrunk Laon, and Homs,
And Ostend, Lille, old Douai, and their kin.

Straight Belgium, in her right mind rearrayed,
Sits in the gates of Bruges, her coasts redeemed,
The streaming fragments of the smotherer's power,
Like a great fungus, creeping toward the north,
Save where our sons in Argonne-Forest latch
Hate's throat in death and hem his heart in judgment.

Leaving the strangler in our stricture caught,
On Caporetto night, loud trumpeting,
Dripping blood-crimson flame, October's sword
Flares on the Brenta and the glad Piave.
Up, Italy! with the wrath of heaven
Sickle the great deliverance given.

Judgment, thundering out of Monte Grappa,
Leaps roaring on the rocks of Asiago,
Under the gleaming eyes of startled night,

ITALY REVEALED

Who springs awake, her black flanks on the mountain
Plunging like frightened steeds.
A palsied rumble grips the throat of earth,
Coughing and hiccoughing a sanguine death
That clutters and coagulates the air.

The dragon rolls from sleep,
Pitched out by noises and a noxious hail:
Hissing and belching like the smudgy pit,
She murderously wraps the Italian armies,
Their tussle tramping down the shuddering dark.
The hours behold it, muttering to heaven,
While night, grown paler, down the mountain roams,
Moaning against the woods,
Entangling in her hair the shivering trees.

The eyelids of the morning, red and sore,
Lift heavy out of vigils, opening slow
The eye of day, all bloodshot, draggling garments
Splashed and bedabbled in the blood of earth.
He stares upon the foes, too strung to know it.
His light enrages them: their tearing sinews,
Streaking the sky with splotches of splattering death,
Make day more hideous than savage night.

Let wickedness rumple this plateau and peak,
Light locked in darkness, day in night, until
The dragon's throes drip limply, trickled thin
As sievy earth sifts seeping rains; until
The number here of Italy's fated sons
Is twenty thousand perished, and the hurt
Groan, sixty thousand souls.

The army of thy right hand's picking up
The islands of the Piave, Italy,
While two of thy armies strain, amphibious,
Sagging from either bank down through the river.
Why do the heavens weep around the battle?
And why does the flood let swollen eyes o'erflow
The bridges, crashing through his tears,
Leaving thy hope imperilled?

But God sends courage where
Pent Italy might despair.
His anger's not in nature, as before,
And courage can pry open her shut door.
He bids thy engineers rebuke the river,
Arguing in the friendly mask of night,
Under the stings of the demonian hiss;
And bridges rise, and swim: thy armies cross,
And firm, with legs astride the Piave, fight
Like two great pillars of a mighty land.

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The dinosaur sways deceived,
Caught in the vail around her heart,
The cunning of her fire-eyes steeped
In folly straight before her.
She winds up her strength on Monte Grappa,
Mindless of the winding fingers
Coiling round her coil like death round death.
But, wondering at her, under eager brows
Valdobbiadene sees it from afar;
And bright Solize sees it, peeping out
Over the edges of her shining bank.

Under October's mask of golden haze,
Diaz deceived her with a regiment,
Sons of Ohio and the woods of Penn,
Whose daily march of new accoutrements
Out of Troviso, stealing in at night,
Aroused the laughter of the Carnic Alps,
To see the dragon damped and Italy thrilled
With courage as our Blobdingnagians take
The stature of three hundred thousand men.
They leap the Piave, and the saurian broods
Scurry ghost-haunted through Venetia
And into the Tagliamento plunge their fear,
Chased by the armies of one regiment.

The Slinger hurls thee, Italy, out of His wrath
Straight to the heart of the cause and guilt of the war.

Thou hast trapped the black night in the mountains
And broken her flank on thy wheel,
Heaving the power of her crest
Into the valley of retribution.

October sings over the peaks,
Across the plains, and the valleys of rivers,
Dragon's-blood splashing on tree and bush.
Her scales, that swim on his blade,
Fly into the air like sparks of rainbows,
Sprinkling forest and thicket and grass —
Green and yellow and red scales,
And brown and speckled and crimson.

The leaves clap hands, and laugh at themselves,
In pied costumes of scales and blood
As in a day of carnival.
They sing the song of her judgment,
Strumming on the wind.
Dancing showers rinse out of the sky
The memory of Caporetto;
And the good old sun walks out, all tenderly
Leaning on his daughter, Italy,
Touching her sorrows with the hues of heaven.

ITALY REVEALED

The old and new months in the midst of work
Swap saddles in the field,
One loth to quit, and one imperious
To glut his vengeance to a sudden end.
Done — in too bright a flash for mortal eye!
Without a lull in battle, swerve, or blench,
Or jar, where Diaz and his armies sweep,
October's gone — November's crashing blade
Gallops the charger, furious as he.

Abrupt November arms eleven days:
Three at both dragons' throats, eight more at one.
With double falchions, forged for double tasks,
Three victoring days serve France and Italy,
A sword in each; and in the Meuse-Argonne
The serpent's power is broken in the neck,
And keen Americans like greyhounds lope
To spill his death-wound there.

Around the dinosaur, Italy,
Three knighted days with flashing falchions leap
From peak to peak, and down thy river banks,
Where the Piave and the Brenta wind
Their ribbons out on sea-spools; chasing death
Off Monte Grappa, Monte Pertica,
Montello, and their fellows, driving her
Down off the ridges to the Pisse's brink;
And off Fonzaso and Quero, thrown
Into the vale between; and, northward, sweep her
Off Monte Baldo, through the Valle Arsa,
From Revereto, out of Trento; scourge her
South-easterly across the recovered plains
And ransomed valleys of Venetia,
Beyond Belluno, and beyond Udine,
Thrilling Trieste with her dream come true,
And freeing Pola, singing to the sea —
Leaping from vales to hills, from peaks to valleys,
Unmanacled the towns, unchaining rivers,
November's vengeance and his firstborn days
Destroy the dragon and unhook her spoil,
Seizing a half a million of her brood
Alive, and piling up a countless dead
On the heaped mountains and in choked ravines,
Like lost leaves out of tempest-stricken woods.

The end is come
Of guilty centuries of greedy wrong:
Surviving victims and dead martyrs strow
Their exultations on her whimpering woe.

The dragon of the Danube,
That through thy mountain rolls,
Red-writhing in her death,

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Doth she repent our slain souls,
In her expiring breath?

The strange amalgamation of old hates
Undoes her metals: see,
Out of her crumbled thigh and belly gush
The swallowed nations, free!

'Tis done! 'tis done!
Down the angelic sky
Let a hymn cry,
"The war is won!"

'Tis done! November, in a peal of lights,
Flares eight days thundering round the rim of France,
Through Flanders-field, through clanging Belgian gates,
Through Argonne, crashing to avenge Sedan,
And war is done, the dragon of the north
Whining for mercy under the peoples' feet.

What's in the earth? a storm of shooting stars?
The splitting skies shed crowns and royalties:
By scores, disheveling the firmament,
Princes and dukes and kings and emperors
Shell, parachuting out of tipsy thrones,
Their dribbled glories frayed to purple sparks
That fade in transit like the meteor's flit —
The best decoration earth has seen.

The peoples slack a sigh through every town:
Out of the muffled years they slip ungagged;
They smile; they laugh; they hum; they sing; they pour
Into the streets like bees at swarming-time,
And shout, grab one another, dance, and yell,
Old men up-kicking heels like yearling colts,
And stately dames kidnapping strangers, shying
Like skittish two-year-olds down crazy streets,
Entangled in confetti, jangling bells,
Tooting tin-horns, and murdering fifes and drums
In wild delirium, under twitching stars
That rub their poor old orbs at giddy earth.
Glee's dizziest madcap fits the world to-night.
Dance on, dear flighty peoples! life has been
Four years suspended at the tip of hell,
Swung from an eyelash — nay, the gossamer thread
Of God's eternal goodness. Dance and sing,
And loose the heart's thanksgiving, psalming Heaven!

'Tis over — acted, done!
Blue-gold, the avengeful sky
Wipes his red weapon into the sheathing cry,
"The war is won!"

ITALY REVEALED

VIII

Here wrath should end. But what fantastic voices,
Like leaves that rattle grave-yards windy nights,
Chatter and scream their antique selfishness,
Till ghostly gabble troubles up an age
We thought long buried under ugly scars
In dark unfathomable hates of war?

Is sense jarred out of cue? Ears think they hear
The old snake-charmers of the Senate Chamber
Beat veto tom-toms and howl incantations,
Lest earth eclipse war with a League of Nations,
And, clipping strife and battle, shear
His wiggeries off the baldness of old greed.
Howl, old dwarf's fistful of anachronists!
Make earth stand still, or trundle back an age!

Is this our world late squeezed, by the skin of her teeth,
Wet-mangled through such agonies as we think?
Has war toiled — incommensurable war —
Four years, destroying earth; or do we dream,
Or waken out of madness?

Surely, we dream. It is not possible
Freedom has spokesmen so insensible
To the world's need, guides so impervious
To the world's light, as to swing brazen tongues,
Where honorable law is weighed, to sully men
Out of man's obligation toward mankind
With words that shame us with their nude appeal
To all that 's basest in what 's crooked in us!

Back from crusading, must America
Suffer in audience, assoiling her,
The same old dragon's hiss of selfishness
She sailed away to punish?
Or is this crawling tickle in our ear
Only the rattle of the dragon's tail
That — like all tails of new-killed snakes, boys tell us —
Wriggles till sundown?

Freedom needs thy example, Italy,
And thy devotion to it.
Thou'rt both a builder of the League of Peace
And one of the chiefest pillars of her house,
Like thy Columbus, seeking a new world
To demonstrate the earth a globe of hope.
Be ever hope our enterprise, that news us,
Vigorous, Italy, alike in thee
And thy discovery, America,
Oldest and youngest of the mightier powers!
Or has thy new bud made the old the youngest?
Then, Italy, if we lag, let thy resurgence

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Rebuke us out of the youngest face of nations,
Risen to serve, the springtide in thy heart,
More human than old Rome!

For 'tis in sacrificial scars of service —
No longer faithless, unbelieving, but
With our own trembling wound-prints thrust in thine —
We know thee, what thou art, one risen indeed
From earth's dark tomb of thousands of years of strife.
'Tis not old savage war thou wearest now —
His murderous, dripping, black-red coronet.
Thou art not crowned of hell,
In the damned glamors wreathed of cursing night,
But throned with holier spell,
Transfigured in the sorrowful scars of Right.

What scalding centuries burn
Hell's lesson in, we learn!
As children, dancing to a vivid snake,
Applaud his vicious lunges, like a game,
We, fascinated, clap war, when his fangs
Through Caesar or Napoleon venom earth,
Though ruinous through lands the charmer glides,
With endless murder in his wicked gleam.

War drafts our virtues and our faults, and adds
Nothing to virtue but degrading dust,
Save war that is crime's strict and just police.
Courage, our soldier-epaulet, we wear
With bulls and dogs and game-cocks, volunteers
That stake a life in battle quick as we,
And pour it out defending what they love.
Courage to risk life in the killing of it
Breeds boldest criminals. 'Tis not too nice
To march with honor, as to charge with vice:
The braveries of the battle-legion ken
The noblest and the wickedest of men.
War drafts and kills, but cannot father valor.
War coins no courage; but the drill of war
Is the great counterfeiter of brave coin,
And passes it, coin current, in the field.
Men, viced 'twixt death and death, war's disciplines
Compel to bout death's chance-jaw at their front,
To void death's sure jaw at desertion's rear;
Whence trapped compulsion dons the helm of zeal.

War little edifies the officer
Who clamps his regiment in gyves of death,
And serves the canons of his killing art
The more he screens himself behind his men,
Great safety growing with high rank, that grabs
War's glory in inverse ratio to hazard.
This ignobility brave shoulder-straps

ITALY REVEALED

Often transgress by risks almost a private's,
And even war blushes to upbraid them for it.
Its stains of cowardice, birth-marking war,
Suggest the inventor — the hallmark of hell.

Unscrupulous strategy, war's chiefest boast,
Gambles with tricks, plots inequalities,
Plants ambushes, schemes overslaugh with numbers:
The tactics of the wolf-pack, and its glory.
War turns us wolves, and drives out nations, packs
That kill by multitudes, a crime in one man.
Crime, multiplied by nations, equals glory!
Murder retailed is crime; wholesaled, good war!
O hypocritical, inglorious war,
Red, baseborn, bullying cub of violent hell!
Cain taught one-handed murder: thou hast coached us
To multiply it by ten million men
And all our sciences, geared up to kill!

War is the sheriff, or the criminal;
Murder, or retribution's sword run through it.
Four years in pawn to anguish, earth would pump
Out of her system war, the asp of ages.
Let sheriff war end war, the criminal,
Wry-necked in hangman law's avenging knot.
All just war's circumscribed within the sword
Of justice, law, and right; who glorifies it,
Bejewels the hangman. Other war is Cain's,
At Abel with a hell's-brand: kings and peoples,
Who crown them with it, wear the bands of hell.

Only in sheriff's badge can strategy
Serve honorably — an honest deputy
Of the reign of law, who, using strategems
To save good lives, none handcuffs unawares
Save crooks, whose stock-in-trade is tricking justice.

Constabulary warfare, Italy,
Wracking all precedents of the shock of battle,
With body, soul, and spirit thou hast waged
To the extremity of an ardent people,
To pay a priceless ransom for the sins
Of centuries, and get the world reprieved.

Thy heroism was not
In twilight courage, where the unspirituous beast
Takes death without a speculation in it.
Thy half a million lives, that guled thy altar,
Wrenched open-eyed, gold day, and weighed in light
Life's estimation, highest when they gave it,
In passionate despair, that earth might live.

O they were not deceived! not when they knew

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That sin had found us all out, suddenly,
And not the Teuton only, trapped in crime.
'Tis easy to confront the wretch and judge
The deed our guilt has no investment in.
But to be striking at a hideous thing
That is our mirror with our image in it,
Our image magnified, but only to
The logical conclusion of our ways;
For freedom, life, and light, and hope, to wrestle
Our own tough wrong of immemorial days;
To agonize with Satan, yet to fight
Our hearts, ourselves, our fathers' fathers' guilt,
Knowing no people's clear, no land's acquitted:
O this is cruel, cruel! for the doubt
If God can choose us starts a leaking wound
Whose siphon lets the courage of the soul.

To the full house of earth war staged his play,
Whose first scenes spoke their lines with double sense,
Their portents waiting in the wings their cue
To out their horrors in the more fearful acts
Staging behind the drop-scene. Actors played
New parts from day to day without rehearsal,
Feeling death's terror as they spoke his lines,
Falling upon his dagger. Thousands stood
Spectators only till insatiate war
Made the whole house his stage, peoples and theatre
Emblazing in a slaughterous hell of wrath.
Ere God's white flame enlightened war's red glare,
Millions expired in dread and mystery,
Hoping they played their death-scene not in vain,
But perishing in the hope.
So died they, over brain and heart baptized
Into the agonies of God's strange work
Of necessary judgment.

What tragedy, pitiful, sleeps with our slain!
There must be in the Heart upholding all hearts —
Through infinite tragedy, beyond our ken —
A terrible compassion for our dead.

Can God be merciful to the greed that ever
On earth proposes wicked war again?
A passion haunts me that could choke that thing,
In king or politician, rave it down
Out of its coil accurst, and crumple it
Into the shadow of an ended snake.

This war's the nailing of God's heart afresh,
Penumbra round the umbra of His cross
In Whom we live and move and have our being.
As beats the word of His power through all that is,
Felt in the wind, seen in the flower, and heard

ITALY REVEALED

On trilling boughs, in children, in ourselves
Experienced in each pulse of heart and brain,
So, groaning through all sickness of creation,
His are the burning Eyes of every fever,
The dying Heart of all we kill in war.

Our reckless centuries have been more callous
To God's bruise even than to the hurt of man,
Though Heaven's heart He lowered out of glory
One hour to show us while grief lasts God is
The God of sorrows and acquainted with grief
Beyond the sum of all the sons of men.
As God is, we beheld Him, on His shoulder
Bearing our cross, and made its Curse for us;
And now we see Him newly-nailed to war;
For Love's eternal life, let down from heaven,
Is, as it ever was, in sorrows, chief.
Gashed with war's million wounds, war's million deaths
He dies in the dying, mourns them in the living,
And in the wicked, the aggressors, groans,
Bearing the contradiction of their sin.
The tragedy and waste of war outreaches
Its only compensation to him it teaches
To see Love's crucifixion on earth's cross,
The Weeper over every soldier's grave.

A beauty lingers on the lids of death,
A glory in God's anguish writhing there
In wistfulness so sorrowful despair
Seems like, or near that other hovereth.
Broken, our dust and spirit cling to God's breath;
Yet as we break we seem to see Him stare
Into our wreck upon His finger, where
Our life lies in her ashes, as He saith.
Our grief we know: the Infinite Woe That stands
Silent we'd guess if our poor children lay
Crumbled in our just government to clay,
And dust of some in other, sweeter lands
Our passionate hearts could clutch with eager hands,
But some we never could regain that way.

O Italy, if the Agonies Divine,
More tortured by this war than all the world,
Can lift us into faith out of such sorrow,
Thy half a million have not died in vain.
But all is lost, and nothing can avail,
If Christ be not the Hero of this war,
The true Prometheus, staked to all our woes
In bringing the fire of God's love to man.
To give this flag or that some paltry acre,
Who'd spill the bright red cup of one man's blood?
But to maintain earth's light of God is worth
All that man's Lover lets us pay for it.

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It well becomes us to exhort our hearts
To search the price of peace heaven weighs us at,
Since every mystery of life and death
This wild war dangles in its savage bud.
There 's not a people shares this planet's mercy
That has not sowed the seed war's red scythe reaps.
Should God mete Germany unmercied justice,
Which of us could that inquisition bear?
We have been saved, but in a great rebuke
Shaming all calls for penance that yield none.

Even as the tribes that punished Benjamin
Were sold in battle to his sword by God,
So Justice in this war brands the most guilty
In a hot chastisement that scores us all,
Warning our past, our present, and our future,
Of the curst pharisee in every heart,
Ready to act the Cain condemned in others;
And warning skepticism, that sold our day,
Like Judas, to this cross of war, God is,
And will, at any cost to Him and us,
Require our evil, and regard His throne.
Thank Him, He is, lest hell engulf the earth
Forever and forever. Hark, ye peoples,
And hear the rod! let sorrow teach our sin!

Let there be hope where God has written books,
Scriptures of sorrow, in the nations' hearts!
There, Italy, a gospel to the world,
Against the midnight black of war and death,
Engrossed by Him Who loosed thy seven clasps,
The apocalypse of thy existence stands,
Lettered without and in, an unsealed book.
Here, in thy palimpsest, lately recovered
Out of the catacombs of former things,
Papyrus of a nation old yet new,
Inscribed in characters Love's hand has traced
With glorious illumination-work,
We read thy sufferings, and read with hope.
Yet, bleared with blood-stain, be thy seven-leaved book
Only by reverent, trembling fingers took!

God crowns His warrior. Italy, we see
His diadem arraying thee:
Victorious Anguish! Agony glory-crowned!

Hail, Italy, blazoned in the badge of God,
The decoration of a million wounds!
Thy coronet of glittering scars
Is brighter than a wreath of stars;
Thy gold was beaten out of infinite woes;
Thy jewels all reflect

ITALY REVEALED

Lustre of service, rainbowed over death,
Flashing the lights of heaven uneclipsed.

Thou art our token, out of tomb and pall,
That God can bring a people from their fall
And make their life peal out a nobler chime.
O never be apostate to His call!
Swing the Torch upward to the last steep of time!

Build God — Whose toiling visions raise
Thy slumbers, Italy, from the dead —
A new cathedral's climbing praise,
With pillared vault and arching spread
Of psalms by raised-up nations said!

Beauty of use and service-stars avow,
Purer than Rome's thy glory risen now.
Some olden dreamer of the golden age,
Met somewhere in thy sleep, we know not how,
Endorsed his promise on thy rising page.
And since God gave thy newer birth
To lure us from our selfish grip,
Let sacrifices still equip
And knight thy serviceable worth,
Till violence learns from stronger ruth,
And all the daughters of the earth,
Some image of thy sheen to win,
Some radiance of Serving Truth, —
God in the hand, as on the lip, —
Come climbing up thy ways, to dip
The garments of their service in
Thy fountain of perpetual youth.

Lincoln's Recognition of Italy's Friendship and His Prayer for the Fulfilment of Italy's Aspirations

From a Letter, Written on July 23, 1864, by President Lincoln to
Commander Bertinatti, Italian Envoy Extraordinary



I AM free to confess that the United States have, in the course of the last three years, encountered vicissitudes and been involved in controversies which have tried the friendship and even the forbearance of other nations, but at no stage in this unhappy fraternal War, in which we are only endeavoring to save and strengthen the foundations of our national unity, has the King or the people of Italy faltered in addressing to us the language of respect, confidence and friendship.

I pray God to have your country in his holy keeping, and to vouchsafe to crown with success her noble aspirations, to renew, under the auspices of her present enlightened government, her ancient career, so wonderfully illustrated in the achievements of art, science and freedom.



THE TOWN HALL OF CAPODISTRIA



ON THE "GRAPPA"
One of the most bitterly contested sectors of the Italian Front



ITALIAN "ARDITTI" OPERATING A MACHINE
GUN



FIUME



THE FLOTILLA COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL MIRABELLO APPROACHING LISSA



WELCOMING THE KING OF ITALY ON HIS ARRIVAL AT TRIESTE



ARRIVAL OF HIS MAJESTY, THE KING OF ITALY, AT TRIESTE, NOVEMBER 10, 1918

Italy's Great Work in Albania

BY

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE P. SCRIVEN, U. S. A.

Military Observer in Albania



I HAVE seen many things—especially in the little-known regions of the Balkan Peninsula—which deserve the attention of thinking people, and will, I am sure, receive it, if only I can properly draw the picture. I have grown to know much of the officers and men of the Italian Army and have learned to add to the respect and liking inspired by them in peace a warm admiration for their conduct in war, not only as fighting men, the first purpose of the soldier, but as leaders and instructors of the non-civilized peoples, whose countries they have been called upon to govern.

It is to fierce, impoverished Albania, lying beautiful but unknown within sight of the very shores of Italy, that her soldiers have come as a blessing, much as the American soldier twenty years ago came to the Philippines, first to fight an enemy, then to redeem a people and to build up a nation. Like the American, the Italian has for three years been fighting an enemy with one hand, while with the other he has guided a people along the road of improvement and uplift.

In regard to the Balkan Peninsula it will be recalled that the Turk—a people much better than his always impossible government—held sway over the country until the year 1912, when this Old Man of the Sea was driven back—probably forever—to, and perhaps beyond, the Golden Horn.

A time of quiet and progress then appeared about to dawn upon the Balkans, especially upon Albania, whose people were recovering from the wretchedness imposed by the Balkan wars and were hoping to enjoy peace with self-government, when a confused struggle for control of the country broke out, a sort of Donnybrook Fair of the neighboring nations, which again brought Albania to chaos. The Powers interfered, and at the instigation of Italy it was decreed at the London Conference that Albania should become an independent state, of which the boundaries were outlined. In early March, 1914, Prince

William of Wied landed at Durazzo to put himself at the head of the government. Almost immediately another revolution broke out, instigated from without, it is said, and the Prince of Wied, with no army and no money, failed to quell the uprising, and in the attempt was compelled to flee from Durazzo, which he did on the 3d of September, 1914, after a wretched reign of six months. Essad Pasha, a descendant of the celebrated Ali Bey, raised the flag of Scanderberg and was proclaimed and I believe acknowledged as Albania's head, but Essad disappeared.

The great war broke out and the troubles of the little peoples of Europe were swept away in the whirlwind that gathered over the world. No one knew or cared about the fate of the Prince of Wied, nor much about that of Albania. But the Italians, though still neutral, were watching the course of events in Albania, and in December of 1914, as a wise precaution, sent the Tenth Regiment of Bersaglieri to occupy Valona, a little fishing village on the shores of a magnificent bay.

The winter passed quietly in watchful waiting, but after a time Italy found it necessary, on account of the attitude of Greece, then under the influence of its Germanophile King Constantine, to take more active measures. Consequently, between August and the middle of October, 1915, Italy sent additional forces to Valona, and from there, at the request of the people, and without violence, occupied successively Tepeleni, Chimara, Santi Quaranta, Arjirokastro, Premati, and Liascoviki—all towns of importance in Albania; and owing to the disturbed conditions the troops went south as far as Janina, and extended the line of occupation eastward along the old Turkish highway to Ersek.

The town of Valona before the occupation was a pest hole of mud, mosquitoes and fever, but around it are magnificent and extensive groves of olives, commanding hills and pleasant and fertile valleys.

It was soon evident that Valona, on account of its position and harbor, must become not merely the Italian military base, but the seat of government. Soon streets were paved, hospitals, electric light and ice plants installed, and well-made motor roads run out to the important advance positions. In addition, the back country was opened up and a fine highway built across mountain ranges to the east, joining the ancient, now destroyed, town of Tepeleni with Arjirokastro and the old Turkish road, still in existence, leading thence across Albania and Macedonia, to Salonica, nearly four hundred miles away. This work

ITALY'S GREAT WORK IN ALBANIA

was necessary from a military point of view, but it was also of lasting value to the country, and other projects for the benefit of the people were commenced. Civil hospitals were opened, buildings assigned for the use of prefects and courts, school houses built, and even a cemetery for the Moslem dead was laid out to induce these people to give over their custom of burying their friends at the doorstep.

But perhaps the greatest of the works done at this time by the Italians was the construction of a road some eighty miles in length along the Adriatic, from Santi Quaranta by Porto Palermo to Valona. This road runs for much of its distance high above the sea, along the edge of steep precipices at whose feet far below lie pretty sandy coves extending into fertile valleys, beautiful, but unpeopled. Then zig-zagging up the mountains, with turns like a fish-hook, it juts out upon spurs looking far away over the blue Adriatic toward Corfu perhaps, or towards the distant shore of Italy, and climbing to the snows disappears in the clouds. This highway which the Italians have given to Albania and to the world is far more beautiful than the Corniche of the Mediterranean and will one day become more celebrated.

It was my fortune to be invited to accompany General Ferraro at its opening, and the journey gave me the opportunity of observing the attitude of the Albanians towards the Italian. This was an attitude of respect, one even of affection. Everywhere were demonstrations of welcome; arches were thrown across the road; school children presented some small address, or offered a little song; houses were draped with flags or eastern rugs; country men and women, priests and soldiers, all gathered to greet "Our General," as he was called, and, indeed, he seemed to be their general and their friend. To him the women came freely to seek some favor for father or brother or husband in trouble, and always their petition was given a kindly hearing, whatever the result. Beside the road, here and there as we passed, stood long lines of Austrian prisoners who had done a great part of the labor. They looked patient, but not cheerful, but as prisoners of war their lot did not seem a hard one. Certainly their work was useful and they were treated by the Italian officers with the most scrupulous courtesy.

I have no time here to discuss the many other works of material improvement performed by the Italian army in Albania. Their efforts are continuous, and soon the old life of Albania will have passed away. Already the Vendetta seems to have disappeared; an armed man, except the soldier, is not seen; the country is safe; the people given

work. Often along roads that are coming into existence I have seen long lines of women, children and old men, thousands of them, it seemed to me, breaking stone from morning to night, for which they receive three lire and their bread and cheese per day. Even the very little ones are given the ration. Work is provided for those who can work, and to the helpless the government issues flour, rice, cornmeal and sugar. So by its work and by its charity the Italian Government has given the people of Albania the bread which has kept them from starvation.

In the districts where troops are in camp, medical officers are in charge of the hospital service for the natives. A municipal doctor is appointed for the sanitary care of the town of Valona, and a hospital has been built of late with all modern and scientific arrangements. Municipal doctors are charged with the visiting of the sick at their houses, and necessary medicines are issued by the public dispensary to the poor. Special buildings have been fitted up for lodging places for homeless natives, and orphans who have been abandoned are confined to the care of families on whose morality the authorities can rely. In order to fight the most severe and the most characteristic of local sickness—malarial—quinine is largely distributed to the natives. It is even issued to the schoolmasters for the benefit of their students.

These seem to be perhaps somewhat trivial matters to relate, but are necessary, I think, to show the excellent care given to small details of the work done for the people by the Italians. A word in regard to schools, of which it may be briefly stated that, during the Turkish *régimes*, the school question was completely ignored. The few schools which at that time existed were sectarian in character, Orthodox with an Hellenophile tendency, or Turkish Mohammedan. The Prince of Wied's government was unable to solve that or probably any other problem, but upon the landing of Italian troops the question of schools immediately came up, and common and sectarian schools started in every village, where both languages, Italian and Albanian, are taught. The Italian masters were chosen from amongst professional teachers picked from the troops, preference being given to those of Italo-Albanian origin, who are able to speak the native language. The government considers the problem of native language to be intimately connected with the broader one of the development of an Albanian conscience. Teaching is at present limited to the standard classics, special attention being given to an elementary practical course in agriculture. For this purpose every school is provided with an orchard

ITALY'S GREAT WORK IN ALBANIA

or garden which all the school children help to cultivate. Each boy has a bread ration daily, and, thanks to private contributions, clothes and books have been distributed in many schools. The schools are 155 at present, with 278 teachers and about 10,000 school children. At Arjirokastro, in behalf of the prefectura, a technical and commercial school has just been started, and another will shortly be opened at Valona.

As regards agriculture, it may be said that Italians have made an excellent beginning in training the people by means of experimental farms. The best of these is at Valona, where the farm is established in a valley north of the town. It is an interesting institution and has proved useful to the army as well as instructive to the people. There are here under cultivation some four hundred acres, which produce wheat, vegetables, such as onions, cabbages, lettuce, and other things. Excellent houses have been erected and others are in progress. Some thirty-five soldiers are quartered here to till the lands and instruct the natives; of the latter about the same number are employed. These are paid one lira per day, with a little food, principally corn meal, given gratuitously. The natives prefer this to labor on the roads, though for that work in the neighborhood of Valona the Italian Government pays three and one-half lira per day.

For the instruction of the country people, as well as for practical purposes, modern methods of cultivation are used, and approved farm machinery employed; for instance, an American plow and a gasoline-driven engine, and other implements, were seen. The farm was this spring only in its second season, but already it seems that an average of 4,000 lire per month has been received from the sale of the produce, chiefly of course to the markets of Valona for use of the soldiers. Already the soldier-farmers are raising pigs, chickens, turkeys and pigeons and are experimenting with hares. It is a great work, intended primarily as an example to Albanian tenants and proprietors who are following the instruction they receive. They are given seed and farm machinery by the Italian Government, but are required in return to sell their produce for the use of the troops. For the cultivation of these farms the government advances the money, but is repaid from the sales. Prices are fixed at a moderate rate.

To Italy's course in Albania the world owes the uplift of a people from wretchedness and misery into the sunlight of hope. I need hardly predict in regard to our Ally's great part in the war that the verdict of the future will be: *"Well, done, Italy! You and your soldiers have won the gratitude and admiration of the world."*

Dalmatia

BY

DOCTOR ROBERTO GHIGLIANOVITCH

Member of the Dalmatian Diet



THE HONORABLE ROBERTO GHIGLIANOVITCH is the representative of the Italians of Dalmatia. For the last thirty years he has been a Member of the Dalmatian Diet; he is a former President of the Political Association of the Italians of Dalmatia and of the Board of Directors of the National League for their Italian schools. During the War he was a Member of the Board of Directors of the Political Society of Unredeemed Italians in Rome. A man of his calibre would naturally be a shining target for the Austrian police, who hounded him ceaselessly and finally triumphed in an order for his arrest. This he forestalled by his escape to Italy in March, 1915.

It is a constant source of grief to the Italian Dalmatians to recall how near they had come to attaining their goal of unity with Italy when Garibaldi, in 1866, had actually planned the expedition for their liberation, in which he was supported by Premier Ricasoli. Garibaldi conceived of this as a continuation of the general programme of Italian unity and freedom. The unfortunate events that followed cut short the cherished hopes of Garibaldi and his Dalmatian brothers. The latter always assumed that, in any martial activities for liberation and Italian unity, they were to take their share of dangers and hardships equally with the Italians of the Kingdom. They proved this gloriously in 1848, in 1859, and 1866. The following clear statement of Dr. Ghiglianovitch is full of inevitable suggestion.— *The Editors.*

Dalmatia



AFTER MAKING MY ESCAPE to Italy in March, 1915, I had the joy of returning to my native country with Admiral Millo, the hero of the Dardanelles, whom the Italian Government had named Governor of Dalmatia. I landed with him first at Sebenico and then at Zara. The two cities, and the Dalmatian Islands, had been occupied a few days before by the Italian land and sea forces. When we landed, the Italians at Sebenico received us with manifestations of joy. I found my native city, Zara, in ecstasy after the signing of the Armistice in November, 1918. Its streets were all bedecked with thousands of Italian flags. When the Italian battleship arrived, with the Commander who had occupied Zara several hours before the signing of the Armistice, the entire population of the city gathered along the shore. Young and old, women and children, knelt devoutly, blessing Italy, their liberator!

When Admiral Millo spoke to the crowd from the balcony of the Municipal Palace of Zara, public demonstration knew no bounds. The entire population swore eternal allegiance to the Mother-Country, Italy, and to her glorious and victorious King. The Italians of the Dalmatian Islands received the Italian forces of occupation with the same joyful acclaim. Thanks to the provisions made by the Italian Governor, after the first difficulties of feeding the population were overcome, and after dealing with Bolsheviki soldiers and prisoners whom Austria scattered through the interior of the country, life assumed its normal aspect. Food is plentiful there, and land and sea communications are being reestablished. Public administration and schools have resumed their regular work. The conduct of the troops of occupation is correct in every respect. Even the rural Slavs of the interior are receptive and appreciative.

But the joy of all the liberated Italians is far from unalloyed. The chief city of Dalmatia, Spalato — the city which bears so long and sad a history of struggles for the triumph of Italian sentiment

in Dalmatia — has not been occupied by the Italian Army and Navy. It was not included in the line of the occupation of Dalmatia as traced by the conditions of the Treaty of Armistice between Italy and Austria-Hungary. At Spalato there is now a provisional Croatian government, acting under directions from the National Committee of Sagabria. With unheard-of violence, they suppress every demonstration on the part of the large and important Italian element of the city. Italian and foreign newspapers have published for American and Allied public opinion news of the outrages committed against the Italians at Spalato. Their tragic fate can easily be foreseen if their city should not be reunited to Italy as Zara, Sebenico, and the Dalmatian Islands will be.

As an evidence of the persistently Italian character of Spalato, and of the ardent longing of the Italians at Spalato to have their city joined to Italy, the following incident will be enlightening. Only two days after the signing of the Armistice, about 5,000 Italians in Spalato became members of the National Association of the "Dante Alighieri" of Rome, which, since its foundation about thirty years ago, has been ceaseless in its efforts to uphold the sacred Italian aspirations among which, just like the Trentino, Venezia Giulia, Trieste, and Fiume, Dalmatia has always largely figured.

Dalmatia has been as Italian as Rome and Venice for 2,000 years. It was Roman up to the time of the fall of the Roman Empire; then it constituted itself into free communities, thoroughly Latin and Italian in character. It belonged to the Republic of Venice from 1409 to 1797, in which year it was given by Napoleon to Austria, together with Venice and Istria.

In spite of the barbarous methods employed by Austria from 1866 to the day of her disruption, in order to bring about forcibly a preponderance of Croatian population in Dalmatia, the Italian sentiment there is very much alive. This fact should be recognized and given serious consideration. Dalmatia has nothing of the Balkan and Eastern character. One has only to see its cities and be genuinely in touch with its populations in order to be convinced that Rome and Venice did not influence them externally only, but left indelible marks of Italian thought and culture upon them. Italy, therefore, has not only a legal claim, but a spiritual hold over the country.

It is only because of her high regard for the aspirations of the new State, which comes into being beyond the chain of the Dinaric

DALMATIA

Alps, that Italy is disposed to make the sacrifice to the new State of a very considerable part of the Dalmatian territory. The southern part includes the important outlets on the Adriatic of Metcovich, Kleck, Neum, Gravosa, Ragusa, Bocche di Cattarò. With these outlets and those south of Fiume reaching the northern border of Dalmatia (and that means Buccari, Porto Re, Novi, Cirquenizza, Segna, Jablanaz, Carlopago), and with the addition of the harbors of Antivari and Dulcigno, the new Jugo-Slav State would possess two sections of the Adriatic coast, extending for about 2,000 kilometers (450 miles), a coast which would more than amply supply their needs for any possible economic and commercial development.



To America in Arms

A Free Rendering, by John R. Slater, of the University of Rochester, of
the Latter Part of the Eloquent Ode to America Composed by
d'Annunzio for Italy's Celebration of America's
Independence Day, 1918

BY

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

America, thy soul is marching on!
John Brown's old song, deep-rooted in thy soil,
Thy sacred earth that never can forget,
Springs forth again like some strange crimson flower.
Out of the deep years still the tolling bells
That sounded for his passing in the west
Echo again the call to martyrdom.
The seed is come to harvest: marching on,
Thy eager youths leap forth from thy brown furrows,
Leaving thy white streets for the long, long trail.
Stars in their hands they bear, and drive before them
Out of thy States all base designs for peace.
March on! In our fair fields the blood is flowing
That stained the valley of the Shenandoah.
Here is the clash of steel, the fire, the anguish;
Here is the sweat, the rage, the bitter grief;
Hunger and thirst are here; the dead, the dying;
The unclean herd that welters on the field.

TO AMERICA IN ARMS

March on! As long ago, so now in battle
Here in our forests, on our mountain-tops,
By our Italian lakes and rivers striving,
By land or sea, man finds his life at last
Where day by day he meets death face to face.
No longer is there sleep nor time for waiting,
No truce, no rest; the reveille is past.
March on, to fight the battle of the world!

Down in the sweet old valley of Virginia
The birds are singing softly in the grove;
And Stonewall Jackson wakes again at midnight,
Scenting the Southern blood that blows afar,
With shattered arm upraised, shouts, "Forward, march!"
There in the darkness where his loved ones laid him
He cries, with that old voice they knew so well,
"Send my men forward — they will not retreat."

Phil Sheridan is once more in the saddle;
He scents disaster twenty miles away,
And gallops through the dim years of the dead.
That great bay horse has neither bit nor bridle;
His heart is swifter than his flying feet;
And when he comes, the end is victory!

"Ships! Ships! Ships!" cries Farragut the admiral,
Who sank the rams, and burned the rafts, and tore the chains away.
Sailor stout of heart, with the love of right and liberty,
Where is now the barrier that must be broken through?
Where is now the harbor to be wrested from the enemy?
What is now the armor that the guns must batter down?
Farragut is pale in death, but into his own sepulchre
Premuda's hero * comes to share his glories and his dreams.

* Captain Rizzo. Premuda is an island in the Adriatic, the scene of Austro-Italian naval battles.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

“Wings! Wings! Wings!” is the cry in all the air to-day:
Not the cry of victors who have fallen in the fight,
Not the cry of air cadets, nor crowds beneath the hurricane,
But the cry of Victory herself who calls for wings!
Give her wings, and see her take the skies and make her home with us,
Fly by tens of thousands o’er the Piave and the Marne!
Hover o’er our sacred streams, and high above our mountain-tops
Rise forever into life above the realms of death!

“Free! Free! Free!” Hear the motors sing for Liberty,
Never-ceasing thunder as her passing rends the sky.
Hear the engines booming out the hymn of human Liberty,
While the clouds conceal the earth and smoke pollutes the air.
How the breath grows short and the stoutest heart is nigh appalled,
How the martyr’s death is hidden in the gulfs of space!
But the Winged Victory grows taller and more beautiful,
Strong and ever stronger is her voice above the storm!

Live, then, America, for truth is living;
Die, for in death is immortality.
Form once again with us the line of battle.
The war begins: for this, the world’s great hour
Of strife and harvest, arms and scythes are ready
To fight and reap, in Death’s great harvest day.
No longer will we share our bread with brutes.
At last we’re on the march, to plod no longer
Like driven cattle ’neath the tyrant’s goad.
The people in arms are marching to the future,
And dedicate their stars to years unseen.
We’re on the march! How long shall we be marching?
Until the roads of east and west are free;
Until beneath the four winds of the world
Freedom is possible for all mankind;
Until we reach the end of our long journey;
Until time brings the fullness of the years.
A Faith in arms is marching to the future;
Its flags are consecrated to the dawn! †

† Reproduced in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY through the courtesy of *The Outlook*.

D'Annunzio's Squadron over Vienna

BY

LIEUTENANT STEFANO D'AMICO

Member of the Italian Military Mission
for Aeronautics to the United States



AFTER three years of Austrian and German aeroplane incursions over the most splendid cities of Italy, after hundreds of women, old men, and babies had been wickedly slaughtered by murderous bombs, after the destruction of priceless treasures of choicest art, eight Italian machines, with prodigal skill and boldness, arrived above the Capitol of the Monarchy of the Hapsburgs, and with undisturbed dominion kept the vast metropolis under the menace of the Italian "Vendetta."

It was 9:20 on the morning of August the 9th. The principal streets of Vienna were crowded by a throng, whose stupor was as great as their incredulity. That courageous tricolour, passing and repassing above the Hof, over the royal palace of Carl I and Carl IV, above the towers of St. Stephen, above the Ring,—was it indeed the flag of Italy? But the dismay of those who stared up at the invaders was only for a second; for not crashing bombs, but showers of tri-colored pamphlets, sparkling through the air like rainbow-fragments of a silver mine exploded in the sun already high, descended from the sky and fell in the streets, in the squares, and on the houses, passing the word of civilization. Perhaps some were even able to insinuate themselves inside the inaccessible Castle of Schoembrum.

The squadron was commanded by the famous aviator and poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, the personification of Italy's national aspiration,—he who with a magnificent word, with constant example and intrepid boldness, was the radiant light for every Italian soldier. And now, with the triumph of his firm desire, with his much-dreamed-of flight over Vienna become a glorious military achievement, the incentive to others still more magnificent, our memory may turn back to

the anxieties and discussions which had to be faced for three years in order to convince the commanders of the possibility and effectiveness of such an action. Once before everything had been ready for the flight. During September, 1917, a squadron of Capronis had been completely prepared, with machines and men awaiting the approach of the fixed hour, when, a few hours before the appointed time of departure, Headquarters, for reasons unknown, forbade the flight.

D'Annunzio and his pilots with profound regret had to resign themselves and renew the daily struggle of persuasion, which they continued until their dream was realized. Their flight was expected from day to day. Amongst the aviators at the front it had become the main topic of conversation.

In a field in the Venetian plains the perilous trip was prepared for with joy, but the changeable weather, sometimes clear and at other times stormy, hindered the departure. Finally, on the 9th of August, the trip was to be undertaken. On the night preceding that fateful dawn d'Annunzio spoke magnificent words of confidence to his companions, to which they answered by swearing to accompany him anywhere. Then came the hour of departure, 5:50 A. M. One by one, at half-minute intervals, the machines arose and assumed a "closed formation." The squadron selected for the raid was called "Serenissima," the name of the famous Venetian Republic, since it was manned entirely by young Venetians, sworn to consecrate their lives to the defense of Venice.

The type of aeroplane employed was entirely of Italian conception and manufacture, bearing the name of "S. V. A." It is the most perfect machine in the aviation camp, equipped with a "260 H. P.-S. P. A." motor, having a velocity of 145 miles per hour. It climbs very rapidly and is used largely on the Italian front, either as a pursuit machine, or for swift long-distance reconnaissance, being strongly armed with two machine guns. It is the terror of the Austrian aviators.

The machines, in their "closed formation," were headed by d'Annunzio. The squadron steered for Venice, passed that city, and soared on over the Italian lines on the Piave. For a while the more advanced lookouts were able to watch the machines, crossing the enemy's positions like swift eagles. Then speedily they disappeared in the air, leaving behind them at the aviation field a suspense and expectation which seemed infinite, filling a space of time which seemed eternal.

D'ANNUNZIO'S SQUADRON OVER VIENNA

The route, going, was to be over Caorle, Palmanova, Klagenfurt, Kapfenburg, Neustadt, to Vienna, about 315 miles, while on the return the machines were to deviate so as to pass over Gratz, Lubiana, and Trieste. All told, 630 miles must be measured by the flight, 500 of which were above enemy territory.

Its boldness of conception and extraordinary aim gave an epic character to the undertaking, and the anxiety of those waiting was tortured by the imagining of far-off difficulties, nameless snares, and unforeseen resistances. The atmospheric conditions, good at the departure, became after a short time distinctly unfavorable. Dense, black clouds sailed through the horizon, and squalls of wind shook the machines, which nevertheless proceeded undaunted toward their goal.

At Klagenfurt the enemy's flying field was seen to have been thrown into astonished confusion. Two machines attempted to climb up and give pursuit; but the Italian aviators passed over and out of sight with great velocity, steering directly for Vienna, which they were rapidly approaching.

It was 9:20 A. M. when the eight superb machines appeared over Vienna. Descending to an altitude of two thousand feet, always in a "closed formation," they arrived above the heart of the city.

Each machine carried a load of pamphlets, written both in Italian and German, testifying to the terrible and marvellous power of America, announcing the certain victory of the Allies, and urging the people of Austria to break the German yoke that enthralled them. Above the center of the city the Italian aviators dropped their cargoes of pamphlets, which scattered in the air and descended slowly toward the ground, falling amidst the dense crowds, and in some cases even inside the walls which surround the Imperial Gardens of Hofburg.

After twenty minutes of soaring above the great town, during which Vienna was spanned several times, the leader gave the signal to return. Not an Italian shot had been fired, not a machine had arisen from the city to attempt an attack in defense.

The return, like the advance, was accomplished as had been planned. Over Lubiana a few disorderly cannon-shots were fired. Above Trieste a hydroplane, circling over the city, seemed uncertain whether or not to attack the closed group of Italian aeroplanes which were passing swiftly, but with great prudence renounced the fight.

Beyond Trieste the Adriatic was crossed, the airmen steering for Venice. Above Venice d'Annunzio threw down a message of salutation to the City "Serenissima," from which his squadron had taken its

name. And then the flying field appeared, afar off, in the waste green plains. It was then precisely 12:25 A. M.

The field was crowded by joyous companions who through interminable hours had awaited the return with inexpressible anxiety. The trip had lasted six hours and thirty-five minutes. Not counting the stop above Vienna, nor the time it took to climb to their altitude, the aviators had done the 630 miles in less than six hours, notwithstanding unpropitious atmospheric conditions.

The task, so long a dream, had awakened into accomplishment, which already thrilled with burning desires to lead into greater things.

This was the realized vision of Gabriele d'Annunzio! In Germany and Austria a great legend of hatred was created about the Poet. They recognized in him the most powerful enemy they had amongst the Italians. The enemy Imperial Government set a large sum upon his head, but the only effect was to bring him flying over every part of their dominions. There was not a bold undertaking on land or sea where his tracks failed to cleave the shining air.

"D'Annunzio—in flights to Cattaro, Pola, and Trieste! D'Annunzio—in all the battles! D'Annunzio—above Vienna! On the breeze of victory, which uplifts itself from the rivers of liberty, we have come only out of joy of boldness! we have come only to show you what we shall be able to do when it is our desire, at the time that we select!

"The rumble of the young Italian wing is not like the death-bell. But our audacity suspends a sentence, between St. Stephen and the Graban, that is not revocable, O people of Vienna!"

These were the last words of the message which the Poet dropped upon Vienna.



THE PILOTS OF THE SQUADRON "SERENISSIMA," WITH THEIR CAPTAIN,
D'ANNUNZIO, IN THE CENTRE



THE SQUADRON "SERENISSIMA" PASSING OVER NOTABLE BUILDINGS OF VIENNA



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S FLIGHT OVER VIENNA
The Squadron's shower of leaflets



PEAKS OF THE ADAMELLO GROUP IN THE ALPS—SCENE OF GALLANT FIGHTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES BY THE ALPINE TROOPS



IN VENETIA — END OF THE BRENTA VALLEY

My Visit with the Queen of Italy

BY

MARY HATCH WILLARD

Founder of the National Surgical Dressings Committee, the French Comfort Packets Committee, and America's Allies Co-operative Committee



WORD of explanation is sufficient in presenting Mrs. Mary Hatch Willard's very interesting account of her visit with the Queen of Italy and the Queen's household in the autumn of 1918. Mrs. Willard had long been the head of an American organization engaged in collecting funds for Italian relief work, and had sent into Italy both funds and hospital supplies in large amounts, the distribution in Italy being done through an organization directed by the Contessa di Robilant, wife of General de Robilant, who has since been serving as a member of the Italian Peace Council. Thus Mrs. Willard was received by the Queen as the representative of American women who had been laboring unremittingly for the relief of Italy throughout the war.— *The Editors.*

At Bologna they brought me the telegram. Was it possible that the Queen was going to receive me at her summer palace, or was I dreaming? Twice I read the message. There was no mistaking the meaning. I was to see the Queen of Italy. I knew that General di Robilant had asked her Majesty for an audience, but as I had been told that she received very few people I was prepared to be disappointed, and had quite forgotten that I had even the remotest chance of such an honor. Then the telegram was shown me.

Preparations were immediately begun for my departure, the time tables were consulted, and a telegram was sent to the Court, announcing that I would arrive at Pisa the following morning at nine o'clock. I was thrilled over the graciousness of her Majesty in allowing me an audience at her country home, which was but a short

distance by automobile from Pisa. Not even the prospect of a dismal night ahead dampened my enthusiasm and the glorious anticipation of a wonderful experience.

My friends of the *Ufficio Doni* saw me off. After a visit to their offices, the Bureau of Distribution, and warehouses, and after a dinner at the hotel, with all arrangements made for my extra luggage, which was to be taken by an officer on to Modane to await me there, I boarded the train with a handbag and my "Corona" (which even a visit to the Queen could not make me part with), at 7.30 A. M., with several dreary hours before me.

The train was crowded, every seat occupied, with many standing in the corridors. It is wonderful, the patience of the Italians over the traveling accommodations—few trains, long waits, and slow progress. "The war and lack of coal," they will tell you, without a murmur, if you criticise the service.

At midnight I arrived at Florence, where I was to remain until six o'clock. Florence! how well I remembered it, and how I wished it were daylight that I might once again revel in its enchanting beauty. I might as well have been in Hoboken or Jersey City as in this, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It was inky black, as I followed the porter along the dimly-lighted station, into the street, and crossed the road to the hotel. The proprietor, a portly looking man, seemed surprised to see an American arriving at that hour of the night. "Oh!" I thought. "If I told you I was on my way to the Queen, how would your look of surprise turn into wonder and respect!"

I had picked up a few words of Italian, and in my effort to make him understand what I wanted, in the presence of a splendid-looking officer, who was awaiting his turn for an interview, I mixed up my French, my few words of Italian, and my English in an appalling way. I wondered later how he had managed to understand that I wanted accommodations for a few hours, until the departure of my train at six o'clock. I got a room and managed to rest for a few hours, until awakened by a loud rap at my door and a voice announcing that it was five o'clock. Tired and sleepy? Yes; but I was on my way to the Queen, and the time was approaching for my audience.

Again the walk in the darkness, and another crowded train. I watched the sunrise, and reveled in the fields and hills which it then shone upon. Daybreak was propitious for a pleasant day—the kind I had had since my arrival, with the exception of one day. I

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am convinced that the season for Italy is September, when the air is soft and balmy, even in the mountains, and the showers, now and then, only lay the dust and do not prevent one's enjoying the country. I wanted the sunshine, and one of those glorious days, which I had had till now; so I eagerly scanned the horizon, as the sun rose higher and higher. A shower! what a pity! but the clouds soon broke away and the sun was out again, precisely to my wish. It seemed "good luck."

The usual rush to get off the train and to find a porter followed our arrival at Pisa. All the time I was wondering if the Queen had received my telegram, and if there would be any one to meet me. Across the tracks, down a long platform, I hurried after my porter, going as directed to the office of the military commander. Just as I was about to enter there I noticed a very commanding, fine-looking gentleman, different from anyone else I had seen at the station. Simultaneously we approached each other. In his hand was a telegram, and pointing out my name, he asked me in French if I were Madame Willard. "I have come to meet you," he said. "The Queen's auto is just outside." "Have you any baggage?" he continued. "No," I replied, "only these," pointing to my bag and typewriter, which the porter still held. "I am on a very hurried trip to Italy. The rest of my baggage is being taken on to Modane by an officer who will meet me there." I offered this in explanation of my meagre outfit. "Do you speak English?" I inquired. "*Malheureusement, non,*" he replied, and I blessed every moment in which I had studied French, so as to be able to converse with this Count, the Messenger of the Queen.

I stepped into the big touring car, feeling like Alice in Wonderland — not that this car was different from many others in which I had ridden, but it was the Queen's, and it had been sent to meet me. "We will go to the hotel, if you wish; Her Majesty will receive you at any hour this morning which will be agreeable to you, and you must be weary after your trip." How I blessed the thoughtfulness of Her Majesty, for I was feeling not at all fit to stand in the presence of royalty after that hideous night.

Curious, this desire one has to be as smart-looking as possible when expecting an audience with royalty. I remembered this morning that I had felt the same sensation when I was presented at the Court of Saint James to make my courtesy to King Edward. The preparations then were more carefully considered even than for my

wedding, and, from head to foot, the slippers, the veil, the feathers — no detail was overlooked in order to be perfectly gowned, and to have everything *en regle* for the occasion. And yet I was perfectly aware that five hundred women were to be presented at the same time, with head-gear precisely the same, put on exactly alike, and that there was not one chance in a thousand that the King would notice the style of my gown, or the texture of the material, or the fit which I had so carefully considered. The Queen and the Princesses and the other Ladies of the Court, who are always present at the King's audiences, might indeed have a care, for I saw them that memorable evening smile over some of the dresses worn.

I remembered, too, that when the Queen of Belgium had the graciousness to receive me at her little palace by the sea, at La Panne, I thought I ought to give every possible attention to my outfit; yet, after I had spent a good deal of time in dressing, and in having every hair in its proper place, she received me in a simple outing gown and a blue Tam-o'-Shanter hat, the color of her eyes.

So I was glad to have a little time to wash and brush up for my audience. "I can be ready in an hour, if that will be a convenient time for you," I said to the Queen's Gentleman of the Court. "I will return at that time for you," he replied, and drove away, leaving me already more in love with Her Majesty than ever on account of her thoughtfulness in biding my time. Womanlike, she knew how I would feel, and she was even then trying to make it pleasant for me.

The Count returned, and we were soon on our way to the Queen's palace. I did not have the remotest idea how far we should motor before arriving, but we had gone only a short distance from the city, by the leaning Tower of Pisa, the wonderful old Church and Sacristy, with the lovely view of the hills in the distance, when we approached the iron gates of the park of the palace. They were opened by the guards, and then other gates, looking down a long vista of road bordered by beautiful trees. I saw a large square yellow building in the distance, and wondered if this were the lodge of the palace, because I had pictured the country home of the King and Queen as one of noble proportions, elaborate in design, with terraces leading to a sunken garden, superb statuary, flowering shrubs, etc. So I wondered if we should not drive on to the palace of my imagination; but we began to slow down and drove under the *porte cochere* of the large square building I had first seen from the gates.

The Count asked me within, and I was ushered into a reception

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room, simply but comfortably furnished with some rare antiques. In the centre of a large round table, containing magazines from all over the world, our own Harper's and Scribner's lay among the others. They were arranged, as in a club-room, around a vase of lovely flowers. There were flowers also on the mantel. As I waited, I was expecting that a Lady-in-Waiting would enter at any moment, who would escort me to the Queen, and that I should then make my courtesy, and, after a few moments' conversation, retire and be motored back to my hotel, where I should spend the rest of the day by myself. I summoned to my mind all the court manners I knew, and kept saying to myself, "Don't forget you are to courtesy, to wait until the Queen asks you to be seated. You must be sure that she precedes you," etc., etc.

I was anxiously awaiting the Lady-in-Waiting when, suddenly, the door was opened and a tall, beautiful woman with wonderful brown eyes, dressed in black, with a row of pearls at her throat and a bunch of flowers at the waist of her well-fitting, modish black gown, approached me. Graciously she held out her hand in welcome, led me into an adjoining room, which was very large, but also simple, and bade me be seated.

"Your Majesty," I said, speaking French, "I recognize the great honor you have conferred upon me by receiving me to-day, and I thank you for granting me this audience." She replied that she was greatly pleased to receive me, and then we talked of many things. I asked about the children, the Prince and the little Princesses, and she told me how naturally and simply they had been taught to think of others. The Princess Yolande, she said, who personally attends the sick, takes a part of the sugar, which is her daily allowance, puts it away until she has a little bundle of it, and then carries it to some sick person whom she is looking after.

A mother's love and pride in her children were never more beautifully expressed than by this beautiful woman, who is an adorable mother, wrapped up in her family.

"I want them to be real men and women first," she said, "and not only Princes and Princesses. I want them to grow up, always thoughtful of others, and to appreciate the noble, fine things in life, and not to think of their titles and positions as important above all else. They lead the life of normal children, and are taught to do everything practical. I do not care," this beautiful woman continued, "for all the formalities which belong to my position; I like

simplicity; I go without a maid; I attend to my own dressing." Then, laughing and then putting her hands behind her back: "I do have to have some one help me with this. Usually, I wear just simple country dresses out here in the country, except when I expect a guest; then I wear this."

I was charmed, and felt perfectly at ease with this great Queen — all the greater, it seemed to me, for her cordial, simple manners. I asked if I might see the children. I told her how we loved the little Prince in our Country, and what pleasure it would give me to meet them. "Come with me," she said. "They are at the beach; we will meet them coming home."

Her Majesty called for her hat, and a car was driven to the door. She took the wheel, I getting in beside her, and we drove down a long straight road in the park which, she explained, led to the sea. "Our summer home is really by the sea. I will show it to you, but we are not occupying it this summer."

Presently there came towards us a group of children — the Princess Yolande and the Prince on bicycle, with the younger ones in a pony cart with their governess. The young Prince, a splendid boy with the most bewitching smile, waved to his mother. "Ah," she said, "he is such a darling boy, he is my companion and friend, as well as my son, and is such a comfort to me. He is only fourteen, but so big for his age. You will see."

She called to the children to stop, and we came to a halt. I got out of the car and she presented the little Prince and the Princesses to me. The Prince kissed my hand, and the others greeted me charmingly, as if I had a right to be there. "We will find the baby," her Majesty explained, "with his nurse, down by the sea — a most adorable child, with such a wonderful look in his eyes. You will see."

We passed a Swiss cottage, surrounded by trees, simple and unpretentious. "This is the home I told you about; I love it; and the sea is just beyond. That house across the way," pointing to a large square building, "was occupied by our staff; but we do not need it now, for most of them have gone to war. We must set an example, and not keep more employes than we cannot absolutely do without; so we have very few with us now. Look," she said, "there is the sea!" I was amazed to see how near it was. "The wind is heavy to-day and it is quite rough. We have left everything just as it was — the sand dunes, with nothing artificial."

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Her Majesty then pointed to a group of little thatched-roof houses, a tiny village built in the sand dunes. "Here," she said, "the children are taught housekeeping, cooking, gardening, the care of animals. It is their own little town. I believe in having them taught the practical things of life." We stepped into one of the little houses. "This is the kitchen where they learn to cook, and they often get their own meals here." Then, passing on into another room, "This is the dining room." The table was set, as if the children had just finished playing there. "Here they learn how to clean and keep the silver in order, and how to manage everything in connection with this part of a home."

"Oh, there is the baby," the Queen cried; and going over to him, a boy of three, she presented the little Prince to me, and he took my hand, and we became friends at once—such a pretty baby, with great brown eyes, with the look which his mother described. She took him up in her arms, and then he put his hand in mine as we walked about the little village and inspected the cow-stall, the pigeon-house, and the flower and vegetable garden of this miniature village.

I said to the baby, "What are you doing?" He replied in English, "Making soup for Sunday." There was a bowl of spinach on the bench beside the nurse. Then her Majesty explained that on Sundays the older children cook dinner, and serve it, and often have their little friends dine with them—not as the Princes and Princesses of the Royal House, but just as intimate little friends. "I often come to the beach for my *dejeuner*," she continued, "as I can get through so much more quickly, and I have so much to do."

"You are busy all of the time?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she said, "every minute. There is always so much to be accomplished, even here in the country; there is not time for all." During our conversation she talked of the King. "His tastes are so simple; when he is at home he sleeps on an army cot, and he travels as a simple soldier. He wraps his brush and other toilet articles in a small package and does them up with newspaper. His officers all have their traveling cases, but not his Majesty. He has only been at home four days since the War. He adores his wife and children. This I heard from the Master of Ceremonies at Padua.

We returned to the house, and I thought I had had enough honors for one day, when, in the most cordial way, the Queen said, "We should like to have you breakfast with us, if you do not mind a simple meal." I was so overcome that I hardly knew how to reply.

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Lunch with her Majesty, in her country home, *en famille*, that was too much; but of course I accepted, and we passed into the house together.

The family was waiting for us, and was lined up in front of the dining-room door, which opened into the room where we had had our interview. Introductions were in order. The Queen entered the room first, I followed, and then the rest of the Royal Household. The room was large and the table was set for fifteen people. The decorations were simple, the crown, on some of the china and glasses, alone designating the rank of the owner. The room was nicely but plainly furnished — almost what you might expect in any home of culture. Liveried waiters were the only evidence of style.

I was at the right of the charming little Prince, and on the other side of me sat the Princess Yonne. Next to her, at the head of the long end of the table, was the manager of the studies of the Prince. He selects the studies, decides upon the masters, the linguists, etc., and the course of education. The Prince, a great student, loves to study and read. His favorite study, he told me, was art. He loved it the best. He is so brilliant, with a memory, they explained, like his Majesty's, that they can have only the most advanced instructors. He is only fourteen, but is very tall for his age. Slightly built, yet strong and well set, he has the most ravishing smile. He was dressed in a white sweater suit, very like a baseball shirt with sleeves.

The Princess and the two other little Princesses were simply dressed for the country, their hair tied up in little pig-tails. Next to the Prince's Master was the English head of instruction of the three Princesses. She occupies the same relative position to them as does to the Queen the Master of Ceremonies, who met me at the station. He is a charming man.

At the Queen's right was the Prince of Servia, a young man of whom the Queen is very fond, as they are bound by royal ties. Then came the dear Little Princess, who has quite a keen sense of humor. Next sat the teacher of languages, and, beside the Prince on his left, the Princess.

The conversation was very general. The children all spoke English, but the Queen, the Count, and the Prince spoke French. I said I had picked up a few words of Italian, and the Prince asked "what words?" I told them, and they roared with laughter, so we were all quite at home with each other. The Princess is a great sport, rides horseback, and loves all out-door exercises. The Prince

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loves animals, and one day his mother was surprised to feel something punching her elbow. She turned to see what it was, and found the boy's donkey in her room!

After luncheon I thanked the Queen, and shook hands with everyone, the little Prince kissing my hand. The Queen's motor was at the door, and I passed out, feeling that I had gone from one of the happiest homes I had ever had the privilege of visiting. The honor of the whole occasion impressed me as nothing else had ever done, because it was all done so naturally, and I was made to feel so much at home that I forgot who was entertaining me, and seemed to fit as naturally into the home-life as if I were an old friend of the family.

Such is the charm of this beautiful Italian Queen. I loved Italy, the beautiful country, and her splendid people; but I shall love all still more now, because of the beautiful Queen with whom I spent one of the happiest days of my life.

I returned to the hotel, half dreaming. I stepped out on to the balustrade, in front of my room, and looked out upon a dream city. The Arno, spanned by beautiful old bridges at my feet, went winding in graceful curving lines through the city; the old picturesque tower, on the other side of the river, rang out the hour of two o'clock; and on the opposite bank was the poem of a Venetian facade, with its graceful pillars and carved stone arches. Above, the sun was shining brilliantly, the sky was a perfect blue, and the fantastic clouds, seen on the horizon, added to the beauty of this Italian scene. The Prince's words came to me, "I love Art." "Ah," I thought, "the boy has it here in his own Italy, as in no other country; and this dear boy of fourteen will some day be a great Prince, and a great King."

And so my visit to the Queen was over. The reality had surpassed my wildest imaginations, and I was still wondering why I should have had this good fortune, under circumstances which would not happen again in a lifetime, when there was a rap at my door, and the *concierge* said, with a good deal of excitement, "Madame Willard, a telephone from the Court; and they want to know if you will receive the Count at five o'clock, who will have some photographs and papers for you." With all the calm I could command, as if I were in the habit of receiving telephone messages from the Court, I replied, "Say that Mrs. Willard will be very pleased to receive the Count at five o'clock."

The Queen had promised me some pictures of the children, so I knew that she was sending them by the Count. There was a beauti-

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ful large portrait of herself, and one of each of the children, all signed by themselves, except those of the little girl, signed by the Queen. It was another most gracious act, and I shall prize these pictures among my treasures. It is the end of a perfect day;* the sun has set, and my thoughts are still with that dear Royal Family and their beautiful mother. I leave Pisa to-morrow, but I take with me something so wonderfully lovely that this will always be a blessed city to me.

* Mrs. Willard wrote out this account of her visit that same afternoon, after returning to her hotel.— *The Editors*.



Italy's War-Planes

BY

CAPTAIN GIUSEPPE BEVIONE

Member of the Italian Parliament; Chief of the
Italian Military Mission for Aeronautics



VERYBODY knows that the war industries of all the Allied Nations, and particularly the industries of aviation, draw from America the essential part of the raw materials they use.

The magnificent victories of the Allied Armies during these last days, which have added so much glory to the American name, make us wonder at the splendid results that might have been obtained, had we been able to realize that which we most needed—supremacy of the air so as to pursue the retreating foe with our squadrons of airplanes, spreading terror and disorder among his lines and destroying and closing railway junctions, roads, bridges, and trestles.

The foe's power of resistance would thus have been struck at its vitals, in its center of supplies, at the great factories of arms and ammunition, at the bridges, railways, and roads by means of which the armies at the front were kept in fighting trim.

But in order to attain to an unlimited output of its powers of production, Italy would have had to obtain from this country an adequate and continually increasing quantity of raw materials, metals, wood, dopes, and textile matter. It was absolutely necessary that we should obtain such assistance from the American Government,—of course, in perfect harmony with the needs of all our allies,— and for this purpose I was sent to Washington and appointed Chief of the Italian Military Mission for Aeronautics.

It may be of interest to show how efficiently the raw materials which were provided us were being utilized. Our progress was remarkable, and every Italian may justly be proud of it. Italy passed beyond the critical period of experimental research and of uncertainties, always to be overcome at the beginning of new enterprises. Italy

was supplying her own needs in motors and planes entirely, besides using her own original types of machines. Within a few months all the machines flying at the Italian front would have been of Italian manufacture and design, and equipped with Italian motors.

It is generally known that military aviation needs four types of machines: fighting, scouting, day bombing and night bombing machines. As to fighting aeroplanes, Italy turned out two splendid types, the A-1 (so-called "Balilla"), a machine developed from the S. V. A. of the Ansaldo factory; and the "Pe-Gamma," from the original plans of the Pomilio Works (recently taken over by the Ansaldo factory).

As to the other types of flying machines for warfare, Italy was well provided with models of her own, produced in large numbers. We have, in fact, two types of scouting machines of high value: The SIA 8-B (developed from the former 7-B type), made by the SIA factory, which is a branch of the FIAT, and the P. P. of the Pomilio factory which, as previously stated, has been incorporated into the Ansaldo works.

Two important raids were performed last year by the SIA 7-B aeroplane; that is, the flight from Turin to Naples and return (1,004 miles) without landing, and from Turin to London (700 miles), with the crossing of the Alps.

For day bombing, where speed and great power are essential, two Italian machines were ready, which had already undergone the most severe tests. One is the SVA, built by the Ansaldo factory, which can also be used for fighting and scouting, and had accomplished the bombing of Inasbruck, besides performing the raid on Friedriechshafen. The second machine is the SIA 9-B, equipped with a Fiat engine of 700 HP, which, owing to its speed and great power, can be flown over long distances and be used in broad daylight bombing.

For night bombing there were the biplane and triplane Caproni, now of international fame. The larger model of Caproni biplane (CA-5), equipped in Italy with three Fiat motors of 300 HP each, is without doubt superior to all similar types in existence, so much so that all of our Allies, American, British, and French, largely adopted it; and at the French front several Italian squadrons of Caproni were in active service, adding new records to their well-established reputation. It is also known to-day that at Mineola, L. I., the first Caproni built in the United States and equipped with American Liberty Motors, had gone through its tests with the greatest success, and that the Federal

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authorities had placed with American firms large orders for Caproni-Liberty Aeroplanes.

I firmly believe that Italy can be proud of its aviation achievements and victories. On the 15th of last June, the first day of the ill-fated Austrian drive on the Piave, 34 Austrian airplanes were downed, while only two of our machines were reported missing.

But no aeroplane, as perfect as may be its design and construction, could be of any service unless equipped with the best and most reliable motor, and unless the capacity for production of the factories connected with the manufacture of aircraft could cope with the demands necessary to keep up the full efficiency of the aerial force. And here again Italy's efforts met with success.

The FIAT factory stands first, as one of our largest manufacturers of aviation motors, with her two well-known engines, the A-12 and the A-14. The A-12 develops 300 HP, and the A-14 700 HP, this being the most powerful motor used at the front for aviation by any of the Allies. The FIAT had a remarkably large output of these engines, and I regret that for obvious reasons I cannot give the exact figures concerning it. But I can say that our Aeronautical Department, which bought all this production, after having met all of our own requirements, was in position to supply the Allies with an important number of these motors daily, in compliance with their urgent demands. Besides this, the FIAT had ready a new model, which was soon to be produced in large series: The A-15, of 450 HP, greatly reduced in size from previous models, light, accessible, and possessing new and important characteristics, which would undoubtedly cause a further and greater development of our military aviation.

In addition to the FIAT, we have the SPA, of the well-known automobile factory by that name, which with some important changes and only a slight increase in weight has been able to develop her old 220 HP motor into a new 300 HP motor, without being obliged to change her former equipment and machinery—thus mastering a great technical and industrial difficulty, and producing a new engine of slight specific weight and great power. These motors were being turned out in large series, and were of the greatest value to aviation, being especially fitted to fighting aeroplanes.

Another important factory, the Isotta-Fraschini, produces high-grade machines which have won reputation for their reliability and perfect workmanship. Here again a new motor was ready, the I. F.

V-6, developing 300 HP, greatly appreciated both by aeroplane manufacturers and pilots.

I can not mention all the minor though excellent factories, among which excel, with many others, the Nagliati, the Colombo, etc.; nor the greater works which have taken up the manufacture of some of motors described above, such as Bianchi, Tosi, Breda, etc.

The following figures may give a more correct idea of Italy's effort in the production of aviation motors: 1,500 motors a month was the output, and before the end of the year 1918 we could certainly have produced over 2,000 motors monthly, which means the astonishing figure of 24,000 aviation engines per year,—all of them of Italian design, of Italian construction, and all of high repute, established after the severest tests. And this, when Italy at the beginning of the war, possessed not more than 100 aeroplanes, and less than 100 pilots!

Italy was ready and proud to put at the complete disposal of the American Government all that she had accomplished in the aviation field; all of her experience, all of her knowledge and highest results, won through long and hard sacrifices. This was the least that we could do to prove our deep and everlasting gratitude to this generous and glorious Country for the benefits she has bestowed upon us.



Verdi's Forecast of the World War

*The Great Italian Composer, Mourning the Hun Invasion of France in
1870, Predicted War Between Italy and Germany*



IUSEPPE VERDI, from his picturesque hermitage of St. Agata, followed political developments attentively. His letters to Contessa Clara Maffei, which she entrusted, upon her death-bed, to Antonio Lazzati and Tullo Masarani, and which are now preserved in the Brera Library at Milan, show a clear, keen vision. The following letter of the great composer, written in 1870, explains itself.

Dear Clarina:

This disaster to France makes me, as it does you, desolate at heart. It is true that the blague, the impertinence, and the presumption of the French was and still is, in spite of all their misfortunes, unbearable. But, after all, France has given liberty and civilization to the modern world. And if she fall, let us not deceive ourselves: all our liberties and our civilizations will perish with her. Let our savants and our politicians boast, if they will, the knowledge, the science, and even (God forgive them), the arts of these conquerors; but if they looked beneath the surface they could see that in their veins still flows the ancient blood of the Goths, that they are inordinately haughty, hard, intolerant, disdainful of everything not German, and of a rapacity that knows no limit.

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Men with brains, but without hearts, a strong race but not civilized! And that King, who has God and Providence forever on his lips, and whose aid is destroying the best part of Europe — who believes himself predestined to reform the customs and punish the faults of the modern world! What a type of missionary! Attila of old (another missionary of the same calibre), halted before the majesty of the capital of the old world; but this man is about to bombard the capital of the modern world; and now that Bismarck wishes it known that Paris will be spared, I fear more than ever that it will be ruined, at least in part. Why? I cannot tell. Perhaps so that it will no longer exist so beautiful a capital, the like of which they will never succeed in building.

Poor Paris, that I saw so gay, so beautiful, so splendid, last April! And then? I would have liked a more generous policy; I would have liked to repay a debt of gratitude. One hundred thousand of our men might perhaps have saved France. At any rate, to sign a peace, vanquished with the French, I would have preferred to this inertia which will one day make us scorned. We will not be able to avoid a European war, and we will be swallowed up. It will not be to-morrow, but it will be. The pretext is readily found. Maybe Rome — the Mediterranean — and then is there not the Adriatic, which they have already proclaimed to be a German sea?

Affectionately yours,

GIUSEPPE VERDI.



Aristide Sartorio, the Painter of Italy at War

In This Italy Number of The Journal of American History are
Reproduced Six of the Superb War Scenes by this
Splendid Artist and Valiant Soldier

BY

ETTORE CADORIN



RISTIDE SARTORIO, most representative among the artists of Italy who had produced works of great value in the period that preceded the War, he achieved fame rather late in life. Born a Roman, he spent several years abroad, strengthening his gifts by a serious and solid study which made of him a very strong and powerful designer. His drawing has always been the most important base of his art. His admirable nudes, a predominant element of his works, show, in grandeur of pose and harmony of form, a classical line combined with a certain modernity of expression which results in an *ensemble* quite personal and interesting. His art is a glorification of form and of movement. His painted figures are statues, the mastery of the *claireobscur* make them look like *bas-reliefs*. In fact, it is not a vain word to say that he is a sculptor who paints — as he is a good sculptor as well — and in his works, painted or carved, the energy of expression of the figures never exceeds the faultless perfection of the bodies and elect proportion of the limbs.

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The decoration of the new Palace of Parliament in Rome is Sartorio's greatest work, composed of several hundred colossal figures and horses, one of the most remarkable works of that kind in our time. Very important also is the mural decoration of the great Hall of the Exhibition of Venice, in the same style and conception.

When Italy entered the War, Sartorio, although not very young, volunteered as an officer of cavalry. During an engagement he was surrounded, wounded, and made a prisoner, just as he was trying to save his beloved horse. After a year and a half of imprisonment and hard suffering, he was sent back to Italy amongst the prisoners considered disabled. Since then he has devoted his activity and his art to the illustration of the War. His work will constitute a splendid document of the great struggle for freedom and for mankind.



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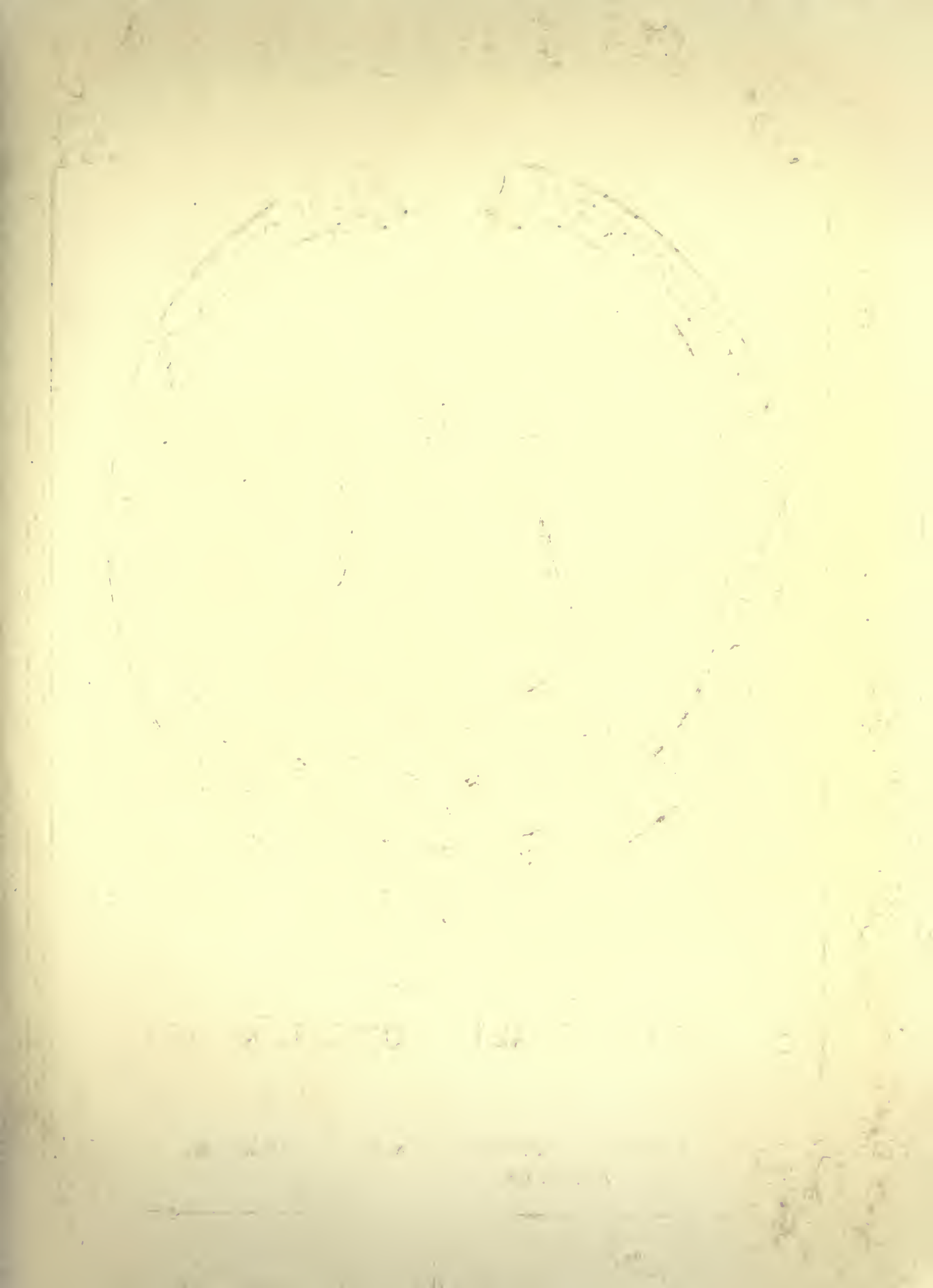
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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

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Articles of Incorporation of The National Historical Society

Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia at Washington, on the Twenty-Sixth Day of April, in the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen, "For the Purpose of Promoting Historical Knowledge and Patriotism, and the Peace of Righteousness among Nations"



THE NAME by which the Society is to be known is "The National Historical Society."

The Society is to continue in perpetuity.

The particular business and objects of the Society will be:

(a) To discover, procure, preserve, and perpetuate whatever relates to History, the History of the Western Hemisphere, the History of the United States of America and their possessions, and the History of families.

(b) To inculcate and bulwark patriotism, in no partisan, sectional, nor narrowly national sense, but in recognition of man's high obligation toward civic righteousness, believing that human governments are divinely ordained to bear the sword and exercise police duty for good against evil, and not for evil against good, and recognizing, as between peoples and peoples, that "God has made of one blood all nations of men."

(c) To provide a national and international patriotic clearing-house and historical exchange, promoting by suitable means helpful forms of communication and co-operation between all historical organizations, patriotic orders, and kindred societies, local, state, national, and international, that the usefulness of all may be increased and their benefits extended toward education and patriotism.

(d) To promote the work of preserving historic landmarks and marking historic sites.

(e) To encourage the use of historical themes and the expression of patriotism in the arts.

(f) In the furtherance of the objects and purposes of the Society, and not as a commercial business, to acquire The Journal of American History, and to publish the same as the official organ of the Society, and to publish or promote the publication of whatever else may seem advisable in furtherance of the objects of the Society.

(g) To authorize the organization of members of the Society, resident in given localities, into associated branch societies, or chapters of the parent Society, and to promote by all other suitable means the purpose, objects, and work of the Society.

The Membership body of The National Historical Society consists of —

(1) Original Founders, contributing five dollars each to the Founders' Fund, thus enrolling as pioneer builders of a great National Institution;

(2) Original State Advisory Board Founders, contributing twenty-five dollars each to the Founders' Fund, from whom are elected the Members of the State Advisory Boards;

(3) Original Life-Member Founders, contributing one hundred dollars each to the Founders' Fund, from whom are elected for life the members of the Grand Council of the Vice-Presidents;

(4) Patrons, who contribute one thousand dollars to further the work of the Society;

(5) Annual Members, who pay two dollars, annual dues, receiving The Journal of American History.

(6) Sustaining Members, who contribute five dollars, annual dues, receiving The Journal of American History.

(7) Sustaining Life-Members, who contribute one hundred dollars annually.

(8) Sustaining Contributors, who contribute annually any sum between five dollars and one hundred dollars.

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VICTOR EMANUEL III, KING OF ITALY

From the photograph donated by the King to the Editor of "Il Carroccio," the Italian Review, Mr. Agostino de Biasi, and by the latter's courtesy reproduced in The Journal of American History



AN ITALIAN SOLDIER IN FRANCE, FIGHTING FOR THE DEFENCE OF RHEIMS



PROVISIONING THE ITALIAN TROOPS IN FRANCE



ITALIAN SOLDIERS BEFORE THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

The Journal of American History

VOLUME XIII
NINETEEN NINETEEN



NUMBER 2
SECOND QUARTER

Patriotism the Affirmation of God

BY

HIS EMINENCE, DÉSIRÉ JOSEPH FRANÇOIS, CARDINAL MERCIER
Archbishop of Malines



FAMILY interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of patriotism, for that ideal is the right, which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of right in national matters, and of national honor. Now there is no absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute necessity of subordination of all things to right, to justice, and to truth, is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose patriotism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, "We only did our duty," or, "We were bound in honor," they express the religious character of their patriotism. Which of us does not feel that patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is, in a manner, a profanation and a sacrilege?

How the Mountain of Rheims Was Saved

BY

LUIGI BARZINI

War Correspondent of "*Il Corriere della Sera*"
of Milan



IN THE tremendous Battle of Champagne, which was the outcome of the fifth great German offensive, the action of the Italian troops had a special importance, not so much on account of the number of troops engaged, as because of the extreme delicacy of the sector the defense of which was entrusted to their arms. Placed to guard one of the principal avenues of a possible German irruption—one of the most vital points of the line of resistance—the Italians justly felt that by the confidence of the Single Command a post of honour had been entrusted to them.

Italians barred the valley of the Ardre at the heights of Bligny. Look at the map. The River Ardre, flanked by wooded hills, flows from the Mountain of Rheims, where it takes its source, down to Fismes, where it pours into the Vesle; and its valley, running from south-east to north-west, constituted the principal way of the enemy's advance for turning Rheims from the south-west and for reaching the green bastions of the Mountain of Rheims, upon the possession of which depended the domination of Rheims itself, Épernay, and of Châlons. The city of Rheims, closely invested on three sides—east, north, and west—was not directly attacked. It was not necessary. The line of the enemy's positions around the city figures on the map like a head attached to a body, the Italian positions to the south-west and the French positions south-east forming the shoulders. To bring about the fall of the entire salient and possess themselves of Rheims, the Germans only had to advance appreciably right and left of Rheims, pressing on both sides of the neck of that sort of head to effect a strangulation.

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Descending from the Mountain of Rheims, the Ardre is accompanied, so to speak, by high counter-forts—prolongations of the mountains which follow the course of the river on the right and left like two immense banks, framing the valley with their tree-clad sides and ending abruptly at the road which runs from Rheims to Château Thierry. The terminal point of one of these counter-forts—that on the right bank, and the higher—constitutes the so-called Mountain of Bligny. The Italian forces barred the high valley of the Ardre precisely at the point where the river issues from the grip of the counter-forts and flows between minor heights in a tortuous course towards Fismes.

It was not only the extreme tactical and strategical importance of the positions, but also the supposed lack of unity and cohesion in the defense, that induced the Germans to deliver one of their most formidable blows against the Italian sector. But the experience of Bligny had revealed to the enemy an unsuspected robustness in our defense. In anticipation of an obstinate Italian resistance, the German Command, in order to be certain of success, had prepared a terrible array of artillery in front of our sector, had massed between the first and second lines a number of divisions four times larger than ours, and had brought up along the low valley of the Ardre some squadrons of heavy tanks for smashing our defenses on the two banks of the river. We had against us the 103rd division, the 123rd, the 22nd, and a great part of the 12th Bavarian division, and of the 80th; in immediate support were the 223rd and the 50th divisions, without counting other troops in reserve.

It was the enemy's intention that the blow should be irresistible. According to the plans of the offensive, the Italian defense had to be swept away at the first shock: Épernay had to be reached during the evening of the first day, by the Nanteuil-Hautvillers road, across the captured Mountain of Rheims. To the Italian command some excellent French units had been entrusted as a reserve. The presence of these reinforcements permitted us to place in line the whole of the Italian forces to receive the first shock. The enemy's attack was launched after a preparatory bombardment, lasting six hours and of unprecedented intensity—six hours of inferno. Explosives and gas came over in a regular hail of shells of all calibres, and the smoke shells filled the valley with impenetrable clouds. In this obscurity the German tanks advanced invisibly at the bottom the valley, machine-gunning and cannonading on all sides.

On the left of the Italian sector the ground, all hills and dales, lent itself admirably to "infiltration," in the density of the artificial mists, and the defense, fighting hand to hand, withdrew to support itself on the stronger lines prepared in the rear. An analogous movement, carried out very slowly, caused our left wing to bend in the Valley of the Ardre, where the German tanks formed the tips of dense wedges of attack. The withdrawal was so orderly, hard-fought, and slow, that the enemy's enormous self-moving fortresses of steel had to stop for long hours before they could make even a slight advance. At noon our left wing held the village of Marfaux at the bottom of the valley. The right wing, on the north of the Ardre, having reached its line of resistance, maintained itself there obstinately, delivering furious counter-attacks. To get the better of them the enemy, at two o'clock in the afternoon, again began an extremely violent bombardment. Here the battle raged in a thick wood on the hills flanking the river. Except at the bottom of the valley, the whole ground is covered with forests so dense that it is impossible to see anything a few steps away. Of this invisibility the German attacking troops took advantage to penetrate with machine guns in numerous streams of infiltration.

The fighting no longer developed along a line; it was dispersed, like a tremendous hunt. There was ferocious fighting from tree to tree and from bush to bush. Thus, while the sustaining troops stood firm, clinging to the positions, the individual fights of the mobile parties raged around them. From the beginning to the end of the battle, which lasted four days and four nights, all the French and Italian reports sent out from the commands and the liaison officers ended with the words "morale very high." Our troops were constantly inflamed by an aggressive fury. At the sight of the enemy they invariably rushed to the counter-attack with an admirable spontaneity. Counter-attacks by platoons, companies, battalions, and regiments, succeeded each other with impetuous fury. Mortal fatigue, hunger, burning thirst, and the losses sustained, did nothing to diminish the sublime fever of combativeness on the part of our men, who still found numerically superior forces in front of them.

On the evening of the first day our right wing was again compelled to yield a few hundred yards of ground. The left wing, sorely tried, was reinforced during the night by one of the French units which formed our reserve. These fresh forces were extended on the extreme left. The situation was then as follows: our right, oscillated on the limits of the second zone of resistance, engaged in furious counter-

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attacks; our extreme left, following the general movement of the action and pressed by heavy masses, had retired about 3,000 yards; and the left centre, which held the base of the Valley of the Ardre, bent under the heavier weight of the attack, which was following the course of the river and tending directly towards the majestic wooded terraces of the Mountain of Rheims, the precious immediate objective of the enemy's action at that point. Thus there was formed in the valley a German salient, a sort of tentacle, which, however, was contained on its flanks. In order to advance still further without danger of a counter-offensive blow on the flanks, the Germans needed to widen the salient, to give space to the sides of the too slender wedge thrust into the narrow valley. For this reason, on the second day, the whole impetuosity of the German attack was turned against the heights on the left of the Ardre, in order to demolish that flanking pillar of the resistance.

The French unit, despatched by our command to reinforce our extreme left, had received the full shock of this new assault, carried out by fresh troops, even before it had entirely completed its deployment. Suddenly it found itself under a bombardment of fabulous violence, followed by an impetuous action of masses. For a moment the line of defense had to withdraw across the Bois de Courton. The enemy infiltrations in the dense vegetation reached the eastern edge of the woods at Nanteuil—that is to say, half way between the positions of departure and Epernay. The Germans had thus practically reached the margin of the principal massif of the Mountain of Rheims when, in the first hours of the afternoon, the French on our extreme left, having reorganized themselves, started a sudden counter-attack, together with Italian forces, and in indescribable hand-to-hand fighting drove the enemy from the woods. Meanwhile our right also resumed its furious counter-attacks, thrusting the Germans back as far as Clairizet, a tiny village close to the first line, which was taken and lost, retaken and lost again, throughout the day.

We had passed through the most critical phase of the battle. From time to time, in the swaying of the struggle, the battle reached our artillery positions. The gunners defended their pieces with rifles, machine guns, and hand grenades; there were little violent and spontaneous counter-attacks to liberate the guns, which, still warm and surrounded by dead, resumed firing as soon as the enemy was driven away.

Whenever the Italian counter-attacks languished on the right, they were resumed on the left. The tactics of our Command consisted in striking incessantly on the flanks of the German salient to prevent it from being widened and to keep it immobile under the threat of strangulation. It was a struggle without a pause, full of movement and fury on the part of the enemy in an effort to open the pincers which held his sides. On our part, the object was to pinch him still tighter. We defended ourselves by attacking. But while the Germans often renewed their attacking forces, the defending troops were always the same. Meanwhile we had succeeded in paralyzing the penetration into the high valley of the Ardre. By the evening of the 16th our counter-attacks on the left wing were no longer making progress. With a view to strengthening them, another French unit from our reserve was sent forward with some Italian storming sections, and on the morning of the 17th Italians and French together resumed the assault in the Bois de Courton and by hard fighting succeeded in regaining our second lines. These had been almost completely reoccupied when the Germans, assembling new forces, returned to the attack. Thus on the second lines a shifting of equilibrium began, and the fury of the battle passed again and again over the same points.

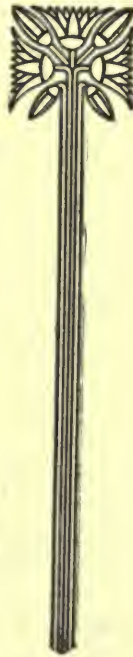
While on our left the actions consisted of brief bursts of violence, on our right the Italian troops, although given orders to confine themselves to demonstrative actions, seeing an attack advancing, bounded forward to meet it and stopped it with the bayonet. On the 18th our heroic constancy definitely gained the ascendancy over the enemy. The French and Italian forces on our left resumed their attacks and progressed gradually up to fixed objectives, while our right, reinforced by the last reserves, consisting of French colonial troops, definitely made themselves masters of Clairizet, Onrezy, Bouilly, reconquered the Bois de Rheims, and practically reoccupied the lines of departure. The Germans who had penetrated into the valley of the Ardre, held as in a vice, were obliged to retire in order to escape the danger of being cut off. Their monstrous attack with tanks had been useless; the German march on Épernay had ended in disaster; the Mountain of Rheims was definitely saved.

General Berthelot had given this Order of the Day to the Italian troops:

H. Q., July 23rd.—Entrusted during forty days with the defense of a delicate part of the front, the II. Italian Corps has completed perfectly its mission, barring to the enemy the road to the Ardre and

HOW THE MOUNTAIN OF RHEIMS WAS SAVED

resisting magnificently the repeated attacks that it had to meet. In intimate union with French troops it has thrown back all the attacks of the Germans upon whom sanguinary losses have been inflicted. It has held the position that had been entrusted to it, and now at last has begun to take a brilliant part in the offensive against the enemy. The Latin blood poured out on the soil of France, in common with that which has been shed in the war-ravaged regions of Italy, will cement in a most solid way the alliance between the two sister nations and the indestructible friendship which exists between the two great peoples.



A Study in Putnam and Cleaveland Ancestry

BY

GEORGIA COOPER WASHBURN



STUDY of the paternal lineage of Erastus Gaylord Putnam, Esq., of Elizabeth, New Jersey, presents a picture, fraught with interest, of our colonial days and of early England. His ancestry has been traced to the Fourteenth Century, when his earliest named ancestor, William Puttenham, held Puttenham Manor in Hertfordshire. Before this period, into the mists of feudal antiquity, the line is not authenticated, but it is said to ascend to the Simon de Puttenham who possessed the manor in 1199.

Mr. Putnam was born in Harford, New York, December 23, 1833. His father, Hamilton Putnam, was born in Madison, New York, September 5, 1807. He was prominent in the affairs of Cortland, in the same State, where he was a merchant for fifty years, Justice of the Peace, Director of the National Bank of Cortland, acted as Paymaster in the Militia, and for many years was Supervisor of Cortland County. His wife, Mr. Erastus Putnam's mother, was Jeannette, daughter of General Erastus Cleaveland.

The Cleaveland family is descended from Thorkill, a Saxon of Yorkshire, living at the time of the Conquest, who was called "de Cliveland," probable from an estate. His descendant, Moses Cleaveland, ancestor of the American family, came to Massachusetts from Ipswich, where he was born probably about 1624. He settled at Woburn, Massachusetts, where he married Ann, daughter of Edward and Joanna Winn, according to an old record, on "ye 26th 7th mo. . . 1648." She was born in Wales. Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States, was a descendant of Moses and Ann (Winn)

A STUDY IN PUTNAM AND CLEVELAND ANCESTRY

Cleveland. Moses Cleveland died at Woburn, Massachusetts, January 9, 1701. He and his wife had twelve children. Three of his sons, Moses, Samuel, and Aaron, were soldiers of King Philip's War.

Aaron Cleveland, son of Moses and Ann (Winn) Cleveland, was born at Woburn, January 19, 1654, and was made a freeman in 1680. His wife was Dorcas Wilson, whom he married in Woburn, September 26, 1675. She was born January 29, 1657, the daughter of John and Hannah (James) Wilson, and died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, November 29, 1714. Aaron Cleveland died at Woburn, December 14, 1716.

Captain Aaron Cleveland, son of Aaron and Dorcas (Wilson) Cleveland, was born July 9, 1680, at Woburn. He owned large tracts of land in Charlestown, and perhaps lived there for some years. He also lived in that part of Cambridge which became Medford, and was admitted as a member of the church at Cambridge, October 7, 1711. He was constable of Medford in 1707 and '08, was a contractor and builder, and was prominent in military affairs, being successively Cornet, Lieutenant, and Captain of militia. After 1738 he removed to East Haddam, Connecticut, where he was admitted to the church August 10, 1755, and of which place he was one of the wealthiest citizens. On the tax lists of the town he is called "Aaron Cleveland, gentleman." He married at Woburn, January 1, 1701, Abigail Waters, daughter of Samuel and Mary (Hudson) Waters. She was born November 29, 1683, in Woburn, and probably died at Norwich, Connecticut. Captain Aaron Cleveland died about December 1, 1755, either at Norwich or at his Massachusetts home in Medford.

Moses Cleveland, son of Captain Aaron and Abigail (Waters) Cleveland, was baptized at Cambridge, July 19, 1719. His wife was Mary, daughter of Thomas and Dorothy (Hurlburt) Clarke, born in Wethersfield, Connecticut, June 9, 1724, and there she married Moses Cleveland. After his death, which occurred before 1761, she married a Mr. Bliss, and died at Hopewell, Ontario County, New York, aged more than one hundred years, some time after 1824.

Lieutenant Moses Cleveland, son of Moses and Mary (Clarke) Cleveland, was born May 23, 1745, either at Norwich, or Wethersfield, Connecticut. He lived at the former place and also at New London, later removing to Morrisville, New York. In the Revolution he was a Lieutenant of Cavalry, and was stationed at Roxbury,

Massachusetts, at the time of the siege of Boston, when he acted as a scout. His wife Phoebe, daughter of Aaron and Sarah Fargo, was born February 14, 1747, at Norwich, where they were married February 20, 1766. Moses Cleaveland died at Morrisville, Madison County, New York, in 1817.

General Erastus Cleaveland, son of Lieutenant Moses and Phoebe (Fargo) Cleaveland, was born June 20, 1771, at Norwich, Connecticut. He lived at Madison, New York, to which place he removed in 1793, and which he represented in the Legislature in 1806 and 1808. He was made a Major in 1807, and, in the War of 1812, was Colonel, in command of a Regiment at Sacketts Harbor. He was Lieutenant-Colonel in 1812, Colonel in 1814, and later was made Brigadier-General of Militia. He married Rebecca Berry, sister of Samuel Berry, who bought the land where Madison, New York, was built for twenty-five dollars. General Cleaveland and his wife were married at Southwick, Massachusetts, on January 8, 1795. He died at Madison, New York, on January 27, 1867, at the age of eighty-five.

Jeannette, the daughter of General Erastus and Rebecca (Berry) Cleaveland, was born January 26, 1817, at Madison, and there she married on April 20, 1831, Hamilton Putnam, whose career has been described above. She died at Middleboro, Massachusetts, while on a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Grant, July 31, 1884.

Erastus Gaylord Putnam, son of Hamilton and Jeannette (Cleaveland) Putnam, received his education at Cortland Academy, at Cortland, New York, and, after leaving school, taught for some years until attaining his majority. When he was twenty-one years of age he went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he entered the wholesale drug-house of his uncle, Erastus Gaylord, and studied medicine for five years under the tuition of an English chemist. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he served on the Sanitary Commission of Ohio, and was offered the appointment as Assistant Surgeon, which, however, he was obliged to decline on account of ill-health. On his return to New York, Mr. Putnam held the position of business manager of Cornell University from 1868 to 1871, residing at Ithaca for those years. In 1872 he removed to Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he was the proprietor of the Library Hall Drugstore until 1887. For ten years, from 1877, he was a member of the Board of Education in Elizabeth, and was its President for some years. It was due to his efforts that the Elizabeth High School was established. He was Health Officer of the city from May, 1888, until 1898, during which

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time he fought against an epidemic of small-pox, showing great ability and devotion in his profession. His whole life was given up to alleviating the lives of his fellow-citizens, and his memory is honored by all those who knew of his unselfish labors. Mr. Putnam was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, being one of the charter members of the Elizabeth Chapter. He married, at "Keewaydin," Orange County, New York, January 30, 1867, Mary Nicoll Woodward, born October 1, 1834, daughter of William A. and Frances M. (Evertson) Woodward, and a descendant of many ancient lines, both of English and Dutch blood. Their children, who died in infancy, were: Mary Evertson, born December 27, 1867; Rosalie Gaylord and Harry Barrow, born April 7, 1871; and William Hamilton, born November 4, 1875.

Doctor Elijah Putnam, the paternal grandfather of Erastus Gaylord Putnam, resided in Madison, New York, where he practised medicine for forty years, and was an organizer of the Madison County Medical Society. He was born in Medford, Massachusetts, in 1769, and died in January, 1851. His wife was Phoebe, daughter of Captain Abner Wood.

The father of Doctor Elijah Putnam was Eleazer Putnam, of Medford, born in Danvers, Massachusetts, June 5, 1738. Danvers was originally old Salem Village, and here the Putnam family lived as far back as the first American ancestor. Eleazer Putnam married Mary Crosby, of Billerica, Massachusetts, their marriage being published in Charlestown, March 20, 1761. He died about 1806, in which year, on March 14, administration on his estate was granted. In the administration papers he is called "Eleazer Putnam of Medford, yeoman." On the alarm of the 19th of April, 1775, before the Battle of Lexington, Eleazer Putnam was in Captain Isaac Hull's Company, from Medford, and on the roll is credited with five days' service. His children are given as follows: Samuel, unmarried, according to family tradition, who was recorded in 1806; John; Henry; Elijah, born in 1769, whose biography has been given, as ancestor in the lineage traced; Hannah, who married Eben Thompson; and Rhoda, who married Locke.

The father of Eleazer Putnam of Medford was Henry Putnam, who was born in Salem Village on August 14, 1712. His wife was named Hannah. It is related that, on a journey from Medford to Connecticut, he stayed over night at Bolton, where he fell in love with the daughter of his host, proposed in the morning, was married the

same day and returned to his home with his bride and her dowry, which, consisting of two cows and twelve sheep, he drove before him. He was in command of a company at the capture of Louisburg, and his son, Henry, was also there. Henry Putnam, Sr., removed from Salem Village, while his son, Eleazer, whose biography has been given, the ancestor of Erastus Gaylord Putnam, remained there. In 1738 Henry Putnam, with his brother, Samuel, and their mother, made a deed of land in Salem Village to Benjamin and Joseph Knight. About 1745 he sold the old homestead of his father in the Village to Phineas Putnam. He still owned property there, however, as in 1752 his name appears on the tax list, and he was one of the three tellers at the town meeting of that year, on March 4, to collect and count the votes for selectmen. He was chosen surveyor of lumber there at the same meeting. About this time he probably removed to Charlestown, as the name does not appear on the tax list of Danvers again until 1757, when it is probably that of his son, Henry. Henry Putnam, Sr., was taxed in Charlestown from 1756 to 1765 for land purchased there in 1753. He taught school "without the neck," when he was styled "gentleman," and "from Danvers." He was appointed May 9, 1763, administrator on the estate of his son, John Putnam, "late of Charlestown," and is called "Gentleman," "of Charlestown." He probably removed to Medford soon after.

On the Alarm of April 19, 1775, before the Battle of Lexington, Henry Putnam was one of those patriots who responded to the call. He may have gone from Medford, or perhaps joined the Minute Men who marched from Danvers to Cambridge, more than sixteen miles in four hours, taking their stand in a small walled enclosure, forming a breastwork of shingles, and waited for the retreating British. It was at West Cambridge that the greatest loss was sustained by the Americans. Of the Danvers Company was his son, Henry Putnam, Jr., who was wounded, but later was in the Battle of Bunker Hill. Other near relatives were among the wounded and killed. His son, Eleazer, marched with the men from Medford, as before stated. In the Battle of Lexington Henry Putnam was killed, giving up his life for his country at the age of sixty-three. Five of his sons took part in the battle.

General Israel Putnam was of the same generation as Henry Putnam, whose biography has just been given, their fathers being first cousins. The General was born in Salem Village on January 7, 1717-18, in a house near what is now Hathorne Station, where the

first American ancestor of Nathaniel Hawthorne was born. The latter added a "w" to his surname. His emigrant ancestor, Major William Hathorne of Salem Village, was father of Judge John Hathorne, who is tragically memorable as one of the condemnors of the unfortunate men and women who were executed in the dreadful witchcraft delusion at Salem Village in 1692. The Hathornes were allied by marriage with the Putnams.

General Putnam is described by his grandson, Judge Judah Dana, as follows: "For height, about . . . middle size, very erect, thick-set, muscular, and firm in every part. His countenance was open, strong and animated . . . all exactly fitted for a warrior." He fought in the French and Indian War at the age of thirty-nine, having already had two years of warfare as one of the Rogers' Rangers in the vicinity of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. He received the rank of Captain, and in 1758 was made a Major, and marched with the forces of Lord Howe to Ticonderoga, which met disaster. A month later he was captured by the Indians near Fort Edward and tied to a tree to be burned to death. One of the savages informed the French leader of their company, who saved his life. He was then taken to Canada as a prisoner, but finally exchanged through a fellow prisoner, who said that he was an "old man" who wished to be at home with his family. He again joined the forces and took part in the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, when Canada became an English possession.

On April 20, 1775, while ploughing at his home at Pomfret, Connecticut, where he had removed, he heard of the Battle of Lexington of the day before, and, dropping his plough, without change of dress, mounted a horse and rode to Lebanon, where the Governor ordered him to Boston. Returning home he found hundreds of men waiting to join his command, and, riding through the night for eighteen hours, he reached Concord, and before a week had passed was placed in command of the minute men and volunteers as Brigadier-General. For the remainder of the year 1775 his headquarters were at Cambridge, on the site of what is now the City Hall.

At the Battle of Bunker Hill, on June 17, 1775, Israel Putnam became the very spirit of fiery patriotism which is balked by nothing. His famous order to his men not to fire "until you see the whites of their eyes," is well known. "At times he personally directs the discharge of cannon. When impatient men fired without orders he draws his sword and threatens death." When the Americans were

threatened with disorganization, he resorted to actual violence, keeping up their "morale" by his own determination. Long after the Revolution had given to the world its first true Republic, Israel Putnam was rebuked by some of those who, as at all periods, see events in the petty scale by which their own minds are governed, for his profanity during the Battle of Bunker Hill, to which he replied with an apology, accompanied with the words, "It was enough to make an angel swear to see the cowards run."

He is described by Doctor Thacher, in his "Military Journal," as follows: "In person he is corpulent and clumsy but carried a bold, undaunted front. He exhibits . . . much of the character of the veteran soldier. He visited our hospital and inquired with much solicitude into the condition of our patients."

Israel Putnam died on May 29, 1790. His epitaph, by Timothy Dwight, who five years later became President of Yale College, is here given:

"To a Man whose Generosity was Singular, whose Honesty was Proverbial, Who Raised Himself to Universal Esteem and Offices of Eminent Distinction by Personal Worth and a Useful Life."

Henry Putnam, the cousin of General Israel Putnam, and an account of whom, as ancestor of Erastus Gaylord Putnam, has above been given, had the following children: Henry, born in 1737, and baptized in the old Salem Village Meeting House, December 2, 1753; Eleazer, born June 5, and baptized August 13, 1738, whose biography has been given; Elijah, born July 23, and baptized July 26, 1741; probably the Elijah Putnam who graduated at Harvard College in 1766; Roger, born October 10, and baptized the 16th, in 1743; John, born October 11, baptized the 13th, 1745, administration on whose estate was granted to his father, with Caleb Brooks and Thomas Reed as bondsmen, on May 9, 1763; Billings, born May 11, 1749; and Benjamin, born August 26, and baptized at Salem Village September 15, 1751, who died at Savannah, Georgia, in 1801.

Henry Putnam, whose biography has just been given, was the son of Eleazer Putnam, born in Salem Village in 1665. His first wife was Hannah, daughter of Daniel and Hannah (Hutchinson) Boardman. She was born in Ipswich, February 18, 1670-1. He married, second, November 14, 1711, Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin and Apphia (Hale) Rolfe of Newbury, born there December 15, 1679. Elizabeth (Rolfe) Putnam died January 2, 1752. She was a sister of Abigail, wife of Nathaniel Boardman, brother of the first

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wife of Eleazer Putnam. In family papers, Henry Putnam, born in 1712, whose biography has been given, the eldest child of Eleazer Putnam, wrote of his parents:

"On Jan^y the 25th 173 2/3 Eleazer Putnam Departed this Leife about 16 minutes after 3 O :-: the clock in the afternoon in ye 65 year of his age.

"Mother Died Jan^y 2nd 1752 between 7 & 8 in ye morn "

In the same record he writes of four of his brothers and sisters:

"The age of Hannah is 50 in 1749.

"The age of Eleazer is 54.

"The age of Jephtha is 30.

"The age of Samuel is 42."

Eleazer Putnam wis in the company of Captain William Raymond in the expedition to Canada in 1690. He was prominent in the affairs of Salem Village, where he lived. With his first wife, he was admitted to the church there in 1699, and, in 1717-18 was made a deacon. He was "tythingman" in 1700 and in 1705; constable in 1708, and surveyor of highways on the Topsfield road in 1711. His farm was near the Topsfield boundary and north of the General Israel Putnam house, on the present site of the preston place.

Eleazer Putnam lived in troublous times at Salem. The terrible witchcraft delusion occurred there in 1692, and soon involved persons of the highest character, who were accused by a group of hysterical girls, lead by an old Indian woman, of bewitching them. The superstition, which at that period existed in all parts of the civilized world, was encouraged by some of the ministers and persons in authority, and many innocent persons were executed. One of the girls was Ann Putnam, daughter of Sergeant Thomas Putnam (a first cousin of Eleazer Putnam of the present biography). She was twelve years of age at the time. When she was nineteen her parents died and she soon became an invalid. Her conscience was troubled by the false testimony she had given during the trials of those accused, and, on her admission as a member to the church at Salem, under the guidance of Reverend Joseph Green, she made public confession as follows:

"I desire to be humbled before God for that sad . . . providence that befell my father's family . . . about '92, that I . . . being in childhood, should . . . be made an instrument for the accusing of several persons of a grievous crime, whereby their lives were taken away from them, whom now I have good reason to

believe . . . were innocent persons; and that it was a great delusion of Satan that deceived me . . . whereby I . . . fear I have been instrumental, with others, though unwittingly, to bring upon myself and this land the guilt of innocent blood; though I can truly say, before God . . . I did it not out of anger, malice or ill-will . . . but . . . ignorantly . . . particularly . . . I was a chief instrument of accusing Goodwife Nurse and her two sisters. I desire to lie in the dust, and to be humbled for it . . . and earnestly beg forgiveness of God, and from all those unto whom I have given just cause of sorrow and offense, whose relatives were taken away or accused."

Several members of the Putnam family did not join with those who so unjustly accused others of dealings with Satan, among them Joseph Putnam, father of General Israel Putnam, who, with others of the family, one of whom was Captain John Putnam, father of Eleazer of the present biography, signed a document certifying to the good character of the unfortunate Mrs. Rebecca Nurse, one of those executed. It is here given: "We whose names are hereunto subscribed, being desired by Goodman Nurse to declare what we know concerning his wife's conversation for time past, — we can testify . . . that we have known her for many years, and according to our observation, her life and conversation were according to her profession, and we never had any cause or grounds to suspect her of any such thing as she is now accused of." This document was signed, among others, by Israel Porter, Elizabeth Porter, John Putnam, Rebecca Putnam, Benjamin Putnam, Sarah Putnam, another Sarah Putnam, Jonathan Putnam, and Joseph Putnam. The Elizabeth Porter who signed was a sister of Judge John Hathorne, the examining magistrate in the trials of the "witches," and was mother-in-law of Joseph Putnam. She was "among the very few who condemned the proceedings from the first." "This venerable lady, whose conversation and bearing were so truly saint-like, was an invalid of extremely delicate condition and appearance, of piety and simplicity of heart. In all probability she shared in the popular belief on the subject of witchcraft and supposed the sufferings of the children were real and they were afflicted by an 'evil hand.' At the very time she was sorrowfully sympathizing with them . . . they were inculcating suspicions against her, and maturing plans for her destruction."

At the trial of some of those accused, Eleazer Putnam is said to

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have "drawn his rapier" and thrust at the supposed invisible devil or witch who was at the time torturing the "afflicted" girls.

He died January 25, 1732-3, at Salem Village. His will was dated October 3, 1732, and probated April 9, 1733. In it he mentioned his wife, Elizabeth; his daughter, Hannah Peabody and her children; his sons, Eleazer and Jephtha, and his daughter Apphia. His sons, Samuel and Henry, were the executors. An inventory of his estate was returned on January 22, 1733-4.

By his first wife, Hannah (Boardman) Putnam, he had the following children: Hannah, born December 8, 1693; baptized at Topsfield, December 16, 1694; married Doctor Nathan Peabody; Eleazer, born September 8, 1695; baptized at Topsfield, August 9, 1696; Sarah, born September 26, 1697; Jephtha, born August 24, 1699, and baptized August 25, 1700, at Salem Village; Joseph and Samuel, born May 30 and baptized June 15, 1707.

By his second wife, Elizabeth (Rolfe) Putnam, he had: Henry, born August 14, 1712; baptized at Salem Village August 17, the same year, whose biography has been given; and Apphia, born July 8, 1716, who married, first, John, son of Benjamin and Hannah (Endicott) Porter, and second, Asa, son of Thomas and Sarah (Osgood) Perley.

Eleazer Putnam was the son of Captain John Putnam of Salem Village, who was baptized at Aston Abbots, Buckinghamshire, England, May 27, 1627, and came with his parents to America. His wife was Rebecca Prince, called "step-daughter of John Gedney." She was, perhaps, the sister of Robert Prince, who lived nearby in Salem. They were married there September 3, 1652. Robert Prince of Salem, who had a grant of land there in 1649, is thought to have been a brother of Richard Prince, who came to Salem in 1639, and was made a freeman December 27, 1642.

John Putnam was made a freeman in 1665. In 1668 and 1670, with his brothers, he signed petitions for a minister at "the farms." He also signed, with other members of the family, a petition to separate the "Village" from Salem, dated March 14, 1681-2. Those signing it were as follows:

" Thomas Putnam senior	Jonathan Putnam
" John Putnam	Thomas Putnam jr.
" Nathaniel Putnam	Edward Putnam."
" John Putnam jr.	

He was one of those members of the Salem church who, on

November 10, 1689, formed the church at Salem Village, now the North Parish in Danvers. The members of the Putnam family among them were:

" John Putnam and wife	John Putnam jr. and wife
.....	Benjamin Putnam and wife
" Thomas Putnam
.....	Jonathan Putnam and wife
" Edward Putnam
.....	Sarah Putnam wife of James."

The Putnams were allied by marriage with the Endicott family. Apphia, daughter of Eleazer, Captain John Putnam's son, as has been stated, married John, a son of Benjamin and Hannah (Endicott) Porter. Captain John Putnam, of the present biography, in 1678 testified that he was intimately acquainted with Governor Endicott, having, fifty years before that date, been employed on the latter's farm, which was noted as one of the finest in the colony.

In the year 1658 John Putnam deeded twenty acres of meadow land on Ipswich River to Robert Prince, styling himself " Planter." With Simon Bradstreet and Daniel Dennison, in 1674, he established large iron works at Rowley Village, now Boxford, which were constructed and carried on by Samuel and Nathan Leonard. Some years before his death he deeded all his property to his children.

John Putnam was prominent in the military and civic affairs of Salem. He was made a Corporal in 1672; was in the Narragansett War, and was Lieutenant of a troop of horse at the Village in 1678. He is called " Captain " after 1687. He was a Deputy to the General Court in 1679, to succeed Bartholomew Gedney, and also in 1680-1686 and 1691-1692. On January 24, 1677, he was " ordered and empowered to take care of the law relating to the catechising of children and youth be duly attended to all the Village," and is desired to have " a diligent care that all the families do carefully and constantly attend the due education of children and youth according to law." He took a leading part in the dispute regarding the boundary between Salem and Topsfield. With two of his sons, he owned property in the contested territory, and tenaciously held to his rights in the matter. It was finally settled by the creation of another township called Middleton. As late as 1706, with his son, Captain Jonathan Putnam, he was empowered to settle town boundaries.

Captain John Putnam's farm was the same on which his father

had lived, now known as "Oak Knoll," the home of the poet, Whittier. He died in 1710. The following record of his burial is from the diary of Reverend Joseph Green: "April 7 Captain Putnam buried by ye soldiers." His grave is in what is now the Wadsworth Cemetery, formerly the old Putnam burying ground, and is unmarked. The oldest stone bears date of 1682, and marks the grave of the wife of his son, Jonathan.

Captain John Putnam's children, born at Salem Village, were: Rebecca, born May 28, 1653, married John Fuller; Sarah, born September 4, 1654, married John Hutchinson; Priscilla, born March 4, 1657, married Joseph Bailey; Jonathan, born March 17, 1659; James, born September 4, 1661; Hannah, born February 2, 1663, married Henry Brown; Eleazer, born 1665, whose biography has been given; John, born July 14, 1667; Susannah, born September 4, 1670, married Edward Bishop; and Ruth, born in August, 1673.

Captain John Putnam was the youngest child of his father, John Putnam, who emigrated with his family to America. He was born at Wingrave, Buckinghamshire, England, where he was baptized on January 17, 1579-80, and was the son of Nicholas and Margaret (Goodspeed) Putnam. His marriage probably took place in 1611 or 1612. The marriage records for this period are missing from the register at Wingrave, and the maiden surname name of his wife is not known. But Priscilla, wife of John Putnam, was admitted as a member of the church at Salem, Massachusetts, January 21, 1641, and it is believed that she was Priscilla Deacon, a member of the Deacon family of Corner Hall, in Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire. This family was descended from Richard Deacon of Wyndruge, Herts, who died in 1496. Its Coat-Armor is blazoned: "A chevron treillisse between three roses. Crest: A demi-eagle." The brother of this Richard Deacon was Michael, Bishop of St. Asaph, and one of his sons was Secretary to Elizabeth of York, the Queen of Henry VII, and daughter of Edward IV.

In 1658 Zaccheus Gould of Topsfield, Massachusetts, deputed "John Putnam of Salem, the younger, his cousin," to be his attorney. An account book belonging to John Gould, grandson of this Zaccheus, has the following entry: "Grandfather Gould lived in Buckinghamshire, and Grandfather Deacon in Hertfordsshire, in Hempstead town in Corner Hall." In the same book there is mentioned John Putnam, who is called "cousin." A brother of Zaccheus Gould, Jeremy, married Priscilla Grover, and lived in Aston Abbotts in 1631.

He was in Rhode Island in 1638. John Gould, another brother of Zaccheus Gould, had a daughter, Priscilla, who married a Grover, and had a daughter, Priscilla, and also had a niece, Priscilla Ware. Neither, from the dates, could have been the wife of John Putnam. The word "cousin" in the Seventeenth Century often was used for "nephew." It may be that Zaccheus Gould and John Putnam married sisters. They both had daughters named Phoebe, and, according to the records of the Gould family, Phoebe, wife of Zaccheus Gould, was a daughter of Thomas and Martha Deacon of Corner Hall. John Putnam's eldest son was named Thomas. The home of the Goulds and the Deacons was in the part of Hempstead called Bovington, and is eight miles from Tring, which is close by the original home of the Putnam family in Hertfordshire. Nicholas Putnam, father of John Putnam, the first, of Salem, Massachusetts, had inherited from his brother, Richard, an estate in Wingrave, bequeathed the latter by their father, John Putnam, who, at the time of his death, in 1597, was living at Stewkley, where Richard Deacon, the Queen's Secretary, above mentioned, held the two chief manors in 1503.

Nicholas Putnam bequeathed property at Aston Abbotts, County Buckingham, to his son, John, consisting of houses and lands, and it was there that the latter's children were baptized and undoubtedly born. In 1614 John Putnam was one of the sureties on his mother's second marriage at Aston Abbotts. The only other mentions of him in the English records are at the baptisms of his children at Aston Abbotts, in 1612, when his eldest child, Elizabeth, was baptized, and on dates after that year, as late as 1627, when his youngest child, John, was baptized.

The date of his emigration to America is not known. He first appears in Salem in 1640. It is thought that his son, Thomas, who first settled in Lynn, Massachusetts, came to America before his father. His son, Nathaniel, made a deposition in the year 1685-6 that he had lived in Salem for forty-six years, and, at the same time, his brother, John Putnam, Junior, stated that he had lived there about forty-five years. There is a tradition in the family that John Putnam came to this country in 1634, but no record has been found which authenticates it. It probably was first stated in an account of the family given by Edward Putnam in 1733. John Putnam and his sons received land grants in Salem, the earliest recorded, on which he built his home, being as follows:

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"At a meeting the 20th of the 11th month (1640), there being present, Mr. Endicott, Mr. Hathorne, John Woodbury, Jeffry Massy, the selectmen, there was 'Graunted to John Putnam one hundred acres of land at the head of Mr. Skelton's Farme between it and Elias Stileman the elder his Farme, if there be an hundred acres of it. And it is in exchange of one hundred acres w^{ch} was graunted to the said John Putnam formerly & if it fall out that there be not such there then to be made up neere Lieutenant Davenport's hill, to be layd out by the towne. And tenne acres of meadow in the meadow called the pine meadow if it be not there formerly graunted to others.'"

Also, at a meeting of the selectmen on March 17, 1652, it was resolved that "There being formerlie graunted unto John Putnam Sen' 50 acres of land and complaint being made that the said land laid out to him is not soe much it is ordered that the layers-out of the land shall make up what the said land shall want of his grant in land lying between his sonne Nathanaells land and Richard Huchisson."

At a meeting of the selectmen on December 26, 1654-5, another grant was made to his son, John, as follows:

"Granted to John Putnam Jun' 30 acres of upland neare adioyning to the Farmes of Captayne Hathorne John Rucke and William Nicols, being in exchange of the 30 acres he should have had at the end of Captaine Hathorne his Farme." On the same day it was "Ordered that whereas there is a small portion of rockie land adioyning unto the farm latelie in the possession of Captaine Hathorne but now possest by John Putnam Sen' Richard Huchisson Daniell Ray and John Hathorne upon the request of the said parties the said Rockie land is graunted unto them upon consideration of the summe of twentie shillings."

In 1653 John Putnam divided his lands at Salem between his sons, Thomas and Nathaniel. He had already given his homestead there to his youngest son, John.

In the account of the family, already mentioned, compiled by Deacon Edward Putnam in 1733, the death of John Putnam, Senior, is thus described: "He ate his supper, went to prayer with his family and died before he went to sleep."

The children of John and Priscilla Putnam, who came with their parents to America, were baptized at Aston Abbots, Buckinghamshire, and were: Elizabeth, baptized December 20, 1612; Thomas, baptized March 7, 1614-15, died at Salem Village, May 5, 1686; John, baptized July 24, 1617, died young, and was buried at Aston

Abbotts, November 5, 1620; Nathaniel, baptized October 11, 1619, died at Salem Village, July 23, 1700; Sarah, baptized March 7, 1622-3; Phoebe, baptized July 28, 1624; and John, baptized May 27, 1627, whose biography has been given.

With the generation before John Putnam, the elder, of Salem, Massachusetts, the ancestral line of the American family of Putnam passes into English scenes. His father was, as has been stated, Nicholas Putnam of Wingrave, Buckinghamshire, who was born about 1540. His wife was Margaret, daughter of John and Elizabeth Goodspeed of Wingrave, where she was baptized August 16, 1556. They were married at Wingrave on January 30, 1577. As early as 1585 Nicholas Putnam removed from Wingrave to Stewkeley, where he inherited property from his father and brothers. He made his will on January 1, 1597, and it was proved September 27, 1598. It is here given:

"In the name of God Amen the first daye of Januarie Anno Dm 1597. I Nicholas Putnam of Stukely being sicke in bodie but of a whole mind Pfict memorrie thank be to god doe dedeyn and make this my last will and testament in maner and forme followinge, first I bequeath my Soule to Almighty god my bodie to be buried in Christianmenes buriall.

"It. I will that yf my wife and my sonne cannot agree to dwell together that then my sonne John shall paye unto my wife V^{lb} a yeare as long as she liveth yf she keepe her widdowe, yf she marrye then my sonne to paye her V^{lb} a year soe iij yeares after her marriage and no longer. It. I geve unto my iiij children Thomas, Richard, Anne, and Elizabeth to everi one of them X^{lb} to be payd them by my wife and my sonne John when they come to the age of xxi yeares. It I make my wife and Sonne John my executors jointly together to Receive my debtes. Their hearing witness Wm. Meade, Bennet Conley and John Meade wth others Prov. xxij Sept. 1598. (Arch. Bucks.)"

The wife of Nicholas Putnam married, second, William Huxley, of Aston Abbotts, on December 8, 1614. They were married at Aston Abbotts, where she died four years later, and was buried. The surety on her marriage was her son, John Putnam of Aston Abbotts, called "husbandman."

The children of Nicholas Putnam by his wife, Margaret (Goodspeed) Putnam, were: Anne, baptized October 12, 1578, married at Aston Abbotts, January 26, 1604-5, William Argett; John,

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baptized January 17, 1579, emigrated to America and settled in Salem, Massachusetts, his biography having been given above; Elizabeth, baptized February 11, 1581, married at Aston Abbots, October 22, 1612, Edward Bottome; Thomas, baptized September 20, 1584; and Richard, of whose baptism no record has been found; living in 1597.

Nicholas Putnam, whose biography is given above, was the son of John Putnam of Rowsham, in Wingrave, County Buckingham. Wingrave is situated between Aston Abbots and Long Marston and Puttenham, the ancient seat of the Putnam family. The church there, where John Putnam, who came with his family to Massachusetts, was baptized on January 17, 1579-80, was restored to much of its original beauty early in the Twentieth Century, the old windows opened, and ancient sculptures and paintings brought to light. Wingrave was the home of the Goodspeeds, of which family the mother of John Putnam, the emigrant, was a member. The name of the wife of John Putnam of Rowsham is not known, but it is probable that she was the Margaret Putnam who was buried at Wingrave January 27, 1568. He was buried there October 2, 1573. His will was dated September 19, and proved November 14, in that year. In it he directs that he be buried in the church at Wingrave, or in the churchyard. He gives to his son, Nicholas (father of John Putnam of Aston Abbots and Salem, Massachusetts), £30; "two of the best" sheep; and other legacies.

His children were: Nicholas, probably born between 1540 and 1550, whose biography has been given; Richard, to whom his father bequeathed the house and land at Wingrave, lands "in the fields" at Rowsham and Wingrave, and twenty nobles, who died without issue and was buried at Wingrave, June 24, 1576, in his will, dated June 21, and proved October 17, that year, giving his house at Wingrave and his "free lands and leaseholds" to his brother Nicholas Putnam; Thomas, of Rowsham, died without issue and was buried at Wingrave, July 2, 1576, who married Agnes Britnell, his will, dated June 26, proved July 7, 1576, mentioning brothers, John and Nicholas; Margaret, married at Wingrave, June 14, 1573, Godfrey Johnson; and John, of Slapton, had land at Eddlesborough, his will, dated March 5, 1594, and proved February 28, 1595-6, making his brother, Nicholas Putnam, and Richard Sawell overseers, and his wife, Margaret, and son, Thomas, executors.

John Putnam of Rowsham, above, was the son of Richard Put-

nam of Eddlesborough and Woughton. The first-mentioned place joins Slapton on the west, Woughton is about twelve miles north from Eddlesborough, and Wingrave is above the same distance from Woughton. The farm to which Richard Putnam removed from Eddlesborough was situated in Woughton opposite the present rectory. The name of Putnam has long disappeared from the locality, and the family, once so numerous in this part of England, has almost entirely transferred its home to New England. Richard Putnam is mentioned in the Lay Subsidy Roll of 1524 (the sixteenth year of the reign of Henry VIII), when he is called "of Edlesbury." In the rolls for the 14th and 15th Henry VIII, he is styled "Rychard Puttynhn." In the same roll John "Pottman" of Slapton is assessed four shillings.

The will of Richard Putnam is on record at Somerset House, London, and is dated December 12, 1556, and proved February 26, 1556-7. In it his surname is spelled "Puthnam," and he is called "of Woughton on the Grene." To his wife, Joan, he leaves his house at Slapton, with remainder to his son, John, and bequeathes property in Woughton to his son, Harry, whom he makes executor. The overseers were his son, John Putnam, and "Rychard Brynklowe." It is witnessed by John Chadde, Laurence Wylson, and others.

The children of Richard Putnam of Woughton were: John, of Wingrave, eldest son, who was the ancestor of the Massachusetts family, and whose biography has been given; Harry, of Woughton, whose will was dated July 13, 1579, proved October 3, the same year, and who had sons, Richard of Woughton, and Harry of Wolnerton; and Jene, married before 1556.

Richard Putnam, of Eddlesborough and Woughton, whose biography appears above, was probably the son of Henry Putnam, a younger son of Nicholas Puttenham, or Putnam, of Putnam Place, in Penn, Buckinghamshire. He was living in 1526. His will has not been found. He was probably also the father of John of Slapton and Hawridge, and Thomas of Eddlesborough. The latter owned Sewell, and, in 1628, with Matthew Puttenham, was among the highest taxed inhabitants in Eddlesborough. This Matthew Puttenham, whose will was proved June 30, 1636, was of Hodenhall. Thomas died in 1638, one-third part of the Manor of Northall, *alias* Cowdwell, passing to his son, Gabriel, in 1640.

Nicholas Puttenham, or Putnam, as his surname frequently appeared, the father of Henry Putnam, above, was probably born

about 1460. He possessed Putnam Place in Penn, County Buckingham, now a farmhouse, which probably was first held by the family in 1315, and remained in possession of the Putnams until almost 1600.

In the Visitation of Buckinghamshire, made in 1634, a pedigree of "Putnam of Penne" is given, taken from the Visitation of 1566. It commences with "Nicholas Puttnam of Penne Bucks gent," and names, as his "eldest son and heir," "John Putnam of Penne." His son, Henry, probably father of Richard Putnam of Eddlesborough and Woughton, does not appear in the pedigree, but the will of his eldest son, John, above, dated 1526, names his brother, Henry, and also Sir George Puttenham, his father's elder brother. Nicholas Puttenham's sons were, therefore: John, of Penn, called "eldest son and heir" in the Visitation of 1566; and Henry, living in 1526.

The Arms of Putnam of Penn, as given in the above-quoted pedigree, are: "1. S. crusily fitchee (a) bird A.; a. Lozengy O. and B. Crest: Wolves head erased G." Burke's General Armory gives the Arms of "Puttenham, or Putnam (Bedfordshire, and Penn, co. Buckingham). Sa. crusily fitchee ar. a stork of the last. Crest — A wolf's head gu." The same authority (Burke's General Armory), gives the Coat-Armor of the elder branch of the family, "Puttenham of Sherfield, co. Hants" (Visitation of 1634), as borne by Richard Puttenham of Sherfield, Esq., grandson of Sir George Puttenham of Sherfield, and whose only daughter and heiress, Anne, was the wife of Francis Morris of Copwell, as "Ar. crusily fitchee sa, a stork of the last. Crest, as the last." The above Sir George Puttenham was knighted at the marriage of Prince Arthur, November 17, 1501, at which time his Arms are blazoned: "Quarterly, 1 and 4, Sable, crusily fitchee and a stork argent; 2 and 3, Lozengy, azure and or. (For Warbleton), Crest: A hind's head gules."

John Putnam of Aston Abbotts, Buckinghamshire, and Salem, Massachusetts, was the head of the eldest branch of the family at the time of his emigration to America, as the elder line of Sherfield, descending from Sir George Puttenham, became extinct in the male line in the person of his grandson, Richard Puttenham, whose only child was a daughter. The elder line of Penn was also extinct in the male line, and the Putnams of Woughton, Hawridge, and Eddlesborough were of younger branches than the family of Wingrave.

Nicholas Puttenham of Penn, County Buckingham, above, was the third son of William Putenham, of Putenham, the ancient home of the family in Hertfordshire, Penn, Sherfield, Warbleton, etc. He

was born about 1430. His wife was Anne, daughter of John Hampden, Esq., of Hampden, County Buckingham. She was of royal descent, her pedigree being as follows:

The Emperor Charlemagne had a son,
 Louis I, King of France; whose son was
 Charles II, King of France; whose son was
 Louis II, King of France; whose son was
 Charles III, King of France; whose son was
 Louis IV, King of France; who son,
 Charles, Duke of Lower Lorraine, had a daughter,
 Gerberga (wife of Lambert de Mous), whose daughter,
 Matilda ("Mahant de Louvaine"), married Eustace I, of Boulogne, and
 had a son,
 Eustace II of Boulogne, whose son,
 Geoffrey de Boulogne (living in 1093), had a son,
 William de Boulogne, whose son,
 Pharamon de Boulogne de Tingry, had a daughter,
 Sybilla, who married Ingebram de Fienes, and had a son,
 William de Fienes of Mertoock, whose daughter (name unknown) married Bartholomew de Hampden, and had a son,
 Sir Reginald de Hampden, whose son,
 Sir Alexander de Hampden, had a son,
 Sir Reginald de Hampden, who had a son,
 Sir John de Hampden, whose son,
 Sir Edmund de Hampden, whose son,
 John Hampden, Esq., was father of
 Anne Hampden, above, who became the wife of William Puttenham.

In 1490 William Puttenham was executor of the will of Gilbert Stapleton, Vicar of Aston Abbotts. His own will, dated July 10, 1492, was proved July 23, the same year at Lambeth. To his daughter, Agnes, he gives £5 yearly, to be taken from his manor of Willeigh in Surrey. He mentions manors of Tannerigg in Surrey; and Merston in Hertfordshire, and directs that he be buried before the image of the Blessed Virgin in the chapel within the church of the Hospital of the Blessed Mary, called the Elsingspytell, London. He makes his son and heir, George Puttenham, Sir William Bowlond, prior of the Hospital of the Blessed Mary of Elsingspytell, William Tysted, Esq., and William Oldacres, chaplain, executors. William Puttenham also held the manor of Lagham in Walkenstede, Surrey, which was held by Richard Harecourt of him in 1486. In that year John Whitehead held the manor of Estthrop of William Puttenham.

William Puttenham's children were: Sir George, son and heir; Edmund, of Puttenham, died without male issue; Nicholas, of Penn,

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ancestor of John Putnam of Aston Abbotts, Buckinghamshire, and Salem, Massachusetts; Frideswide; Elizabeth; Alionore, married Richard Pigott, son of Richard Pigott, Esq., of Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire; Brigide; and Agnes.

William Puttenham of Puttenham was the eldest son of Henry Puttenham, who was born in the early part of the Fifteenth Century, as he is stated to have been over sixty years of age in 1468. With Edmund Brudenall, Robert Foster, and Thomas Lombard, he purchased, in 1449-50, of Thomas Hand and Johan, his wife, a messuage in Chalfhant (Fines, 28 Henry VI), and, two years later, he, with Thomas Everdon and Thomas de la Hay, purchased of Thomas More and Florence, his wife, a messuage and land in Wycombe and Huchenden (Fines, 30 Henry VI). He was named as one of the executors of the will of William Whaplod of Chalfhant St. Giles, Bucks, November 14, 1447, and, with others, established a chantry at Chalfhant.

Henry Puttenham married Elizabeth, widow of Geoffrey Goodluck. Her will, dated December 25, 1485, and proved October 9, 1486, is on record at Somerset House, London. She desires to be buried in the chapel of Saint Mary the Virgin in All Saints of Istelworth, by the side of her first husband. To the high altar of Istelworth church she bequeaths her "red girdle silver-gift," and makes many other bequests to church and religious institutions. She mentions her daughters, Maude (Matilda), wife of John Chase, and Thomasine, wife of Philip Payn. Her maiden surname was probably Wylands, for in a suit concerning a claim on the manor of Maidstone (6 Henry VII), the defendants are Matilda, wife of John Chase, Thomasine, wife of Philip Payne, and Bridget, wife of Robert Stowell, who are called daughters of "Elizabeth Wylands, wife of Puttenham."

Henry Puttenham died July 6, 1473. He was the son of William Puttenham, of Puttenham, Penn, etc., born about 1355, whose wife was Margaret Warbleton. The Warbleton family held the manor of Warbleton, Sussex, from which it took its name, and the manor of Sherfield, Hampshire. The latter, in 1469, was possessed by the Puttenhams. The earliest mention of the Warbleton family is in the Inquisition Post Mortem on the death of William de Muncell, August 13, 1243, in the 27th year of the reign of Henry III, at which time the said William de Muncell held the manor of Compton of of Thomas "de Warblington," which manor pertained to the manor

of Sherfield, "which said Thomas holds of the king." William Puttenham's wife, Margaret, was the third daughter of John Warbleton of Warbleton and Sherfield, by Katherine, daughter of Sir John de Foxle of Foxle, Bramshell, and Apuldfrefield.

William Puttenham may have been the son of Robert Puttenham, who was either a son or grandson of Sir Roger Puttenham, High Sheriff of Hertfordshire in 1322. Or his father may have been a son of Sir Roger Puttenham of Puttenham (1320-1380), grandson of the Sheriff. In a pedigree in the Visitation of Hampshire, 1634, the descent of Sir George Puttenham is given as from a Robert Puttenham. Robert Puttenham, of Puttenham, was a witness to a deed, dated 1346, conveying the manor of Erle in Pittston, of which Puttenham was later one of the enfeoffees. It is at this point that a break in the Putnam line of descent appears, the exact relationship of William Puttenham of Puttenham and Penn and Sir Roger Puttenham and Robert Puttenham not being clear. It is certain that William was of the family of Puttenham manor, as he held it, together with Penn, Sherfield, Warbleton, etc.

Sir Roger Puttenham, above (1320-1380), may have been the son of Henry Puttenham, of Puttenham, in Hertfordshire (1300-1350). In a pedigree of the Harleian Society, from a Visitation of Northamptonshire, Thomas Puttenham is stated to have married Helen, daughter of John Spigornell, by whom he had a son, Roger, and this Roger had a son, Henry Putterham. Thomas Puttenham of Puttenham, in the reign of Edward I, was the father of the above-mentioned Roger Puttenham, High Sheriff of Hertfordshire in 1322, father of Henry Puttenham of Puttenham, above (1300-1350).

The line, therefore, continues back with Sir Roger Puttenham, High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, 1322, father of the above Henry Puttenham. The Sheriff held an important position in early times, being frequently one of the most powerful persons of the County. He acted as President of the County Court which nominated for election the two Knights of the Shire who represented it in Parliament. At the period that Sir Roger Puttenham was Sheriff the disturbances of the reign of Edward II were occurring, the Despensers (father and son), friends of the king, having been forced into exile, and soon after the king being deposed and murdered. Sir Roger Puttenham died at about this time. His wife was Alina Spigornell, who, after his death, became the wife of Thomas de la Hay. Sir Roger was of age before 1315, when "Final Concord" was made "in

the Octave of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary" (8 Edward II), 1315, between "Roger de Puttenham and Aline his wife," plaintiffs, by Robert de Cravell and Alice his wife, defendants, concerning rent of thirteen shillings, four pence, in Penn. This is the first mention of possessions of the Puttenham family in Penn. Sir Roger Puttenham had a son, Roger, who was also Sheriff of Hertfordshire, and Knight of the Shire for Bucks in 1355, '58, '63, '66, '67, and '70.

Sir Roger, the elder (Sheriff in 1322), was the son of Thomas de Puttenham and his wife, Alina, or Helen, daughter of John Spigornell, and probably the niece or sister of Sir Henry Spigornell, the Chief Justice. Thomas de Puttenham's wife, called "the Lady of Puttenham," held the manor of Fleet Merston, Bucks., for the king in the year 1303. Robert de Puttenham, more than a century afterward, held part of a knight's fee in Merston, which "the Lady of Puttenham had held of the Honor of Leicester."

Thomas de Puttenham may have been the son of John de Puttenham, who held the manor of Puttenham in 1291. In 1279 Elias de Bekingham and John de Cobham were appointed "to take assize of novel disseisin" by William de Lung of Puttenham vs. John, son of William de Puttenham et al., concerning a tenement in Puttenham. In 1297 John, son of John "de Potttenham" appears in litigation concerning another tenement in the same place, and eight years later, with his wife, Agnes, purchases a messuage of Richard Payne and Agnes, his wife, in Tykeford, near Newport Pagnel.

In the records of the King's Court, which commence in the reign of Richard I, is recorded a suit, under date of 1199, by Gilbert de la Hide against William de la Lane concerning land in Bareworth, in which "Roger, son of Simon," Reginald de Portes, Alan de Sumeri, and Simon de "Puteham" are appointed to choose twelve men as jurors to decide the case. Among those chosen was Ralph de "Pudeham." Sir Simon de Puttenham was probably lord of the manor, and Ralph de Puttenham and "Roger son of Simon" may have been his sons. Ralph de Puttenham held a knight's fee in Puttenham, "of the Honor of Leicester," in 1210-1212, when an inquisition of knights' fees in Essex and Hertfordshire was made. In February, 1218, he purchased property in Stivecle, County Buckingham. In the reign of Henry III, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, held three parts of one knight's fee which was held by Ralph de Puttenham in Puttenham. Ralph de Puttenham probably

died before 1250. Sir Simon de Puttenham was undoubtedly descended from Sir Roger de Puttenham, who was a tenant of the manor of Puttenham, holding it of Odo, Bishop of Baieux, half-brother of William the Conqueror on his mother's side. On Bishop Odo's death, in 1099, his English estate were forfeited to the Crown.

The Manor of Puttenham appears in the Domesday Survey of William the Conqueror, 1086, when inquiry was made concerning the estates of the realm, as to those who held them at that time, their extent, number of inhabitants, value, and their value in the time of King Edward the Confessor. From this survey it appears that the Manor, before the Norman Conquest, was possessed by Earl Leuium, brother of King Harold. It was given by the Conqueror to the latter's half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Baieux, as before stated, who held it at the time of the Survey. In Domesday Book it is described as follows: "The manor (of Puttenham) answers for four hides, Roger holds it for the Bishop. There is land to four ploughs. There is one in the demesne and another may be made. Four villanes with two borders there have two ploughs. There are four cottagers and two bondmen, and two mills of ten shillings and eight pence. Meadow for four ploughs, and four shillings. Pasture for the cattle. It is worth sixty shillings, when the Bishop received it forty shillings. In King Edward's time four pounds."

Puttenham Manor was included in the great fief known as "the Honor of Leicester," its lords paying fealty to the Earls of Leicester. Puttenham Manor appears to have been held by the Plantagenet royal family from the time of the first Plantagenet Earl of Leicester, Edmund, younger son of Henry III, who was created Earl in 1264.

Saint Mary's Church at Puttenham was built about 1280 or 1290. In later years it was defaced by sacreligious hands, some of its windows closed, and its memorials broken. In 1851 the chancel was rebuilt. The beautiful tower remains in its original form. The roof of the nave is supported by eight carved figures, and between them, against the wall, are smaller figures each holding a shield.

The Manor remained in possession of the Puttenham family of the Sherfield branch until the middle of the Sixteenth Century, later passing into the possession of the families of Skipworth, Saunders, Duncombe, Lucy, Meacher, and Egerton. It was later purchased by Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild.

Wingrave, in Buckinghamshire, where lived the parents of John Putnam of Aston Abbots, England, and Danvers (old Salem Vil-

A STUDY IN PUTNAM AND CLEAVELAND ANCESTRY

lage), Massachusetts, Nicholas and Margaret (Goodspeed) Putnam, was a part of the possessions of the Beauchamp family, and later was held by the Nevilles, of which family was "Warwick, the King-Maker." In the Sixteenth Century it was held by the Hampdens. The wife of the great-great-grandfather of John Putnam of Salem (William Puttenham, of Puttenham Manor), was Anne, daughter of John Hampden, Esq., of Hampden, County Buckingham, as before stated, who was of royal descent. Wingrave later was owned by the Dormer family, and is now possessed by Baron Rothschild. The marriage of William Puttenham and Anne Hampden took place in the latter half of the Fifteenth Century, as he was born in 1430, and it is probable that the property at Wingrave came to the Puttenhams through this marriage.

There is, besides Puttenham in Hertfordshire, the seat of the family of the present sketch, from which it took its surname, Puttenham in Surrey, which perhaps also was once a possession of the same family. It will be recalled that William Puttenham of Puttenham, Hertfordshire, Penn, etc., father of Nicholas Puttenham of Putnam Place in Penn, Buckinghamshire, also held manors in Surrey.

Puttenham in Hertfordshire is in the Vale of Aylesbury, on whose eastern side the Chiltern Hills lie between the Shires of Hertford and Bedford. Buckinghamshire is on the west, and the valley lies in a northwesternly direction, through Hertfordshire and Bucks. The ancient town of Tring, about thirty-four miles northwest of London, has stood for centuries at the head of the pass. About four miles away is the parish of Puttenham, and a few miles farther is Wingrave. Following the road from Wingrave, a mile beyond its intersection with the highway to Aylesbury, is the village of Aston Abbots, the home of John Putnam who came to Massachusetts.

Among the beautiful Chiltern Hills the life of the Puttenhams had its earliest-known English origin. In the old Church of Saint Mary, at Puttenham Manor, from the Thirteenth Century, they were baptized, and later are found recorded in the registers of Wingrave Church, in Buckinghamshire, nearby. Not far away, at Aston Abbots, the children of John Putnam, the first American ancestor, were baptized, and from it the family was transplanted to America. The name is now rare in the English localities where for so many centuries it was known, and, in the few instances when it is found, appears as "Putman," having lost its derivation from the ancient Puttenham, retained in sound by the many Putnams in New England,

and in other parts of our country. The virile strength of the race has been preserved through the centuries and has been given, in no small measure, to the founding and bulwarking of our Nation.

The following account of Captain Henry Putnam (whose biography is given on pages 191 and 192 in the preceding article), and of his heroic death in the War of the American Revolution, has been written by Mrs. Erastus Gaylord Putnam.

Captain Henry Putnam, born at Salem August 14, and baptized there August 17, 1712, was an officer in the French War and did good service in the conquest of Canada by the English. A short sword or sabre, surrendered to him by a French officer at the capture of Louisburg in 1745, descended into the hands of his great-grandson, Doctor E. K. Thompson of Titusville, Pennsylvania.

At the breaking out of the Revolution, he was living with his son, Eleazer, in West Cambridge, Massachusetts. The people were afire with enthusiasm to sustain our country and to take up arms in her defence. Captain Putnam, though sixty-three years of age, was full of youthful ardor for the cause. The British troops were daily expected to raid Concord or Lexington from Boston, to destroy war materials collected there by the Continentals. Captain Putnam kept his gun and ammunition at his bedside, ready for a moment's warning.

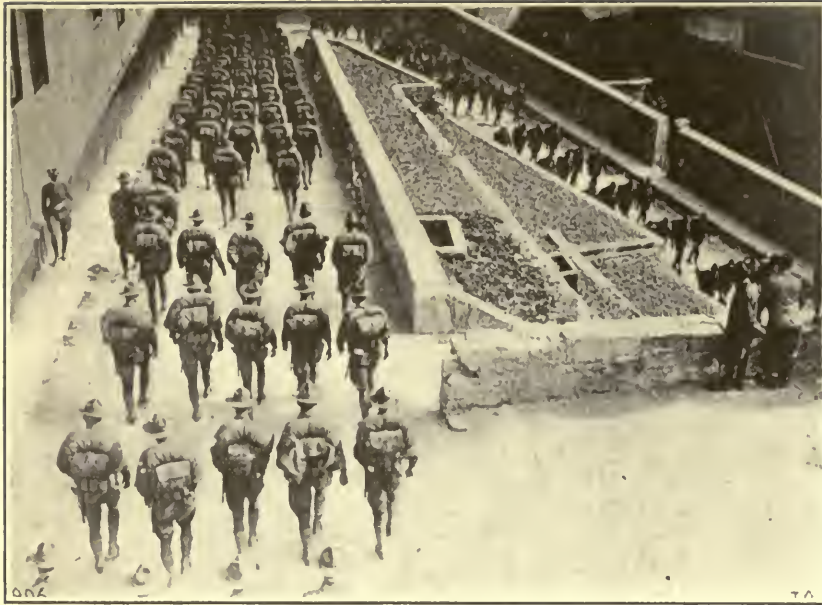
On the 19th of April, 1775, the British troops came out in force to accomplish their object. When Captain Putnam waked in the early morning, his five sons had gone out to repel the attack, but his gun could not be found. His grandson, Elijah Putnam, then four or five years old, well remembered his grandfather's distress and indignation that his gun had been hidden. But this did not prevent his joining in the sortie on the enemy. When his wife would have dissuaded him, the Captain said, in the spirit of a true Putnam and '76 heroism, "Hannah, I must go to meet the enemies of our freedom."

He and six or eight other old patriots ensconced themselves behind a pile of shingles near the Meeting House and awaited the return of the British on their retreat from Concord and Lexington. The enemy had out a flanking party, who came upon Captain Putnam and his companions in the rear, fired upon them, and killed them all. The boy, Elijah, said he enjoyed the hubbub, the music, firing, etc., until his grandfather was brought home on a cart, dead.



ITALIAN SOLDIERS IN THE DOLOMITE ALPS

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the Italian Review



THE FIRST AMERICAN TROOPS IN ITALY DURING THE WORLD WAR

Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Agostino de Biasi, Editor of "Il Carroccio,"
the Italian Review



VITTORIO EMANUELE ORLANDO, PREMIER OF ITALY

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THE ANCIENT ARENA AT POLA

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FIUME

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Carroccio," the Italian Review

IL BACINO ADRIATICO
 Oro-hydrographic map
 of the
 basin of the Adriatic

M. LIGURE
 MAR TIRRENO
 ROMA
 GENOVA
 NAPOLI
 BARI
 TARANTO
 GULF OF GENOA
 GULF OF TARANTO
 ADRIATIC OCEAN

COASTS OF THE ADRIATIC SEA

Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Agostino de Biasi, Editor of "Il Carroccio," the Italian Review

An American Sea Captain in the Revolution

The Personal Narrative of Captain Luther Tittle, Before, During, and After the Revolutionary War—Transcribed from the Copy in the Possession of Mr. John Mason Tittle of Boston

[Concluded from *The Journal of American History*, Volume XI, Number 3]



THE FOLLOWING summer I commanded the sloop Pidgeon in the coasting trade. Sometime during the summer, the Penobscot expedition was planned, and myself, hands and sloop were pressed into the service at Boston, and our vessel was employed as a transport with a load of provisions. The armed ships were the Warren Frigate of 36 guns, also ten 20 gun Ships, and four brigs from 16 to 18 guns besides several transports. The Warren Frigate was commanded by Com. Saltonstall; the General of the army was Solomon Lovell. We arrived there in three days, pressing troops along shore.

The British had landed at Castine one week before, with 1000 troops. It was agreed between the Com. and Gen. that the former should go into Castine harbour with his fleet, and the latter go in above to co-operate with him. The troops landed with great spirit, but were obliged to encounter the main guard, which they drove into their redoubts. The Americans marched about half way to the fort back of the army, when they discovered the Com. heave out a signal, and haul off his fleet into the bay, which caused the enemy to come to a halt. They then began to build forts, and cannonaded with the English. We lay there three weeks, the Commodore not willing to cooperate. Among us was one tribe of the Penobscot Indians.

Being there three weeks, and nothing done, the English had time to send a carrier to Halifax, but finding at that place no man-of-war, they dispatched to N. York a fast Sailing cutter, with the news of the invasion of the place. Admiral Howe dispatched a Seventy-four and 4 frigates. In a few days we saw them sailing up the river. The American army were taken on board the transports, and the American man-of-war with the transports proceeded up the Penobscot, the British in close chase behind. The American fleet was burned and destroyed by the Americans themselves, where now the City of Bangor stands. My Sloop lay above where the fleet was destroyed, and was left unharmed.

Many suffered and died in travelling across the woods, from fatigue and want of food, ere they reached the Kennebec river. During the journey the Com. was shot at twice but without success. Myself, and the others, proceeded in a barge down the Penobscot, near to the English fleet, where we left the barge, and proceeded into the woods; we there pitched a tent for the night, carrying provision. The next day we travelled to Belfast where we arrived at noon. The inhabitants had fled. We entered a vacant house — from a field adjoining, we gathered some green corn — killed a lamb; and cooked us a dinner; then shut the house and travelled towards Broad Bay. Here we purchased a boat, and came up to Boston. Again I reached home perfectly destitute, but not at all discouraged.

The November following I shipped on board a letter-of-marque Brig belonging to Col. Waters of Boston, bound to Cadiz in Spain. Tobias Oakman, Master. After a rough passage we made the land a little to the north of Cape Finisterre; the wind blowing a gale on shore, we could not weather the Cape — hauled off to the Northward. The gale increasing, the following morning we were obliged to heave to under short sail, under a reef'd main-sail and a main stay-sail. The wind increased to a violent gale. At 4 the next morning, hove the lead, and found shoal water. When the day broke, we found ourselves embayed. Hauled down our sails, and let go our anchors. She gave two or three pitches, then parted her cables. I sent two men aloft to loose the main topsail which was close reefed; wearing around, we shipped a sea, which carried away her masts, and stove in her stern. I was washed from the quarter deck over her bows, forward, where I caught hold of the fore-topmast staysail downhaul, and hauled myself on to the wreck. After getting on to the wreck, I found that one of my legs was broken. Very soon we went ashore

upon a reef of rocks, where the vessel filled. There being a channel within the reef, which was two miles from the main shore, we lashed ourselves to the after part of the wreck, the sea breaking over us, and the gale continuing; — we found the vessel breaking in the middle; the forward part was washed away; nothing remained but the stern posts and quarter deck to which we were lashed.

We remained in this perilous situation fifteen hours, when the gale abated, and the tide ebbed — the water being over the reef three feet. On the northerly end of the reef was a castle call'd the Stone round castle; it was situated on the south side in going in to Lisbon. I sent some of the stoutest of the men to see if they could reach the castle; they did and returned. We now resolved to set out for the castle. My leg being broken, I was supported by two of the men — we arrived safe.

At the castle we found a sergeant and his guard, who being very hospitable, Shared their rations with us. At the upper part of the castle were a number of convicts. This castle was built to the height of 40 feet the same size and then its diameter was diminished, thus leaving a platform all round for a tier of cannon; it then rose thirty feet higher — its foundation not being dry even at low tide. The storm returned that night with redoubled fury, the sea breaking over the castle.

After remaining here five days, a signal gun was fired by the sergeant for the castle boat; but the sea being so high, it did not reach the castle until two days after, when the sergeant went with us in the boat to Bellish castle, and there delivered us to the sergeant of this castle. Here we remained until the visit boat came to enquire where we were from, and to what country we belonged. Previous to the arrival of the visit boat, the Governors secretary entered the Castle, making enquiries who we were, and where from. One-half hour after, we received four loaves and a ham.

After the examination of the visit boat, we were allowed to land at Bellisle. The first house we entered, was an Inn kept by an Irish woman, who showed us much good feeling — made us coffee, toast &c.

At eight oclock that evening, a coach with four white horses came to the door. It was Mr John Baptise, an officer in the employ of the U. S. Government, to enquire if there were any from off that wreck, who needed assistance, and wished to go to the hospital. I

immediately presented myself, was placed in the carriage, and rode to Lisbon, the distance of eight miles.

When we arrived at the hospital, I was carried up four flights of stairs, into a room, where all were strange faces of different nations. The hospital was over a church. The head surgeon soon made his appearance; he was a Frenchman, his name Maseree. He immediately ordered clean bed and bedding. I was also stripped of my mangled habiliments, and dressed in clean linen, and placed in bed. The shoe on the broken leg was not washed away; I asked them to preserve it, knowing it contained money in the heel; I had it placed under my pillow. The surgeon and his attendants returned with warm water and a large poultice, which he applied from the ankle to the hip. The limb was shockingly swollen; he applied the poultice until he brought down all the swelling; he then made an examination, took out several pieces of bone, and set the leg.

This occurred in October. I remained at the hospital until the following spring. I was treated with great kindness and attention and although in my midnight dreams, the spirit of a kind mother and beloved sisters would often hover round my pillow, still on waking, the thought that I had escaped an early death, was ever present to the mind, and I felt, that although far from home and friends, I had every reason to be thankful.

After the surgeon gave me liberty to use my limb, I took the money that was secreted in my shoe. This shoe I had made in Marshfield before leaving home, and the money deposited in it while making. Previous to this I had been left among strangers, perfectly destitute, without money either to assist myself, or remunerate them for kindness received. I was now leaving home and those interested for me, far behind — the future, was covered with a veil which a wise Providence had never permitted human knowledge to rend, I knew not with what this voyage might be fraught — evil or good: I therefore resolved, if possible, to have something laid up, as the old adage expresses, "for a wet day." I had a pair of shoes made and in the heel of one, I had eight (80) dollar pieces in gold deposited; the shoe on the broken leg was the shoe, which the swelling of the limb, had prevented from being washed like its fellow, away. There were eleven unfortunate Americans discharged from the hospital at this time and this shoe possessed the only fund among us.

My first purchase with this money was at a rag fair, for a suit of clothes. I then purchased a Portuguese, French, and Spanish pass.

We now all in company commenced our long and tedious journey, over three hundred miles by land, ere we could reach a seaport that would give us any prospect of a passage home, — Our first days journey brought us to St. Ubes. Here we spent the night.

That evening there came on shore, from an English privateer, the Captain and Lieutenant. They were particular in their enquiries who we were and where from. The former told us he had been taken by the Americans, and carried into Salem, and treated exceedingly well, for which he appeared very grateful, and ordered his Lieutenant to go on board and get one dozen of neat's tongues, which he gave us to put in our packs, — He informed us that he had travelled the same route, that the country was desolate and barren until we got to Faro, that he had a pilot on board, a Portuguese, whom he would discharge to guide us. This offer was gratefully accepted, and the next morning, after purchasing some wine, which we put in leather bottles, customary for travellers, I paid our bill, and we commenced our journey.

The first two nights we were houseless, and slept upon the ground. The third night we reached a village; it being Saturday, we saw many shepherds driving home their flocks. We could obtain no place to lodge in but a shed, and for that they charged us. Early the following morning we were on our way, after hiring a Portuguese boy with a mule to carry our baggage, to the next village. We went into a tavern; the landlord would not allow us to sleep in the house, but gave us a shed where we slept on the ground; for this even, he charged us very high.

Once more the day dawning found us on our weary way — the pilot told us we should reach a village that night lying on the line between Portugal and Spain — we asked lodging at a tavern that night, and they gave us a small house separate from it, in which to sleep without bedding. The Spanish and English were at war, and the house was surrounded by Spaniards who swore we were English and they would take us prisoners. In vain the landlord expostulated with them, saying we were Americans in distress, travelling to Faro; they still persisted in forcing the door. We prepared to encounter them with our clubs, the pilot told them they had better retreat, for we were well armed; they then disappeared.

In the morning after settling for our lodging, I purchased some salt mackerel of the landlord, which we put in our packs — we hired a boy and a mule to carry them. While we were preparing to start,

he stole the mackerel I had just purchased of him. The pilot entertained us with tales of murder and robbery committed on that road; it was the worst we had to travel, every now and then we would pass a cross, which he informed us marked the spot where travellers had been robbed and murdered. It was the time of Lent and we could obtain no meat, the people being very superstitious. At ten that morning we came to a single house by the road side, where there were two Spanish females. The pilot asked them if they could sell us some meat, they shook their heads — he then named that we had tea in our packs, which we would exchange for meat, They feared lest their husbands should come but after some hesitation, one kept a watch at the door, and the other got us some pork — we paid her liberally, and she motioned to us to be gone, that their husbands would not hesitate to stab us, should they return. We marched on our way, with our baggage ahead of us; soon we spied three men rush out of the bushes, and seizing the mule take off the baggage; we rushed upon them — they fled.

This evening we arrived at Faro, a seaport in Spain. There we put up for the night, and had a chamber with mats spread on the floor, Here quite a tragedy occurred; the landlord whipped his wife most inhumanly. The same evening an Englishman came to see us — he advised us to get a boat to carry us to a place call'd Iammont, which would be better than to go by land. He was the mate of a Portuguese brig, and told us if we got a boat to come alongside, he would give us some provisions. Next morning I waited on the French Consul, and was treated very politely. He said he would try and hire us a boat, which he did, also two men to take the boat back. The same day we left Faro to proceed in the boat to Iammont; we went alongside the Portuguese brig, and the mate hove us in a ham, 4 dozen of biscuit, and part of a cheese.

We reached the mouth of Iammont river the next morning — here we met a Spanish shollop, coming out, bound to Cadiz, loaded with small fish, and manned by six men. The Captain was very old. We shifted on board this shallop, and sailed towards Cadiz with a fair wind. When night approached the Spanish Capt. having no compass, steered by a star; at ten the clouds came over, and the stars were shut in, the wind blowing fresh. The Spaniards fell on their knees, imploring the aid of their saints. Directly the Capt. concluded to go ashore, and took his cask of oil to break the surf, and bore away towards the shore. We being the strongest party (eleven to

six) hauled the shallop onto her course, and obliged the old Spaniard to take the helm, it still continuing very thick. At one that morning we struck on the Porpoise Rocks at the mouth of the Cadiz bay; we shipped two seas and went over, which filled the boat; with our hats we bailed out water, fish and all — we lightened her and directly made Cadiz light, and ran in near the wall of the City. The Sentry from the wall hailed the boat, and told us to come no nearer the shore the old Captain then haul'd down sails and let go his anchor; it being very high water, he paid (paid written in pencil above line; beneath it in ink is veered. G. C. W.) away his hauser (hauser written in pencil over the word hausail. G. C. W.) till the boat got close in, the tide ebbed, and left her quite dry. At daylight I paid one dollar apiece, passage money, and we left the boat.

We went to the gate of the City, and sat down on some ship-timber; one of our men was then two days sick with a fever. When the gate was opened, and the crowd got out, we marched up to the gate two of us carrying the sick man. The keepers began to search us, I immediately showed them the Spanish pass, they bid us walk in. When a little within the gate, we met a Spaniard who spoke English; he invited us to his house, and gave us a breakfast of coffee and fish, and told us we were welcome to remain there until we could find a passage home. We very gratefully accepted his offer, my funds being entirely exhausted. We lodged in a chamber where there were plenty of beds, and soon found we had plenty of company; we slept none. At twelve that night, we heard much commotion below. Soon the Spaniard came into the chamber accompanied by Spanish officers in gold lace; they were in search of their men who had run away from the fleet laying in the bay; in consequence of which, we had to rise and be examined; finding their mistake, they left the house.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, I waited upon John Jay, Esq., Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid, who with his wife was brought there in the confederacy Frigate. I told him our situation, and the circumstance of our having a sick man among us. He sent Col. Livingstone, his secretary, with me, to get the sick man into a hospital; in which we succeeded. There were then two American letter-of-marque ships laying in Cadiz bay. We offered to work our passage home, but they both refused taking us.

Finding no chance of a passage to America, we two days after found an English brig, which had captured an American ship, and

had then been risen upon by the mate of the captured ship, and carried into Cadiz; no one on board except this mate, whose name was Morgan; she was bound for Cape Ann. This brig carried twelve guns. In the meantime, Capt. Stevens of the Rambler arrived, being captured by an English frigate. Capt. Stevens, his crew and ourselves, made twenty-one. I now waited once more on Mr. Jay, told him that we had a chance of working our passage home in this brig, by finding our own provisions; but we were unable to procure them, being destitute. Mr. Jay told me his commission did not extend to him the power to find any one supplies, but he was sorry to see Americans there in distress. He said he could do this for us; we must sign an obligation to pay for the provision at the Navy Board in Boston, or serve on board a continental ship until the debt was paid. We signed this obligation, a copy of which was put into the hands of the Capt. of the Brig, to be delivered to Mr. Warren, the President of the Navy Board at Boston. He then ordered his Secretary to furnish us with provisions for the passage.

We sailed from Cadiz the 26th of March. Thirty days after, we got soundings on George's Bank, and were then becalmed. The same day we saw an English privateer schooner coming towards us by the help of her sweeps. She was on the starboard side. We voted in Capt. Stevens commander, in case we had a battle with her, then shifted two guns over the side to make out the tier. Capt. Stevens ordered us to our quarters. When the privateer came up to us, we gave her a broadside; she fired upon us, then dropped a-stern and came up on the larboard side. As soon as the guns would bear upon her, we gave her another broadside; they returned the same. The schooner giving up the contest, dropped a-stern and made off, we giving her three cheers. The breeze springing up, we steered for Cape Ann, and arrived safe in the evening. Capt. Stevens invited me out to his house at Manchester. The next day we sailed for Boston.

When we arrived, the Capt delivered our obligation to the Navy Board. I obtained some money from friends and went immediately and discharged my portion to Mr. Warren. After this I saw Mr. Warren, who told me I was the only one of the eleven who had met the obligation. Once more I reached home entirely destitute.

After remaining at home a short time I became weary of the monotony of a farmer's life, and bade home and those dear to me adieu; and in 1780 I entered on board the U. States Ship Protector, of 26 guns, crew 230, as midshipman and prize master. She was then

nearly ready for a cruise, she was commanded by John Foster Williams Esq. of Boston; commission officers my brother Geo. Little of Marshfield, first Lieutenant, Joseph Cunningham of Boston second Lieutenant, Lemuel Weeks of Falmouth, Cape Cod, third Lieutenant.

We dropped down to Nantasket road, where we laid until the first of April 1780. We set sail for a cruise of six months. Our course was directed eastward, keeping along the coast, till we got off Mt. Desert, and then we steered for the banks of Newfoundland, meeting no enemy. We cruised off the banks nearly eight weeks, most of the time in a dense fog, without encountering friend or foe.

On the morning of June the ninth, the fog began to clear away, and the man at the mast head gave notice that he discovered a ship to the windward of us. We perceived her to be a large ship under English colors, standing down before the wind for us. We were on the leeward side. As she came down upon us She appeared to be as large as a 74, the Capt. and Lieutenant looking at her with their glasses. After consulting about the ship, the[y] decided She was not an English frigate, but a large ship, and the sooner we got alongside the better. The Boatswain was ordered to pipe all hands to quarters, and clear the ship for action. Hammocks were brought up and stuffed into the nettings — decks wet and sanded — matches lighted and burning — bulk head hooked up. We were not deceived respecting her size. It afterwards proved she was a ship of eleven hundred tons burden — a Company ship, which cruised in the West Indies some time and then took a cargo of sugar and tobacco at St. Kitts, bound to London — 36 twelve pounders upon the gun deck, furnished with 250 men and call'd the "Admiral Duff," Richard Strange master.

We were to the leeward of her and standing to the northward under cruising sail. The[y] came down near us, and aimed to pass us, and go ahead. After passing a little by to the leeward, She hove to under fighting sail. We were all this time under English colors, observed her preparing for action. Very soon I heard the sailing master call for his trumpet, "Let fall the fore-sail, sheet home the main top-gallant sail!" We steered down across her stern, and haul'd up under her lee quarter. At the same time we were breeching our guns aft, to bring her to bear. Our first Lieutenant possessed a very powerful voice; he hailed the ship from the gang board, and enquired "What ship is that?" was answered "The Admiral Duff."

"Where are you from, and where bound?" they answered "From a cruise, bound for London;" and then enquired, "And what ship is that?" we gave no answer. The Capt. ordered a broadside given, and colors changed at the first flash, and the thirteen stripes took the place of the English ensign; they gave us three cheers and fired a broadside; the partly overshot us, their ship being so much higher than ours, cutting away some of our rigging. The action commenced within pistol shot, and now began a regular battle, broadside to broadside.

After we had engaged one half hour, there came in a cannon ball through the side and killed Mr Scollay, one of our midshipmen; he commanded the fourth twelve pounder from the stern, myself commanded the third; the ball took him in the head, his brains flew upon my gun and into my face. The man at my gun, who ram'd down the charge, was a stout Irishman; immediately on the death of Mr. Scollay, he stripped himself of his shirt, and exclaimed, "an faith, if they kill me, they shall tuck no rags into me!" The action continued about an hour, when all the top-men on board the enemy's ship were kill'd by our marines, who were sixty in number all Americans. Our marines killing the man at the wheel, caused the ship to come down upon us — her cat-head stove in our quarter-gallery. We lashed their gib-boom to our main shrouds, our marines from the quarter deck firing into their port holes, kept them from charging. We were ordered from our quarters to board, but before we were able the lashing broke we were ordered back to quarters to charge, the ship shooting along side of us, the yards nearly locked; we gave her a broadside, which cut away her mizen mast and made great havock among them. We perceived her a sinking, at the same time saw her main-top-gallonnit sail on fire, which ran down the rigging and caught a hogshead of cartridges under the quarter deck and blew it off.

At this time, from one of their forward guns, there came into the port, where I commanded, a charge of grape shot; with three of them I was wounded — one between my neck bone and wind pipe, one through my jaw, lodging in the roof of my mouth, and taking off a piece of my tongue; the other through the upper lip, taking away a part of the lip and all my upper teeth. I was immediately taken down to the cock-pit, to the surgeon — my gun was fired only once afterwards; I had fired nineteen times.

I lay unattended to, being considered mortally wounded, and was passed by that the wounds of those more likely to live might be

dressed. I was perfectly sensible, and heard the surgeon remark, "Let Little lay — attend to the others first — he will die!" Perceiving me motion to him, he came to me and began to wash off the blood, and dress my wound. After dressing the lip and jaw, he was turning from me; I put my hand to my neck — he returned and examining my neck, pronounced it the deepest wound of the three. I bled profusely, the surgeon thought two gallons. I was placed in my berth.

By this time the enemy's ship had sunk, and nothing was to be seen of her. She went down on fire, with colors flying. Our boats were injured by the shots, and our carpenters were repairing them, in order to put out and pick up the men from the English that were afloat. They succeeded in getting 55 one half wounded and scalded. The first Lieut. told me that such was their pride, when on the brink of a watery grave, that they fought like demons, preferring death with the rest of their comrades, rather than captivity; and that it was with much difficulty that many of them were forced into the boats — several, even made attempts to jump overboard. Our surgeon amputated limbs from five of the prisoners, and attended them as if they had been our own men. One of the 55 was then sick with the West India fever, and had floated out of his hammock between decks. The weather was excessively warm and in less than ten days, 60 of our men had taken the epedemic.

The "Admiral Duff" had two American Capt's with their crews on board, prisoners. these were among the 55 saved by our boats. One of the Capt's told Captain Williams, that he was with Capt. Strange when our vessel hove in sight; he told him he thought her one of our continental frigates. Capt. Strange thought not, but he wished she might be, at any rate, were she only a Salem Privateer, she would be a clever little prize to take home with him. During the battle, while Capt. Williams was walking the quarter deck, a shot from the enemy took his speaking trumpet from his hand; he picked it up and with great calmness continued his orders.

We sailed for the coast of Nova Scotia near to Halifax. After cruising there a week we discovered a large ship steering for us; we aimed for her until we got within two leagues of her, when we found her to be a large English frigate; we hove about and ran from her; our men being sick, we did not dare to engage her, this was at 4 O'clock in the afternoon; the frigate made way fast for us; when she came up near us, we fired four stern chasers, and Kept firing, the

ship in chase; when she got near our stern she luff'd and gave us a broadside, it did no other damage, save one shot lodging in the main mast and cutting away some rigging. By this we had gained ahead of her; we made a running fire till dark, the enemy choosing not to come alongside; at 8 in the evening, she left and haul'd her wind to the southward, and we for the North. The following morning she was in sight, but did not come near us; Kept on her course. The Capt. thought it necessary to put into an eastern port for wood and water;—we sail'd for Broad Bay, and arrived at the mouth and anchored in a cove near the shore, called Muscongus. The Capt. made arrangements with a farmer at this place to land our sick, at an out building leaving the surgeons mate to take care of them, making a sort of hospital. I was then sufficiently recovered to be able to walk the deck. The next day, at four in the afternoon, we discovered a large black snake coming down from out the bushes abreast the ship; he took the water and swam by us; we judged him to be 40 feet long, and his middle the size of a man's body; he carried his head six feet above water. We manned a barge, and went in chase of him; when fired at, he would dive like a sea-fowl. They chased him a mile and a half firing continually. The snake landed at Lowd's Island, and disappeared in the woods. The barge returned to the ship.

Among our crew was a fellow half indian and half negro who coveted a fatted calf, belonging to a farmer on the shore; he found one man only, willing to assist him. Cramps (the negro's name) took a boat one evening and went on shore to commit the depredation; he secured the victim and returned to the ship without discovery. He arrived under the ship's bows and called for his participator to lower the rope to hoist the booty on board, but his fellow-companion had dodged below and it so happened the 1st Lieut. was on deck. Cramps thinking it was his fellow worker in iniquity, hail'd him in a low voice, requesting him to do as agreed, and that quick. The Lieut. thinking something out of the way was going on, obeyed the summons. Cramps fixed the noose around the calf's neck and cried "pull away, blast your eyes! my back is almost broke carrying the critter so far on the land, give us your strength on the water!" The Lieut. obey'd and Cramps boosting in the rear, the victim was soon brought on deck. Cramps jumped on board, and found both himself and calf in the possession of the Lieutenant. The animal was uninjured, and kept on board that night; the following morning the thief was ordered to shoulder the calf and march to the farmer and ask forgiveness, and

return to take the reward for his iniquity — fifty lashes, which was however remitted by the pleading of the kind hearted farmer.

Not being sufficiently recovered to do duty, I was dismissed with letters, and came up to Boston in a coaster. After the ship was supplied, she sailed out of Muscongus, on a cruise of two months, leaving the sick ashore, and then returned to Boston. A number of the crew and some officers died of the epidemic soon after they landed. I remained at my father's two months, and was partially recovered of my wounds. I then returned to Boston and joined the ship for her second cruise, but we did not sail for three months after. This was intended for a nine month's cruise. We sailed out of Boston, our course east, till we got soundings for Newfoundland, where we cruised about two weeks, and then shaped our course for the West Indies, where we cruised to the windward of Barbadoes. Soon after reaching the latitude of this Island, we retook a Dutch ship which was a prize to the English; we manned her and ordered her for Boston; we still cruised in this latitude.

One morning the man at the main top mast head, cried out a sail running down to Barbadoes in the same latitude. It proved to be a very large ship; we made sail and gave chase to her, she being to the windward of us, haul'd her wind to the south. We carried a press of sail and were beating towards her; when within one half mile, a heavy trade wind, as we were going in stays, carried away our main top mast with the cap, which made quite a wreck; the English ship discovering our loss, bore away and went on her course across our stern. We then went to work and got up a new top mast and top gallant mast, it took two days to get our vessel in order.

We cruised in this latitude one more month, took one small English brig; then bore away for Martinique for water; — lay at this Island ten days and then sailed under the lea for Dominique. We met a large sloop which the Capt. thought was a Droger. The first Lieut. advised to speak with her. She was an English sloop from Tobago, loaded with assorted cargo, and twelve slaves. We boarded the sloop, manned her with prize master and crew, and took her in tow. We then directed our course towards Porto Rico and anchored in a cove at the west end of the Island, where the Capt. sold the vessel, slaves and cargo. We lay at this cove near two weeks — we then sailed towards Charleston, South Carolina. One day out we experienced a heavy gale, which obliged us to lay too under Short sail, the wind to the northward. At two o'clock in the afternoon, we

discovered a sail at the leeward; we wore around and made sail in chase, found we gained fast upon her, and at sunset we could see her hull — we still gave chase, but when night set in, we lost sight of her. There came over a heavy cloud with squalls of thunder and lightning; and by the flashes we discovered the ship, which had altered her course; we haul'd our wind in chase, and were soon alongside. The next flash of lightning convinced us she was of English colors. We hail'd her. She answered "from Charleston, bound to Jamaica," and enquired, where we were from; the first Lieut. answered the Alliance U. S. Frigate. Our men were all to quarters, and lanterns burning at every port. Our Capt. told him to haul down his colors and heave too; he replied his men had gone below, and would not come up; that he would obey as soon as he could. Twas done, our barge was lowered, a prize master and crew put on board, and we took possession, of the ship. Our barge then brought both officers and crew on board prisoners. She proved to be a ship of 800 tons burden, with three decks fore and aft, carrying 24 nine pounders between decks and manned with 80 men. We ordered her for Boston — she arrived safe.

We then set sail for Charleston, cruising upon that coast until the first of April, taking nothing. We now bore away for N. York, where we cruised just upon soundings. We fell in with an American letter-of-marque Brig bound for Boston, commanded by Capt. Cunningham, who was our 2nd Lieut. on our first cruise. He had a large quantity of specie on board. He desired Capt. Williams to take it on board our ship, thinking it would be more safe, as our cruise was nearly finished. Capt. Cunningham arrived safe at Boston.

Two days after this a sail was discovered ahead — we came up with her, found her from Jamaica, loaded with rum — we took her and after much persuasion I was prevailed on to take charge of her, and selected my crew, keeping the English mate on board. I had a copy of a Capt.'s commission, but no orders how to proceed, which the Lieut. told me he would bring directly on board. The barge returned to the ship and was hoisted right in, they having discovered another prize, made chase for her immediately. I concluded to follow her till dark; but as she showed no lights, I shaped my course for Nantucket. It was the mate's watch; after daylight he came down and informed me there were two large ships to the leeward of use, we haul'd our wind to the southward. I took my glass, went aloft to view them, discovered them to be two men-of-war, turning

my glass to the windward, I discovered our ship bearing down — as soon as she discovered the men-of-war she haul'd her wind south — They were within a mile of me, but appeared to take no notice whatever of me, but were in close chase of our ship. They passed me within one half mile — I bore away across the stern before the wind. Ere I was out of sight, the wind shifting brought the men-of-war into the Protectors wake. In three days after this I arrived safe in Boston with my prize. I waited upon Governor Hancock, and told him in what situation I left the ship — expected she was taken. After he had made enquires of our cruise, I returned on board the prize, In ten days after we had news that the Protector was taken by the Roebuck and Mayday frigates and carried into New York. After discharging the prize and delivering it up, I left Boston for home, I was never after in the U. S. service.

In the spring of 1781, in April, Captain Ingraham, from Salem came to Marshfield in a small vessel, to bring rigging and sails for a new ship he had purchased, built in North River. He invited me to return to Salem with him, saying that if I wished for a good berth, he could procure me one. I accepted the offer, and staid two weeks at this gentleman's house. I was applied to by a Capt. William Orne, who offered me the berth of Lieut. on board a letter-of-marque brig call'd Jupiter. This ship was five hundred tons, and carried twenty guns and 180 men. I accepted his offer, and after loading we sailed for the West Indies.

To the windward of Turks Island we discovered a large Schooner. We were running down before the wind, when we got within a mile of her, we observed she showed no colors; we fired a gun as a signal for her to show colors, she did not. Our Boatswain and Gunner had been prisoners a short time before, in Jamaica; they told Capt. Orne that she was the Lyon Schooner, bearing 18 guns, which they had seen in Jamaica, where she belonged. Our Boatswain then piped all hands to quarters, and we prepared for action. Capt. Orne not being acquainted with a warlike ship told me I must take the command, advising me to run from her. I told him in thus doing we should surely be taken. I ordered the men in the tops to take in the studden sails; we then ran down close to her, luff'd, and gave her a broadside, which shot away both of her topmasts; she then bore away, and made sail and run from us, — we in chase. We continued thus for three hours; then came alongside; I hail'd and told them to shorten sail, or I'd sink them on the spot — our barge was

lowered and I boarded her — all this time she had no colors set. I hail'd our ship, and told Capt. Orne I thought her a clear prize, and bade the men prepare to board her. But the Capt. hail'd for the boat to return; I obeyed; and told him she had a good many men and several guns; the Capt. said he would have nothing to do with her, as he feared they might rise upon us; much to my reluctance we left her.

We soon after made Turk's Island, and the next day we anchored in the harbor of Cape-Francis, where we laid three days — then sailed for Port-au-Prince. Here it was very sickly — the epidemic prevailing to a great extent. After laying here two weeks, one night from twenty to thirty of our men were attacked with the distemper very violently — became raving distracted. Our Physician administered a powerful emetic, and blistered the back of the neck which broke the pain and all but one recovered. We lay here four weeks from this. We discharged our cargo of flour, selling at a great price, and then freighted with sugar and coffee. The Capt. ordered me to sail out of the Bito of Lugan and trim the ship — but to stand in at sunset, for he should come on board; finding however that the boat tarried, laying under a foresail we drafted eastward — next morning were out of sight of land. I sent the only man I had aloft to cut away the gaskets, and loose the top sail, running north west. I placed the man at the wheel and went aloft. I saw the Island of Sequin ahead being near the mouth of Kennebec river. We got as far as the Sugar Loaves, the vessel being so water log'd she would not steer — we came about and went down towards Rain Island. I expected to go ashore on this Island. As we got close to land we struck an eddy tide which sheered our vessel off, and the top sails fill'd, and we succeeded in running her aground in Eels-Eddy a small cove with mud bottom.

Two Marblehead Schooners were lying there, loaded with wood; their crews came on board and assisted us at the pumps; the mud stopping the leak, the vessel was cleared of the water before night. The following morning Col. McCobb came on board, and advised me to get the brig up to Parker's flats, about 3 miles distant, as there she would be more safe. With his and other men's assistance, we succeeded. Capt. H. Rogers came on board. I got him to take care of the brig that night; myself and crew went ashore to Mr. Parker's. The next day got a Physician to attend the frozen men. Looking out early in the morning from my window, I found the vessel was



CAPTAIN LUTHER LITTLE

Reproduced from the painting in oils owned by his grandchildren, Mr. Luther Little and Miss Joanna Little of Boston



UPPER—THE OLD WELL IN THE KITCHEN OF CAPTAIN LUTHER LITTLE'S HOUSE,
SEA VIEW, MARSHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
LOWER—REAR VIEW OF CAPTAIN LITTLE'S HOUSE

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UPPER — CAPTAIN LUTHER LITTLE'S DESK IN HIS OLD HOME AT MARSHFIELD,
MASSACHUSETTS

LOWER — THE FRONT DOOR-WAY OF THE OLD LITTLE HOUSE



AA KONGELIG MAJESTETS

TIL DANMARK OG NORGE, &c. &c.

TOLD-KAMMER udi ÖRE-SUND haver sig
vedbörliken angivet Skipper *Luther*

Little af *Boston i am* har
strögen og sat for **CHONBORG**, er kom-
men fra *Peter sborg* med omstaaen-
de Ladning, agter sig dermed til *Boston*
og nu clareret hvis burde.

ÖRE-SUNDS TOLD-KAMMER,

den *20^{de} Juny* - Ao. 1792.

D. L. L.
Seher

not to be seen. I hastened down to the shore, and saw her two miles below; I procured some men and a boat and went to her — She had brought up — her stern just cleared the rocks — there came a large field of ice, which carried her there; — again succeeded in getting her up to the flats — The following morning found the ice run so swift, it was impossible to lay there; hoisted our anchors and made sail down the river, it was very thick, the wind being at the north-east. I had hired four men by the run for Boston. When we got out of the river, intending to go to Portland, the vapor on the water being very thick I concluded to shape my course for Cape Ann with a fair wind, the vessel leaking as much as ever. A little before day break we made Thachers Island light, which was rather to the southward of us, we reefed our topsail and hauled to the southward. At daylight came on a heavy snow storm, wind N. E. We bore away and tracked the Cape Ann shore, and at last through the snow discovered the trees on the eastern point. We beat the brig into Cape Ann above Ten Pound Island — let go both anchors. There we lay two days in a heavy snow storm. We had four feet of water in the hold. I went on shore and entered Capt. Somes tavern and got some men to help pump out the vessel. Remained here three days.

Capt. Somes commanded a small packet, and returned from Boston after the storm cleared away. He told me I could not get to Boston unless I went through Broad Sound, the rest of the channel being frozen. The next day was clear — wind N. W. — We sailed from Cape Ann keeping up near the Marblehead shore, with a signal out for a pilot till I got near Broad-Sound. No pilot came — bore away for the Light-house Channel. When we got abreast of the Light-house, a pilot came on board. I enquired why he did not come to carry me through Broad Sound, as the rest of the channels were frozen — He attempted to go through the Narrows, but did not succeed; tried the ship channel — that too was frozen. After getting here, he said he must go round and go through Broad Sound. I insisted that the vessel should not go without the light — we went under Georges Island and anchored, we let go our best bower anchor, there being every symptom of a squall arising, and handed sail. When it was nearly morning, the barge made its appearance; after the Capt. was on board, we immediately weighed anchor and set sail for Salem.

Before leaving Port-au-Prince, we had been informed there were two English frigates cruising for prizes in Crooked Island passage,

through which we had to pass. When we were about half way through we discovered colors hoisted upon a small Island. I was in my hammock quite unwell — the Capt. sent for me on deck — asked me if I thought there had been a vessel cast away on the Island — after spying it attentively with my glass, I told him that it was no doubt a wreck and that I could discover men on the Island, and that probably they were in distress; advised him to send a boat and take them off. He said the boat should not go unless I went in her; I told him I was too unwell, to send Mr. Leach the mate, — He would not listen to me — I went — and landed at the leeward of the Island, and walked towards the wreck, when ten men came towards us. They were the Capt. and crew of the unfortunate vessel. They were much moved at seeing us — said they were driven ashore on the Island and had been there 10 days without a drop of water. They gladly left their valuable cargo of flour and pork strewn along the beach. By this time Capt. Orne had hove a signal for our return, there being a frigate in chase. Going to the ship, the wrecked Capt. who was an old man, named Peter Trott, asked me where our vessel was from — I told him we were bound to Salem, an American port; he was quite relieved, fearing it was an English man-of-war. We came alongside and the boat was hoisted in, and every sail set, — the frigate in chase, — she gained upon us. At dark the frigate was about a mile a-stern. The clouds were thick and it was dark. I told the Captain we were nearly in their power, our only chance was to square away and run to the leeward, across the passage, it being so dark they could not discover us with their night glasses. We lay too until we judged the frigate had passed us. Towards morning, made sail, and fetched through the passage without being discovered.

Off Nantucket we got soundings, — at daylight, we made Naman's land. At sunrise a pilot came aboard, informing us there were two English frigates lying in the Vineyard Sound — we bore away with a fair wind for Rhode Island, and in the evening we arrived safe at Newport. Discharged here 60 Hogsheads of sugar. The ship was haul'd in for repairs, and when they were completed, went round for Salem, where we safely arrived.

I remained at home until the following Nov. when I was offered a Capt.'s berth of a large brig, which had a round house and steered by a wheel, which was uncommon in those days for merchantmen. She was loaded with timber and bound to Cape Francis — named *Live Oak*. After a short passage reached the Cape safe, discharged

and freighted with molasses, and sailed for Boston. When in the latitude of 38 in a heavy gale of wind, laying too we started a butt, which obliged us to keep both pumps going night and day. The weather being thick, and wind scant, we did not reach Cape Cod, but kept on to the northward with reef sail, and the wind now blowing heavy, At four in the afternoon we found we had four feet of water in the hold, which obliged us to hand our sails, all but the fore-sail — eased off the vessel north. At twelve o'clock we made Cape Elizabeth, the rock close under our bows — we wore around under a fore sail and hove too, that night all but one of the crew were frozen — there we lay ten days, both pumps going night and day —

The wind then coming S. E. it became a thaw, we made sail with a fair wind and run round long Island head, cutting the ice, into the Eastern Channel, taking us the most of one day. This channel being opened, the pilot assured me we should be up to town in half an hour; but it was not the case. In a few minutes he run the brig on the Castle rocks. I left her, got into the boat, telling the pilot to get the vessel up if he could. I then went up to Boston; he succeeded in getting the brig up to Long Wharf — the following morning. We discharged her — The weather remained very cold, and we were obliged to cut most of the hogsheads out of the ice — I was once more safe on terra-firma.

Here, at this era of my life the wheel of fortune turned. The last 17 years had been spent mostly on the wide waters. I had passed through scenes at which the heart shrinks, as memory recalls them; but now the reader will find the scene change; my ill luck was ended.

I remained at home several months, and in the meantime was married to Susanna White, daughter of Abijah White Esq. She was of the fourth generation from peregrine White, the first man born in New England.

Two months from this I continued my West India voyages, until I had made twenty-four successful ones — mostly for the same owner, Daniel Sargent, Esq. — always bringing back every man, even to cook & boy. After this I exchanged into the Russia trade, for the same owner, where I continued six years, making six voyages. I sailed every year the first of January, for Lisbon, and from thence about the first of March up to Petersburg in Russia with a freight. The first of these voyages I arrived into the Baltic Sea too early in the spring; I found great fields of ice. I got by them and succeeded

in getting up the Gulf of Finland as far as abreast of Revel; here I was frozen in solid.

The next day a sleigh with four horses came alongside, and the gentleman who was in it offered to take me up to the City. He was the Clerk of a German Merchant. He advised me to send my bills over by mail to Petersburg. I staid at this merchants house that night and he sent me on board my vessel in the morning.

I was invited, while in Revel, by the gentleman to whom I sold my cargo, to the wedding of his niece, given by her Grandmother. The ceremony was performed in the Assembly House.

The guests were 380 in number, some coming a great distance. I was the only foreigner among them. The parties married were Mr John Fessay to Miss Catherine Dubray. They had a band of German musicians, who struck up a lively air, as every carriage drew up to the Assembly House. The Bride was a beautiful Girl, dressed with taste and splendor. Her gown was of white satin, spangled, with a rich gold border round the bottom. Her brow was ornamented with diamonds valued at 300 guineas. The Bridegroom was dressed in a superb suit of black, white satin vest, ornamented and spangled with gold. After the Ceremony which was of the Church of England, all were seated and took coffee — By this time supper was announced, which consisted of 110 different dishes of meats, besides every variety of jelly, tarts &c &c, then followed a very elegant dessert. The meats were all carved by the servants. We were three hours at the supper table. The Bride was placed on an eminence from which she could overlook the company. The Bridegroom's Father proposed drinking her health in a glass of Champagne. It was gracefully done by all rising and touching their glasses at once. After supper the room was immediately cleared, the musicians placed, and then began the leading dance, by the Bride and Bridegroom and all their relations, the set dancing fifty couples at a time. — The dancing continued until twelve next day, when the gentleman's Father invited all the company to his house the next evening. Then followed the gifts; every guest had a present of some kind, many of them very valuable — mine was a pair of large silver spoons marked P. D. The company then all withdrew.

I staid in the City of Revel six weeks, when the ice opened, and we sailed for Petersburg, and got into Cronstadt mould the 28th of May. I found sending my bills by mail very much to my advantage. We loaded and returned to Boston. By this voyage I cleared the

AN AMERICAN SEA CAPTAIN IN THE REVOLUTION

vessel, and 500 pounds sterling for the owners. The succeeding voyages were all successful.

During one of them when off Norway in a cold snow storm, lying too, a man on the main yard, handing mainsail, fell overboard, and went under the vessel and came up on the leeward side. I was then on the quarter deck, caught a hencoop, and threw it into the ocean. He succeeded in getting hold of it. I then ordered the top-sails hove back, and to cut away the lashing of the yawl immediately;

indbemeldte **SKIPPER** haver ladt _____

502. $\frac{7}{10}$ *Arct* - *Tern* -
 306 $\frac{7}{10}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ - *Hamp* -
 788. *Sp.* - *Seidug* -
 50. $\frac{1}{2}$ - *Ravendug* -
 56. *Puller* *Seidug* -

[Large decorative flourish]

John

-157 $\frac{1}{2}$ *Dec* 18 *[Signature]*

PART OF THE ACCOMPANYING DANISH DOCUMENT IN CONNECTION WITH CAPTAIN LITTLE'S RUSSIAN AND SCANDINAVIAN TRADING EXPEDITION, 1792

ordered the mate and two men to jump in. The man not being then in sight, I told them to row to the windward. They succeeded in taking him and brought him on board; he was alive, although unable to speak or stand; I had him taken into the cabin, and by rubbing and giving him something hot, he was soon restored, and able in three hours to do duty. He was in the water thirty minutes. I asked him what he expected would be his fate when overboard, he said that he tried the hencoop lying too, and found that would not answer, then thought he would try it a scuddnig "and Sir," added he, "if you had

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

not sent your boat just as you did, I should have borne away for the coast of Norway," from which we were then five leagues.

On the same voyage, returning home, my Brother William F. Little died of consumption, he being the only man I ever lost; In all my West India and Russia voyages never lost a spar, boat or anchor.

In 1797 I quitted the sea entirely, being 41 years old; my wife had been dead four years. In 1798 I married Hannah Lovell, daughter of General Solomon Lovell of Weymouth, and returned to the farm on which my father lived and died, in Marshfield. I bought out the other heirs, retaining myself the homestead which had belonged to my great Grandfather; and here I still remain, generally having enjoyed good health, and arrived at the advanced age of 84 years.

LUTHER LITTLE

January 5th 1841

TRANSCRIPT OF FLEET SIGNALS FOR THE PENOBSCOT EXPEDITION SENT TO CAPTAIN LITTLE

[See accompanying fac-simile reproduction of the document]

Signals By Day

For sailing.	Fore Topsail Loose
All to Tack.	Strip. ^d Flagg att M T M head
Bear up before the Wind.	Pendant att Mizzen Peek & Jack att Main Topmast head
Transports to Disperse & Shift for themselves.	United States Flagg in the Mizzen Shrouds

Signals By Night

To Anchor.	Three Lights — one att Each mast [<i>sic</i>]head
To Weigh.	Three Lights one Over the other in fore shrouds
To head & Weathermast Ship to Tack first.	To Lights on the Ensign Staff
To Alter Course.	one Gun & one Gun for one Point Compass

AN AMERICAN SEA CAPTAIN IN THE REVOLUTION

Stern & Leew.^d mast Ship to Tack
 first. Three Lights on the Ensign Staff
 To Bring too on Larb.^d Tack. Two Lights on the Ensign Staff
 Sail and one false fire
 To make after Lying by. Two guns a short time after Each
 Other
 To Speak. Four Lights att Mizen Peek
 Land or
 Discover of any Danger. To Show four Lights of Equal
 Heights & fire 3 guns

Fogg Signals

To Bring Too on Starb.^d Tack. Two Guns
 ditto on Larb.^d Tack. Three Guns
 To make Sail after Lying by. Four Guns
 Discover. of Land or any danger. Five Guns
 Continue of Same Sail. Ring of Bells, Beat of Drums &
 Fire of Muskets

Transports seperateing from the Convoy must make the Best of their
 way & Rendevoris att Townsend
 Transports wantig to Speak with the Commadore must Sett a White
 Jack in the Main Shrouds
 Nantasket 15 July 1779 —

D: Saltonstall.

Signals by Night — Omitted —

To Bring Too on Larb.^d Tack. Two Lights on the Ensign Staff
 & one False Fire —
 To Bring Too on Starb.^d D.^o. One Light On the Ensign Staff &
 one False Fire —

[Address on one side of paper]
 To

Capt

Luther Little

Sloop

Pidgeon

Signals By Day	
To sailing	The Ensign hoist
all to speak	Hoist flag at M.T.M. head
Bear up before the wind	Run down at Mizzen Peak &
	Back at Main Mast head
To report to the Dispense & fight for themselves	United States flag in the Mizzen throat
Signals By Night	
To Anchor	Three lights - one at back Ensign head
To weigh	Three lights - one at the other in fore & aft
Head & Weather most Ship	To 2 lights on the Ensign
to back first	Staff
to other	one gun for one point
Shew how most Ship	Hoist flag
Back first	Three lights on the Ensign
To Bring to on last	Staff
	Two lights on the Ensign Staff
	and one false fire
To make after lying by	Two guns a short time after back
	Off
To speak	Four lights at Mizzen Peak
Discover any danger	To show four lights of equal heights of 3 guns
	To 3 lights
To Bring to on last	Two guns
ditto - on last	Three guns
To make back after lying by	Four guns
Discover land or any danger	Five guns
continuing same back	Ring off Battle Boat & Drums & Fire Muskets

AN AMERICAN SEA CAPTAIN IN THE REVOLUTION

Transports separating from the Convoy must make the
Best of their way & endeavor to get to New York
Transports wishing to speak with the Commodore must
let a White Jack in the Main Shrouds

Nantuxet 15 July 1779—

J. Saltonstall

Signals by Night — Printed —
To bring the whole Fleet — Two lights on the foremast
To bring the whole Fleet — One light on the foremast
To bring the whole Fleet — One light on the foremast

Capt
Luther Little
Sloop
Pigeon

THE LATTER PART OF COMMANDER SALTONSTALL'S FLEET SIGNALS, WITH FAC-
SIMILE OF ADDRESS TO CAPTAIN LITTLE, ON BOARD THE "PIGEON"

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Lisbon Jan.^{ary} Y^e 24th 1780

Honored Sur these are to inform Yoy of Our Misfortin in Being Cast away Y^e 20th of Decemb^r Having a Sevear Gail of wind for too days Before Lying tue under Balance Main Sail at day Lite to our Great Supprise Saw the Land Gest to Luard Which we had No chance to Escape the wind Bloing On Shore we then Let Go our anchors in 8 fathums of Water But Y^e Cables immeadately parted then Siting Our fore Staisail to wave in hops to Git into Lisbon as the harbor was in Site Gest as we wore We Shipt Sea that over Sot us for Several minuts till the heave of another Sea Rited us again When we Rited again Our decks ware Swep Quarter Rails pumps Boat Cabbons and all hands over Bord But Cetcht by Sum of the Riging that hung to the Mainmast and fore Topmast Which was Carred away by the héft of y^e Sea We then Sune Struck on Lisbon Bar all hands Lasht to the Rack But with out hope of Gitting a Shore it Being Low water and no Land within 2 Mile at hiwater the Brig Stove to peses all Butt ye Quarter deck and a Small pese of the Starn Which Remained till Low water we kept Lasht on that and Gest at Sun Set Maid our Escape on a Reaf of Sand to the fort we all Got Safe to Y^e fort and Ware very kindly Etertarnd By the Portegea Solgers

[Written on inner page]

P S We havent Wanted for Enething Sinc we Got Up to Lisbon tho we have Lost all most Everithing what my fortin is to Be this Year I Cant tell But i am Shure Tis Bin hard anuf the year Past Capt oakman And all hands are well and if No other Misfortin hapens I Expect to Be at home In may for i Expect Capt oakman will Git Another Wessel in these parts —————
My Love to All friends So i remain Your

Most obedent Son till Death — — —

Luther Little

LETTER WRITTEN AT LISBON BY CAPTAIN LUTHER LITTLE TO HIS FATHER, LEMUEL LITTLE, AT MARSHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Copied from the original in the possession of Mr. Luther Little and Miss Joanna Little of Boston

AN AMERICAN SEA CAPTAIN IN THE REVOLUTION

[Address on outside of folded letter]

To Mr
Lemuel Little
In Marshfield
To be Left att Cap^t
Noar Doggedds in Boston
In Y^e State of y^e Masachusets
Bay New England ———

[Above the address, and written in reverse position, is written the following, evidently in Luther Little's hand, but at a later date]

Luther Little Just Lett
8 tizes (?)
Amos oakman have
5 pietuns
one tis Ditto
£ half pistune


Boston June 7 1788

Dear Susanna

I inform you by Mr Truant, I shall sail to morrow morning having all things ready for sea, I am bound to the Island martineca and shuld I meat with markits Shall sell there other wise Shall proceed to sum other Island In the westindis Expect to be gon about three months I own one Quarter of the cargo and have the consinements of the rest Besids the consinements of five hundred pounds frate I owe Mr Sargent fifteen pounds fore and Eight pence I have receivd of Mr McNeal Six pounds on georges account and of Mrs Bradford twelve shillings had paint and oil on his account to the amount of too pounds twelve Shiling he owes me for crape cushing & gloves Seven shillings Shuld be glad you would settle the note with him which you have in your keeping: I have sent you Six pounds By Mr Truant, as I have not time to rite very pertickeler. I can only desire you to give my respects to the holl of Each of our fammelis and all inquiring friends

I am your sincere friend

Luther Little



To Mrs Susanna Little Marshfield

LETTER WRITTEN AT BOSTON BY CAPTAIN LUTHER LITTLE TO HIS WIFE, ON THE EVE OF A VOYAGE TO THE WEST INDIES

Copied from the original in the possession of Mr. Luther Little and Miss Joanna Little of Boston

[Address on outside of folded letter]

Mrs

Susanna Little

Marshfield

hon^d By m^r
Truant

AN AMERICAN SEA CAPTAIN IN THE REVOLUTION

Boston Jan^y 14 1792

Dear Madam I rote to you a fue days a go By Cap^t Thomas turner and have sent you my accounts Settled I now inclose you the Vandue masters account of Beef Sold Bitseye Claps too kags is in it pleas to Pay hur according as they sold she paying too Shillings for coopring and repacking and porsheneble part of truckig and vandu masters commishons as you will Se in the bill, I have Been ready to Sale this too Days but culd not git out for See but shall Sale to morrow morn- ing if the wind is fair and the See wil Let us get out am Bound first to Lisbon and from their to Rusha expect to be Back God willing next fall give my compliments to Luther and all friends with out Exceptions hoping I shall find you and all friends well at my return

am your Most ob.^t humb. Serv^t

Luther Little

*M^{rs} Susanna Little
Marshfield*



LETTER FROM CAPTAIN LITTLE AT BOSTON TO HIS WIFE, WRITTEN BEFORE
STARTING FOR PORTUGAL AND RUSSIA

Copled from the original in the possession of Mr. Luther Little and Miss Joanna Little of Boston

[Address on outside of folded letter]

M^{rs} Luther Little
Marshfield

[Written on outside of folded letter]

January 14th 1792

Madam,

by Capt Little's desire, I inform you that he saild this day at twelve oclock with a fair wind bound for Bilboa

Lisbon Febuary 16th 1792

M^{rs} Susanna Little
Marshfield

Dea^r Madam

I inform you by Cap^t Grin [Green] I arivd of the rock off lisbon in twenty fore days from Boston. as I rote to you before am now Dis-chargin the cargo their is no other vessell here with fish: my cargo sold very well. my cargo will fetch here about 4000 Dollars more than it cost in Boston I have to Pay thirty Portegeas onboard to work taking out fish I expect to make on my own fish ov^r too hundred and eighteen dollars more than they cost am bound from here to S^t Peters Berg in rusha with fraigh^t Dont expect to be at hom till next october have a great chance off making considerable by my adventure from here their I find a great many People here that I new when I was castayway with Cap^t Oakman twelve years ago we have the weather here now as warm as it is in boston in June all kinds off excelent frute I like these Voyages so well I think I shall never want to go in the westindia trade ene more Brother William is as harty as a buck and I think will make a good seman Samuel Hall is well like wise indead all my men wants Ducking more than doctors. I had a Very ruf passage but Fair winds give my Love to all friends take good care luther dont git into the Pond or springs I hope to hear Sally is in beter helth tell Luther his papsey will bring him sum fine things from rusha I never engoyd beter helth in my life than at present I hope this will find you and all friends well Give M Compliments to the Reverent William W Wheler and all Inquiring

Thine am your humble Serv^t
Luther Little

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN LITTLE TO HIS WIFE, WRITTEN AT LISBON, PORTUGAL, ON
THE WAY TO RUSSIA
Copied from the original in the possession of Mr. Luther Little and Miss Joanna Little of Boston

[Address on outside of folded letter]

M^s Luther Little
M^s Luther Little

Marshfield
County Plymoth

Hon^d by Cap^t
Grin
Marblehead

AN AMERICAN SEA CAPTAIN IN THE REVOLUTION

Lisbon February 16 1792

Dear Madam

Mrs. Susanna Little Marshfield

I wrote to you before from this place which letter I hope you have received: I have been very anxious about you as I left you unwell when I sailed I hope before this comes to hand you will be in good health: I hope to make a good voyage as my Cargo sells for the same price it did last year and ever more than any cargo has been sold here this too months past am like to get a Ceppetil freight for Russia I have been perfectly well since I left Boston and at present all hands are well on board I was very much disappointed in not receiving a line from you by Capt Sevor who arrived here from Boston a few days ago my love to Luther and all friends

Yours your humble Servant

Luther Little

ANOTHER LETTER FROM CAPTAIN LITTLE TO HIS WIFE, WRITTEN AT LISBON
Copied from the original in the possession of Mr. Luther Little and Miss Joanna Little of Boston

[Address on outside of folded letter]

Mrs
Luther Little
Marshfield
Ship Dispatch
Philadelphia

Sailed from Boston the 4th of May
 1780 on a cruise as per Journal
 in the Protector Frigate John Foster
 Williams Esq. Commander George
 Little first Lieut. Joseph Kirtland
 2^d Lieut Lemuel Weeks 3^d Lieut
 Clement Lemons Sailing Master
 - in the 9th of June in the Latitude of 44
 Longitude 45th 30', fell in with and
 engaged the British Ship Otominal
 Druff of 32 Guns, after an engagement
 of 12 hours and a half successfully in
 sinking the English Ship a captured Druff
 the undersigned in the last of the
 engagement received the following
 wounds by Grape Shot One through
 through the neck, One through the jaw
 One through the mouth which carried
 away his teeth and a part of his upper
 lip for which wounds he has received
 a small Pension from the State of
 Massachusetts Luther Little

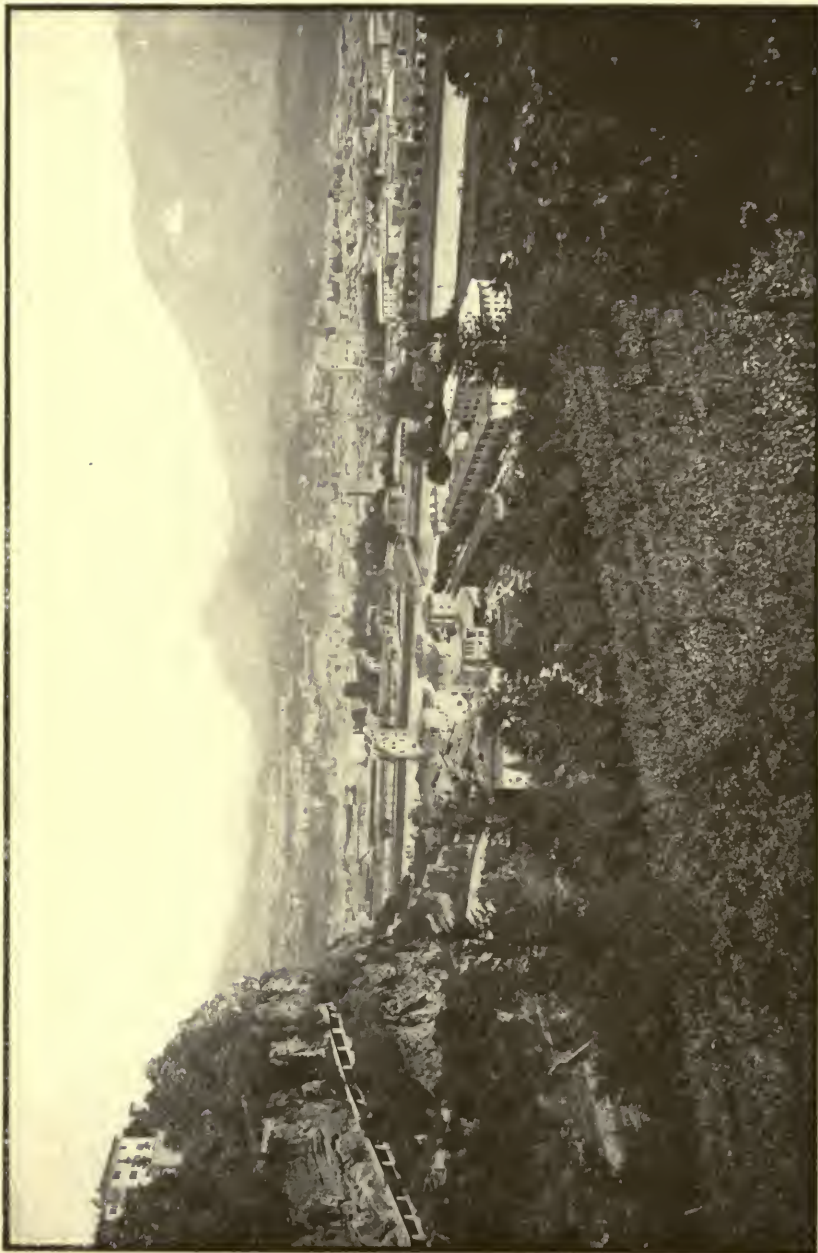
FAC-SIMILE OF A RECORD BY CAPTAIN LUTHER LITTLE OF HIS WOUNDS RECEIVED
 IN A VICTORIOUS ENGAGEMENT WITH A BRITISH SHIP DURING THE
 REVOLUTIONARY WAR

Reproduced from the original in the possession of Mr. Luther Little and Miss Joanna Little
 of Boston



TRENTO

Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Agostino de Biasi, Editor of "Il Carrocello,"
the Italian Review



THE REDEEMED CITY OF TRENTO



DANTE ALIGHIERI

Trento's monument to Italy's great poet, the forerunner of Milton, who, like Milton, used his God-given genius to lift men's minds to God and His dealings with men



TRIESTE

Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Agostino de Biasi, Editor of "Il Carroccio,"
the Italian Review

Recollections of Ninety-Five Years in Connecticut and the Anthracite Regions of Pennsylvania

BY

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SI HAVE SAID, I settled in Carbondale in May, 1845, and later purchased the store building which, as I have related, was burned in 1855, and the store, now on the ground, was built, and used from the beginning of 1856.

On the next lot, adjoining my store property, was one of the oldest houses in Carbondale, which was built about 1830. I purchased the house in 1849 and leased it to a party for a year, reserving rooms which I was to occupy with my wife, after our marriage. I was married June 5, 1849, to Lois Roxanna Morss, at the home of her brother, Burton G. Morss, at Red Falls, Greene County, New York. My wife was the daughter of Mr. Foster Morss of Windham, Greene County, New York.

On my way to reach Red Falls, being in the city of New York, the 1st and 2nd of June, I learned from the papers that the first coinage of gold dollars in the United States had been brought from the mint to the city of New York on June 1st. I went to Wall Street, on June 2nd, before leaving for Red Falls, and bought \$50 in one-dollar gold pieces, paying \$53 in currency for them. The marriage fee I paid the clergyman on June 5th was ten gold dollars, perhaps the first marriage fee paid in gold dollars. I gave a gold dollar to

each of Mr. Morss' seven children, and some gold dollars to my wife. My daughter, Miss Clara Richmond, is the only one now known to have one of these gold dollars which I gave to my wife.

After the wedding ceremony, Mr. Morss sent us with his carriage to the Catskill Mountain House. The second day after we went down the river in a steamboat and spent a few days in the city of New York, visiting there noted objects of interest. We climbed the steeple of Trinity Church to view the city, visited Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn, and went to Barnum's Museum, which was the most attractive place of its kind to visit at that time.

We went to Morristown, New Jersey, for a Sunday, to attend the church where Mrs. Richmond's cousin was pastor, the Reverend Mr. Kirtland. Then we went by steamer to East Haddam, Connecticut, located on the Connecticut River, where I had an uncle living, at Moodus, about four or five miles away. We spent a day with them, and then my uncle took us in his carriage to East Hampton, Connecticut, some ten miles away, where another uncle, by marriage to my mother's youngest sister, Mr. Alfred Williams, lived at that time in the homestead of my maternal grandmother, in that village, where he had built a commodious house.

There I met also my oldest sister, Harriet, who was two years my junior, and Mr. George W. Cheney. The two were wedded in the fall of 1849 and settled in South Manchester, Connecticut, where he was of the second generation of the Cheney family which commenced the silk manufacturing business in 1830.

After a few days at East Hampton we went to my native town of Marlborough, five miles east, visiting my second oldest sister, Emily Foote Richmond, who was the wife of William E. Jones of that town. We spent a Sunday there, being entertained by friends, &c.

We proceeded thence to Willimantic, by what was called the mail wagon, as there were no public conveyances to be had. As we drove up to the Post Office and store building in Hebron, Mr. Buell, who was Post Master and proprietor of the store, came out to the wagon, greeted me very cordially, and, after introduction to my wife, asked me if I were not going down to see Lucy, his wife. I replied: "I am with the mail wagon, Mr. Buell. I can't leave that, though I should be glad to see Lucy." He replied: "Never mind that. I'll take care of the mail wagon, and of your wife too. You go down across the Green to the house and see Lucy." I did so, and had a

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cordial welcome and chat of ten minutes. She told me some stories of my boyhood days, of which one was as follows:

She was formerly Lucy Kellogg, sister of my father's partner, David Kellogg, and lived on an old farm of the Kellogg family, about three miles from my father's home. In the winter of 1831-1832 I was sent down to stay with the Kellogg family, to help care for the stock that was wintered on the farm, and also to attend school in the brick school-house where I first commenced school. At that time Mr. Buell was engaged in merchandising, having a large wagon and a pair of horses which he drove around the country, with many articles which he supplied to merchants. He was accustomed to make the Kellogg farm every two weeks, to stay there over Sunday. When spring came, the wedding of Mr. Buell and Miss Kellogg took place. It was an evening wedding, and none but immediate relatives were there. Some came from a distance too far to return that night, so all the rooms and beds in the house were occupied. Mother Kellogg, who was then some seventy years old, quietly said to me that I might get into the rear part of her bed for the night, as my room was to be occupied. In the morning, when the bridegroom (who had an impediment in his speech), came down, he greeted me very cordially: "G-good M-morning, F-fa-ather!" I soon learned that the family knew where I had slept! I had quizzed Mr. Buell during the winter about his "comin' a-courtin'," but when he said that to me in the morning I was rather set back.

This was the Mr. Buell who greeted me at the mail wagon. He and his wife are long since gone to the Heavenly Home. They left only one daughter, now living in Hebron, Connecticut, whom I met a few years ago for the first time. At this time Miss Mary Hall was with us and wished me to call on a valued friend of hers nearby, by the name of Bissell. My wife and two daughters were with me at this time. Mrs. Bissell was somewhat of an invalid. I was seated by her while my wife and daughters were talking to members of the family, and soon I learned that Mrs. Bissell was the daughter of Mr. Harry Hazen. I told her that Mr. Harry Hazen, and his brother, and a Mr. Peckham conducted a dancing school in Middle Haddam, Connecticut, in 1835-36, and that I was one of the pupils in that school, which was quite a surprise to her.

But we must resume the journey. Leaving Hebron we made Willimantic, where I had an aunt, whose daughter, just of my age, was wife of Mr. Daniel Lord. We spent a day or so there, and then

proceeded by carriage to Norwich, taking the railroad train from there to Worcester and Boston. We spent some days in Boston, visiting Bunker Hill, which we climbed to the top, the noted cemetery of Mt. Auburn, and other places of interest. At the hotel at which we stopped, the Revere House, on an office counter there was a basket of extraordinarily nice strawberries, one of which I measured. It was three and a half inches around, being the first of such dimensions that had come to my notice.

After leaving Boston, we proceeded to Hartford, Connecticut, arriving on Saturday, I think. That evening we dined at General Enos H. Buell's, who was formerly of my native town. On Sunday we attended the Congregational Church, of which the Reverend Doctor Horace Bushnell was pastor, and he preached the sermon. He was well known and a man of advanced ideas, which were called in question by some of his co-religionists.

From Hartford we went down the Connecticut River to the city of New York, and thence returned to Carbondale. We entered the house which I had purchased, and boarded with the tenant for a year. Then we went to regular housekeeping there, until 1874, in September, when we moved to our house here in Scranton.

My wife, having been born in Windham, Greene County, New York, she had there many friends and relatives, and in the course of the years we lived together we had many times driven from Scranton to that section by horse and carriage. The country between Scranton and that region has been familiar to me and my family all these years.

I continued my business as a merchant at Carbondale up to 1864, when my goods were sold to a party, and my store rented. I should have said that in 1853 I became owner of my partner's interest in all our business. About 1868 my store building was sold to the firm of Pascoe, Scurry, and Company, and it is now occupied by a son of Mr. Scurry.

In 1859 and 1860, I had a contract with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, for building coal cars, for carrying coal over the gravity railroad to Honesdale. I furnished all material and wood, with the exception of the axles and wheels. I built some eight hundred cars, which were used in extending the railroad from Olyphant to Market Street, Providence.

In December, 1859, I made a verbal arrangement with Mr. James W. Johnson and Mr. Abel Bennett for lease of coal of the Central Coal Company, which lay just east of the present Scranton line,

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a tract of about two hundred and fifty acres. I agreed to mine fifty thousand tons of coal *per annum*, which was all I could get the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company to promise to take from me. My landlords wanted to sell more coal from the same land, and made a verbal arrangement with another party to mine another fifty thousand tons *per annum*. The coal was to be paid for at twelve and a half cents a ton in the ground.

We did not get all the preliminaries settled and a written lease till April, 1860. But I got to opening coal early in January, 1860, expecting to deliver it to the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, after running it over screens and taking out the dirt, just as it came from the mines.

Mr. Thomas Dickson, on January 1, 1860, had been appointed by Mr. Charles P. Wurts as manager of the coal department of the Delaware and Hudson Company. A short time after he came on to look after the business it was determined by the Delaware and Hudson Company that all parties who delivered coal to the Company must break up the coal and screen it into proper sizes for the market. Up to this time, all coal as it had gone to tidewater had been sent just as it came from the mines, only taking out the dust and all sizes below chestnut. The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Company had commenced breaking the coal and sorting it into sizes a year or two before.

After this method of breaking the coal was determined upon, I found that I needed more capital, for I had to put up coal breakers and machinery for breaking up the coal. I told this to Mr. Charles P. Wurts, who had then been for some time past the general manager of the business of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company in this section, and had a quarter-interest in a lease made by Jones and Company, in 1858, or 1859, of lands belonging to Mr. Hull in Olyphant. After considering the matter of a half-interest with me in the coal mining, Mr. Wurts replied to me that he had no funds that he could use at present. But we concluded that our joint names could raise capital sufficient for the work. The result was that he was my partner till the latter half of 1863, when I became sole owner. We commenced mining about the 10th of May, 1860, to deliver coal to the Delaware and Hudson Company's cars.

We had numerous strikes and troubles with our men, because we had determined to mine coal by the car, instead of by the ton as it came out of the mines, which had been the practice of all the mines

from Dickson City to Carbondale. The custom, however, at Scranton, and below Scranton, to mine coal by the car had been in practice for some years. We had contentions all summer, and did not get to mining thoroughly till fall. Another mine, of much less capacity than mine was, started by Mr. J. N. Chittenden, was located on the farm east of that my colliery was on. He had some experience in mining below Scranton, where they broke up the coal and mined by the car, and I was governed somewhat by his experience in deciding whether to mine by car or by ton. During the summer we had various meetings together to decide how to get business started properly. Finally I met him at the mines (my home being then at Carbondale), and told him I was resolved to set the mines at work, because the losses we were put to by detention would eat up our capital.

He had two Scotchmen, one who took charge inside and one who took charge outside. They each had a number of boys big enough to work, and Mr. Chittenden said to me that, whatever I attempted to do, his men would come over and work for me. I had two Welshmen, one in charge of the inside work and one in charge of the breaker and outside work. They each had a number of boys able to work. I told Mr. Chittenden I was going to employ some men up in Carbondale to go to work. Then I got about ten or twelve men, one or two of whom had been in mines, but mostly wood-choppers. They were men who did not fear anything. The fact was well known that we had had trouble in getting our miners to mine by the car.

In those days, at Carbondale, for instance, when a miner was called upon to do day work, he was paid about \$1.12 a day, and the laborer who worked in the mine with the miner was paid .87½ cents a day. Before attempting to solve the whole question, we tried to get men to work thus by the day, but enough work was not done by the day.

Finally, I arranged with Mr. Chittenden for his men, and in Carbondale I got ten or twelve men. I paid each \$2 a day and gave each man a pistol to protect himself outside the mines, we agreeing to protect them in the mines. With these men we managed to get coal out of six or seven chambers the first few days. Soon we added three or four men more, and the second week still more. Soon we worked a dozen chambers. The third week the old men began to come around, ready to work on our basis. By the end of the third week, we had enough men to get out the quantity of coal we wanted. Then Mr. Chittenden took his men and opened his mine.

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So, after some four months, we got our mines going, mining by the car, as we had started to do. Men began to work fairly steadily till the Civil War in 1861. Then a number of men enlisted and there were a good many interruptions in mining. We sent from Dickson about fourteen young men. They came up to Carbondale after enlisting to bid farewell to my family and myself. My wife gave them luncheon and we had their pictures taken. Some years after the war I sent them each one of these pictures.

In 1862 and 1863 there was a great deal of trouble with the "Molly Maguires." We had much trouble with them. One or two of the men were killed in Olyphant. President Gowan of the Reading Coal Company had several men convicted in the Courts and they were hung.

In 1863 Mr. Wurts and I went to Mauch Chunk for the purpose of reaching Hazleton to examine some coal lands in that vicinity. Three or four miles from the village of Mauch Chunk coal was elevated about one hundred feet in distance of less than a quarter of a mile by a stationary engine, and at the head of the plain from the valley of the Lehigh a locomotive operated cars as usual into the valley of Hazleton, where both the Lehigh Valley and the Central Railroad mined coal. At the time of our visit to that valley in the middle of 1863, we arrived at the foot of the plain after work for the day was closed. But as Mr. Wurts was in charge of the Delaware and Hudson Company it was no trouble to get special arrangements to take us up that plain and over to Hazleton. After a day or so in Hazleton, examining some coal mine properties, Mr. Wurts returned home, and I remained a day or two for further examination of the mining of the section.

I went one morning in a car from Hazleton to a mine eight miles away, owned by Mr. Markle, who was related by marriage to Mr. Pardee, early connected with mining in Hazleton. I spent a few hours in examining his colliery, etc. He invited me to lunch, and afterward took me in his carriage to Hazleton. He had had much trouble with the "Molly Maguires" in his collieries. But he had been able to learn what they were doing in their secret meetings. On our way to Hazleton he stopped and pointed to a hole in his buggy top, where he had been shot at. He said that he had stopped the buggy and had gone into the woods with his gun, but had found no one. But afterward he learned who it was.

My visit to Hazleton did not result in my then becoming interested in mines there.

I should have said that when we arrived in Hazleton we made the acquaintance of the Mr. Calvin Pardee I have referred to. He was one of the earliest engaged in developing anthracite coal in the Hazleton region.

After my return we had various experiences in mining coal, the whole region being unsettled in consequence of the War.

In the winter of 1862-63 we applied to the State Legislature for an act of incorporation, under the name of the Elk Hill Coal Company, with a capital of \$300,000. Mr. Wurts was made President of the Company, and I was made Treasurer and General Manager. Mr. Alfred P. Wurts was made Secretary. Some ten or more years afterward it became plain that a larger capital under the Company could be used, and I applied to the Legislature to increase the capital to \$1,200,000, with bond and increased liberties to hold five thousand acres in any one County in Pennsylvania and any amount of land outside of Pennsylvania needed. A few years after, another supplement was added to the charter, which permitted us to increase our capital stock and bonds to such amount as was needed to carry on the business. In the meantime, in 1864, I had become sole owner of the property. Mr. Wurts left the employ of the Delaware and Hudson Company, in 1863, to travel in Europe, etc., and I became the sole owner of the entire property.

I carried on the coal business up to 1883 at Richmond Colliery Number 1, when the coal breaker was burned. Believing that the vein of coal I was mining would not warrant building another breaker at that time there, I went about three miles into the second ward of Scranton, and built a shaft and breaker near the Brisbin mine, owned by the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad. This was known as Richmond Colliery Number 2. I operated that until 1889, and then sold it. Then I made a lease of coal lands in the first ward of Scranton, owned by the P. Carter Estate, and erected another breaker, now known as Richmond Colliery Number 3. This was on property about a third of a mile above my own home, as at that point I could reach the Delaware and Hudson Railroad and also the Susquehanna Railroad, less than a mile distant. I had removed from Carbondale in 1874 to a residence on a seventy-five acre farm, known as Richmond Hill, in the city of Scranton.

It was necessary to transfer the coal from the shaft on the

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P. Carter Estate, a distance of about one mile, by narrow gauge road on which locomotive and mine cars were used. I met with much trouble in sinking the shaft on the Carter Estate. At a distance of ten or fifteen feet from the surface we encountered quicksand, which we had to go through a distance of thirty or forty feet. We did not reach the rock above the coal until about a distance of seventy feet. In sinking through the quicksand we had had trouble on account of that and the water. This occupied more than a year in completing, at an expense of over \$100,000, while estimates for this work had been about \$15,000 and about quarter the time. My friends had great anxiety, believing I might sink all I had there.

At the same time this work was going on, Simpson and Watkins, coal operators, were sinking two shafts in West Pittston, Pennsylvania, where an effort had been made many years before to sink shafts, and given up because of encountering quicksand. They made a contract with a firm in New York which had had experience in sinking shafts by a method of enclosing the space by driving down pipes and freezing the ground so as to enable them to sink the shafts in that way. I think these contracts were more than \$100,000 for each shaft, and I believe the time used was as much or more as that used for my shaft. But we have learned much since that time, and can now use steel plates around any size shaft we want to make, and thus penetrate the quicksand with moderate expense.

In 1892 and 1893 I built a fourth colliery and breaker, about five miles east of Carbondale, on lands belonging to the estate of Mr. G. L. Morss, about one thousand acres. That colliery was completed and ready to run on October 1, 1893.

The New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad in 1890 came to Scranton with their engineer, and for some time were collecting information as to the propriety of opening a branch road united to their road at Hancock, New York. Mr. E. B. Sturges, a lawyer, who had been instrumental in locating the Susquehanna Railroad when it came into our valley, became interested with the chief engineer of the New York, Ontario, and Western road, and aided in trying to get coal operators to put their coal on that road, if it was built. I, like other operators, was interviewed to see if I would give the promise. I was then sinking the shaft on the Carter Estate, and Mr. Sturges applied to me to agree to put coal from that shaft on this branch road, if it was built. At times we had a number of talks.

Mr. J. E. Child, who was engineer of the New York, Ontario,

and Western Railroad, was in our city, soliciting the coal operators to give them tonnage. He had started to return to New York, and at that time had gotten no positive promise from any of the coal operators. I happened into Mr. Sturges' office and told him that, if the branch road was built, I would agree to put fifty thousand tons *per annum* on it, on the terms they had proposed. Mr. Sturges, being pleased with this, telegraphed to Mr. Child at Tobyhanna of this promise, which was the first real encouragement they had had to build the road. This, with other promises, caused the building of the road from Scranton to Hancock, where it connected with the New York, Ontario, and Western line running east and west.

My fourth colliery, known as Richmond Colliery Number 4, built at what became known as Richmondale, shipped coal by the cars of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad on the branch which they built. While I operated that breaker and the Richmond Colliery Number 3 at Dickson City, I was able to ship three hundred thousand tons or more annually, up to 1899, when I transferred my shares in the Elk Hill Coal and Iron Company to the Vice-President of the New York, Ontario, and Western Company. This covered the lease of my coal interests on the Morss Estate, my store and goods, saw-mill, some forty odd tenement houses, and all appliances connected with the colliery and the lease; also my interest in coal on the Carter Estate; and the use of the coal breaker at Dickson City, called Richmond Number 3, while they were mining the coal which the lease covered; also any coal outside of the lease which they worked through the breaker, I continuing to have some compensation for their use of it.

Richmond Number 4 breaker adopted a new method of handling the coal of the mine. I erected a steel shaft about fifty feet square at base over the shafts sunk some three hundred feet down to the coal. The shaft was one hundred and eighty-seven feet high and some twelve or fourteen feet at the landing place of the carriage. We operated two carriages from the bottom of the mine up to one hundred and fifty feet above surface. Then, by automatic operation, the car was tipped, so that the coal went from it into a steel incline which slid down two hundred and twenty feet to a gate controlled by a man who fed this coal as proper into a hopper, so that it reached big crushing rolls, three or four feet in diameter, with teeth for breaking up the large lumps, etc. Also it went through smaller rolls, until sufficiently broken to reach the different screens which sifted out the dust and sorted the coals into various sizes, from grate size, egg size, stove or

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range size, chestnut size, and then through different jig or punched plate screens, with apertures of various sizes, to sort the smaller sizes of pea, buckwheat, and Numbers 1, 2, and 3 of pea size, the smallest being rice size. All these smaller sizes have been used for steam purposes for many years.

This chute was supported by two or more intermediate towers. The mode of lifting the coal from the mine was by large engines, having two large drums of some six feet in diameter, on which wire ropes were used, and attached to the carriages which were lowered into the shafts on which the mine cars were placed at the foot of the shaft, the mine cars holding two and a half tons each. These cars with coal were raised to one hundred and fifty feet and the coal emptied out automatically. The man placed on the tower at that elevation took the tickets for the mine cars as they came up there, and controlled the engineer who operated the hoisting engines close to the breaker, two hundred and twenty feet away. It was practical to raise three thousand tons or more per day by this one man controlling the engineer and cars from this platform. The height of the shaft being one hundred and eighty-seven feet, at near that height were located two chute wheels, six feet in diameter, over which wire ropes ran and came down to grade surface, a few feet distant from the shaft, under a pair of six feet chute wheels located at the grade of the shaft. Then they followed down to the engine room, where the hoisting engines and drums were located, and also the engines and machinery to run the coal breaker were located just at the rear of the coal breaker. So these two men did the handling of the coal after it was put on the carriage down in the mine until it reached the man in charge of the gate at the foot of the chute where the coal ran from the head of the shaft to the coal breaker.

After the coal ran through the several rollers, it was crushed sufficiently, and went into the several screens which sorted it, all culm being taken away, and it was placed where it could be handled and taken away from the breaker in some form, no other help being needed in manipulating the coal except a man in the screen room, who looked after twenty or thirty boys. These were placed in positions to watch and pick out all pieces of slate discovered, as it passed by the boys and went into the several pockets designed to hold the different sizes of coal. Then at the base of these pockets the large cars which ran on the railroad, holding twenty or forty tons or more, were placed under these pockets and gates, which were controlled by men who

loaded the big cars, and the cars loaded went to the scales to be weighed, and the coal was then ready to go to market.

Other labor-saving operations I conceived and put in practice. One of these was to elevate the culm to about eighty feet toward the top of the breaker by ordinary buckets put on ropes. As they came up, these buckets emptied the material into a hopper in the rear of which was placed an automatic blowing engine, connected with an eight-inch pipe in the rear of this hopper. In front of the hopper the same eight-inch pipe was continued through the breaker building and supported and extended some two hundred feet from the coal breaker. The culm was placed in this hopper by a circular movement under the hopper, so arranged that the culm was not disturbed as deposited. This took the place of three or four boys and two or three mules to cart the culm away from the breaker.

Another saving operation was to have a four-inch pipe of iron running from the breaker, where the culm was deposited, some two hundred feet to the boiler room, where steam was furnished for carrying on the work. In this pipe we put a quarter-inch steel rope, on which we had discs, about ten inches apart, fastened, and operated the rope by machinery in the breaker. It would deposit any amount of culm needed in front of the boiler for the firemen to use.

These were labor-saving operations, and the colliery was worked with fewer men than any other that I had acquaintance with.

This colliery, as noted, was transferred to the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad interests in 1899. It was run by them until about 1912, when, by reason of management which may be supposed not proper, the coal was mined so much under the coal breaker that it caused the breaker to take a lean, and finally it leaned so much that the owners thought best to abandon it. The machinery and tower were removed from the ground.

In speaking of my early days at Marlborough, Connecticut, I might have said that the schoolhouse which I attended was only about five hundred feet from where I was born. I commenced to go to school there before I was three years old, and continued in that school till I was six years old. The teacher was Ann Pease, and she used to correct me quite often. Before I was six I used to read in "The Columbian Orator" and "The Spectator," by standing on a bench and looking over the heads of the boys in the first class. We studied

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reading, writing, spelling, and geography. The books we used were printed in old style, with long "s's" like "f's." The last year I was at that school I used to do sewing work, such as hemming towels.

After we moved to the Dean house, I attended the Centre public school, until I went as clerk in the store at Middle Haddam, in my thirteenth year.

In the spring of 1837 I returned home from Mr. Whitmore's employ and attended the public school at the Centre for nearly two years. I studied arithmetic, grammar, logic, history, and the usual other studies in an advanced public school. I attempted to study book-keeping, but this did not amount to much.

My general habit was to apply myself to work, and I had few holidays. I had no association with young men who spent their time at clubs or in amusements unfavorable to progress, and I have never belonged to any society in which it was necessary for me to spend my evenings away from home.

On arriving in Honesdale, in May, 1842, I was accustomed, as I had been and as my parents were, to observe the Sabbath Day, and to attend church. In the fall of 1842 the Reverend Henry A. Roland, D. D., who had been pastor of the Pearl Street Presbyterian Church in New York, was called to Honesdale. His ministrations were an active and useful one. In the winter of 1843-44 I became a member of the Presbyterian Church, professing Jesus as my Saviour and Redeemer. A large number of others made the change during that revival.

Doctor Roland remained in Honesdale for some twelve years, and afterward went to Newark, New Jersey, to the First Presbyterian Church there, where he remained till his death. He was a Connecticut man. His son was the famous Professor Roland of Johns Hopkins University.

My first visit to New York was in 1835, when I went with three or four older boys for a holiday. We knew a sailor who was in port then at New York, and who had come from Middle Haddam, and he showed us around. I arrived in New York the same week as the great fire of 1835, which burned Wall, William and other streets, covering a large area, and the timbers were still ablaze when I was there. I stayed at a boarding house on Park Row.

At this time I went for the first time to the theatre, to hear the play of "Rob Roy," at the old Park Theatre, on Park Row. I saw many well-dressed people there, but when I witnessed the stage per-

formance, with women dancing, I concluded I did not wish to go to the theatre any more. I never did, till I took my wife to Barnum's Museum, when, of course, I must have slipped in to see the performance. But I never really attended the theatre after going to the Park Theatre in 1835 till about 1874, when my oldest daughter was at Vassar College. I used to meet her at the Park Avenue Hotel in New York often, and she had expressed a wish many times to hear Booth play. I observed at one time we were there that he was to play, and I said to her that if she wished to go I would accompany her. In after years, when my other two daughters were at college, I did the same with them, and took them to the theatre.

But only once besides have I attended a theatre in all my life. That was some thirty years ago, while staying at the old St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, where I had quarters for eight or ten years when I visited New York. After dinner one evening, meeting Colonel Henry M. Boise and his wife, of our city, the Colonel said to me: "We are just ready to go to the theatre, to hear the play, 'Around the World in Eighty Days,' and won't you go with us?" I replied: "I do not go to the theatre." But he said, "Yes," and started immediately for the office to get a ticket for me. So, of course, I went.

After I joined the church I avoided all dancing and card playing, which before I had done, but only in a moderate way. We have never practised card playing in our household.

After arriving in Carbondale in 1845, my partner and I soon made the acquaintance of a retired merchant by the name of Hopkins, who had discontinued business a few years before on account of ill-health, and who was then a widower. He invited us to his pew in the Presbyterian Church. His health failing, he was obliged to discontinue going to church, and we became occupants of his pew by renting it from year to year, until my partner was married, in the last part of 1847, when he took another pew. I continued to occupy the same pew, and in 1849 I brought my wife to it, and we retained that same pew till 1865, when the new church was built, and a choice of pews sold at auction. I selected one for myself and family and kept it, by paying a premium over the rent, each year. I kept it a few years, but, at an annual renting, it was thought by some that I might pay more to retain my pew than I was paying. By management, between \$50 and \$100 were bid, more than I was accustomed to pay, and one of the elders of the church succeeded in getting my pew, and I had to take another. But at the next annual sale the pew came back to

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me at about the old price, and it was retained by me till we went to Scranton to live at Richmond Hill, in September, 1874.

After a little time heré, we became associated with the First Presbyterian Church of Scranton. Mr. W. R. Storrs, a member of that church, and Manager of the Coal Department of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, and who was born in Connecticut, near where I was born, attended the church. We selected a pew just in the rear of his in the church, and Mr. W. F. Halstead, Manager of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, was just in front of Mr. Storrs' pew. This position was held for a number of years by all of us, and then Mr. Halstead came back in the pew Mr. Storrs had had, and they exchanged pews. There were one or two trains that used to pass through Scranton, during church time, and Mr. Halstead knew when those trains should pass, and used to take out his watch in church to see whether they were on time.

We kept those seats till the time the new church was built, up in Olive Street, some twenty odd years ago, where my family now attend.

I did not have much time for reading during the years I was in business, but when I was a clerk at Honesdale I used to work in the store till nine or ten at night, and then often spent an hour or so in reading, especially history and poetry. Some of the works I remember especially reading then were Milton's "Paradise Lost," Young's "Night Thoughts," Pollock's "Course of Time," Pope's "Essay on Man," and the works of Sir Walter Scott.

Since I transferred my coal interests to the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad, in 1899, I have had no occupation, save to look after my farm and other interests. For the last ten years we have spent our winters in the tropics. For the past four years we have been at Varadero, Cuba, on the peninsula dividing the ocean from Cardenas Bay, which is about twenty miles long and nine miles across to Cardenas. The peninsula is about fourteen miles long and at no point more than a mile across. The principal houses are located close to the beach, not more than two hundred feet from the water, and at an elevation of not more than eight or ten feet.

The village has probably not more than one hundred houses. In the winter simply the plain people live there, who are engaged as fishermen or in other employments, but during June, July, and August all the buildings are occupied with families from Cardenas, Matanzas, and Havana. The population then is a thousand or two, and at times, when there is a regatta on the bay, many thousands are brought there.

We have one other family that has spent three winters there, the family of Mr. Austin C. Dunham of Hartford, Connecticut, who, two years ago, became a house and land holder there. He is engaged to some slight extent in farming and gardening, giving lessons to the Cuban people in gardening. A few visitors have come to Mr. Dunham's during the winters he has spent there, and a few visitors have come to see us there. We occupy a rented house. There are numerous houses, idle during the winter months, which can be secured.

The beach on that peninsula is remarkable, not excelled perhaps by any in the world, the tide rising only three feet. One can walk out for one hundred feet or more, before the water would rise to above the arms. The water is pleasant for bathing, except when the waves are too high. We are never troubled by sharks, although the youngsters come along the shore sometimes to get their feed from the numerous small fishes, such as sardines, which are in abundance along the shore.

We frequently see the steamers, which ply along the sea, eight or ten miles distant.

I should have said that when my partner and I went into business in Carbondale we never made any statement to a mercantile agency, and we never did so afterward in our business. When I became sole owner of my coal business in 1863 I had never reported to a mercantile agency or bank as to my financial conditions. Nor have I ever done so, down to the present time. I have never been under obligation to speak of my affairs financially, in order to borrow money. Whenever I have had to borrow money, and could not give some collateral security, I have taken occasion to solicit the name of a friend on my paper, to whom I could give some security that was satisfactory.

I have been a fairly consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, never holding any office in the church except Trustee or Sunday School Superintendent. I was always a Sunday School worker, since I joined the Presbyterian Church at Honesdale, and have always maintained interest in Sunday Schools, as have also my wife and daughters.

My success in life has been from being trained by faithful parents, and being taught that the Lord's Day was a day of worship and rest. I have continued to observe that during all my lifetime. I have done no labor on the Sabbath Day, except under extraordinary circumstances. My object in life has been always to follow what tends to the moral and Christian benefit of mankind.



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Articles of Incorporation of The National Historical Society

Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia at Washington, on the Twenty-Sixth Day of April, in the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen, "For the Purpose of Promoting Historical Knowledge and Patriotism, and the Peace of Righteousness among Nations"



THE NAME by which the Society is to be known is "The National Historical Society."

The Society is to continue in perpetuity.

The particular business and objects of the Society will be:

(a) To discover, procure, preserve, and perpetuate whatever relates to History, the History of the Western Hemisphere, the History of the United States of America and their possessions, and the History of families.

(b) To inculcate and bulwark patriotism, in no partisan, sectional, nor narrowly national sense, but in recognition of man's high obligation toward civic righteousness, believing that human governments are divinely ordained to bear the sword and exercise police duty for good against evil, and not for evil against good, and recognizing, as between peoples and peoples, that "God has made of one blood all nations of men."

(c) To provide a national and international patriotic clearing-house and historical exchange, promoting by suitable means helpful forms of communication and co-operation between all historical organizations, patriotic orders, and kindred societies, local, state, national, and international, that the usefulness of all may be increased and their benefits extended toward education and patriotism.

(d) To promote the work of preserving historic landmarks and marking historic sites.

(e) To encourage the use of historical themes and the expression of patriotism in the arts.

(f) In the furtherance of the objects and purposes of the Society, and not as a commercial business, to acquire The Journal of American History, and to publish the same as the official organ of the Society, and to publish or promote the publication of whatever else may seem advisable in furtherance of the objects of the Society.

(g) To authorize the organization of members of the Society, resident in given localities, into associated branch societies, or chapters of the parent Society, and to promote by all other suitable means the purpose, objects, and work of the Society.

The Membership body of The National Historical Society consists of —

(1) Original Founders, contributing five dollars each to the Founders' Fund, thus enrolling as pioneer builders of a great National Institution;

(2) Original State Advisory Board Founders, contributing twenty-five dollars each to the Founders' Fund, from whom are elected the Members of the State Advisory Boards;

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(4) Patrons, who contribute one thousand dollars to further the work of the Society;

(5) Annual Members, who pay two dollars, annual dues, receiving The Journal of American History.

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(7) Sustaining Life-Members, who contribute one hundred dollars annually.

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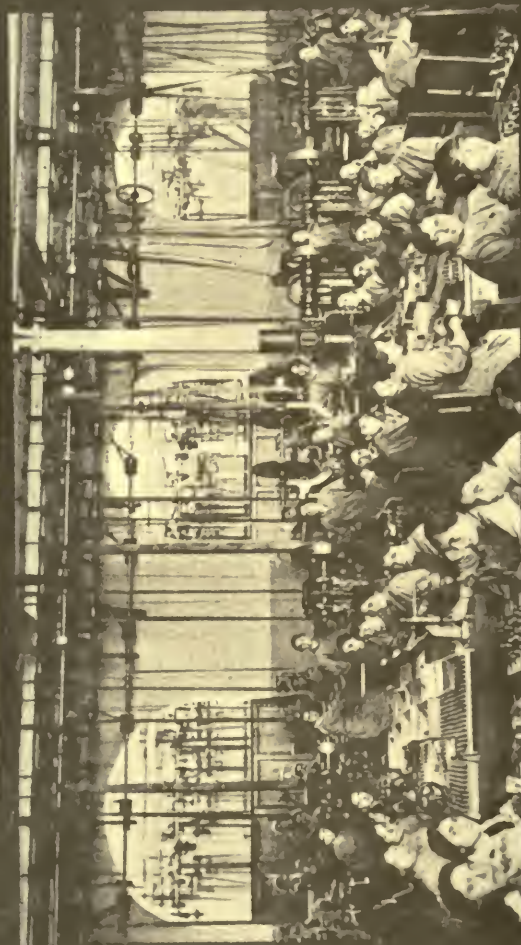
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WAR WORK OF THE WOMEN OF ITALY







IN THE TRENTINO — VALLARSA VALLEY

The Journal of American History

VOLUME XIII
NINETEEN NINETEEN



NOS. 3 AND 4
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The Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Number of The Journal of American History

BY
THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



CTOBER 27, 1919, the first anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth which occurred after his death, became the occasion of spontaneous gatherings throughout the country to do honor to the memory of this great, virile American. Undoubtedly the most notable of these gatherings was the dinner given at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, on the evening of Roosevelt's birthday anniversary, by the Rocky Mountain Club of New York — an organization of Western men in New York which is rendering conspicuous service by its patriotic activities.

The members of the Club and their guests, the writer having the honor of being one, filled the grand ballroom of the hotel, and

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

listened to a remarkable series of addresses on Theodore Roosevelt and his relation to America, delivered by Honorable Elihu Root, his Excellency, the French Ambassador, Mr. John Hays Hammond, President of the Rocky Mountain Club, Colonel William Boyce Thompson, Vice-President of the Club and President of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, Mr. Herbert Hoover, distinguished member of the Club and guest of honor on the occasion, Honorable Alton B. Parker, toast-master for the evening, Major-General Daniel G. Shanks, the Reverend William T. Manning, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, New York, Colonel Henry D. Lindsley, head of the American Legion, and Honorable Job E. Hedges.

The addresses were of such permanent interest, and so timely in interpreting and applying Theodore Roosevelt's life and principles to the problem of radicalism and unrest now confronting our country, that we give entire these expositions of Americanism in the pages which follow.

Americanism — the priceless heritage of the true principles of righteous government handed down to us by our fathers — is at this moment like a great continent of hope for the world, towering above the lashing seas of class-hatred and revolutionary violence. It is an hour when every patriot should instruct his own soul in the divine foundations underlying Americanism, that his mind may be armed for defense of the principles indispensable to all government of, by, and for the people.

Theodore Roosevelt

BY

THE HONORABLE ELIHU ROOT



WHEN Colonel Thompson asked me to come here and say a few words, a very few words, about Theodore Roosevelt, upon his birthday, it seemed to me very appropriate, for the great mountains from which you draw your inspiration as a society were to him, next to his home, the dearest place in the world. Like Antaeus of the Greek fable, there he renewed his matchless energy by the touch of Mother Earth. He loved every peak and plain and valley, from the Bad Lands to the Flat Tops.

He loved the brave and simple people of the mountains, he knew them, he respected them, and he prized the influence of their lives upon his. So many of us loved him! The mystic chords of memory draw the hearts of so many of us back to that life so magnanimous, so kindly, so affectionate, so appealing to the best in all our natures so full of genuine interest in our fortunes, so appreciative of what was good in us, so kindly and considerate of our failings! We love him! We could not celebrate his birthday as we do were it not for our deep affection. But, that is not the cause of our gathering. He rendered great service, he did great deeds for us and for our country. With the swift intuitions in which he surpassed all men of his time he pierced through the complications and uncertainties of political and economic life to the fundamental principles upon which rest our whole political and social system, the fundamental truths which underlie American institutions and which underlie all government of Justice and of Liberty. He saw that in the marvelous development of human wealth and human power to produce wealth we had gradually slipped away from the old, simple relations of equality among our people, that a crust was forming of power and privilege and superiority based upon wealth, and a steadily, certainly growing discontent was making

its way among the people of our country. And he undertook, though there was no crisis, to make one, and to bring the people of America back to the supremacy of law for liberty. The millions who were beginning to feel that our free institutions were failing he taught to understand that there was a remedy by law, and he forced a passage through the difficulties, doubts and obstacles for law and for the application of the great principles of free government through law; and in order to prevent revolution, he went up and down the land, preaching the principles of justice and freedom — not merely solving particular questions of corporations and trusts and the use of capital, but laying down the rules by which all questions for all time must be solved in a free, democratic government. With unthinking and instant courage, he declared in clear tones heard throughout the land, "All must obey the law. Wealth must obey the law. Labor must obey the law." He flinched from no power, from no political power, from no social power, in the just and equal and uncompromising assertion of principles of American liberty and justice for rich and poor, for capital and labor, for the great and for the weak.

Where would we be now, called upon as we are to deal with the grave and terrible questions that are before us, if Theodore Roosevelt had not restored to the plain people of the United States, the men and women of small means, of simple lives, confidence in our institutions, an abiding faith in the capacity of our democracy to maintain the equality of independent manhood among rich and poor alike?

Where would we have been in those fateful days when the people of the United States were called upon to gird themselves anew and offer their fortunes, their lives, their dearest affections, in terrible war for the preservation of our liberty, if Theodore Roosevelt had not been able to appeal to the affection and the confidence and the trust of the American people for a system of free institutions in which we had taught them to believe? But as it is not for our affection, so it is not for his deeds that we are now met to honor him. He did more than to solve the questions of his time. He presented to our country and to the world a great and inspiring example to enforce his teaching; it is not what he did, but what he became. The *man* was the spirit he worked in.

Sermons are forgotten ; men are remembered. Truths are told in ten thousand volumes and pamphlets, from a thousand pulpits and rostrums. They are forgotten. For a moment they enter the mind, and in a moment they are displaced. But the perpetual lesson of a great example, inseparably united to a great truth, carries on the work of a lifetime through generations and ages to come.

And this example is one which appeals so readily to all. Every American boy can be Theodore Roosevelt's follower. He was not different, not some strange phenomenon unlike the rest of us. He was like us all, only more so. There was, as the French Ambassador has said, radium in the clay of which he was fashioned, that carried to the nth power every great purpose, every noble conception, every deep truth that possessed him.

Every Boy Scout may imitate him. He was strong, powerful, but he began weak and puny. He trained himself to strength and power. So can all American boys. He was born and bred under the disadvantages of wealth and fashion, with the paving stones of a city between him and the earth. He broke over the barriers and became the friend of every farmer, of every ranchman, of every huntsman, of every laborer, of every good and true man and woman in this great land. No pent-up city, no learned institution, no social convention restrained his universal and mighty sympathy. He trained himself to the habit of courage. So can every American boy. From the habit of courage came the natural reaction of truth. That is within the grasp of every American boy. He was sincere and simple, not ornate and florid. He spoke not the tongue of the poet or the philosopher. He had not what Macaulay credited to Gladstone, "a command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and doubtful import." No one ever misunderstood what Theodore Roosevelt said. No one ever doubted what Theodore Roosevelt meant. No one ever doubted that what he said he believed, he intended and he would do. He was a man not of sentiment or expression, but of feeling and of action.

His proposals were always tied to action. He uttered no fine sentence, satisfied that that was the end, the thing accomplished. His words were always the precursors of effective action. He cultivated promptness in action until it became his natural reaction and

made him an almost perfect executive — not an administrator, but an executive gifted with the power of swift and unerring decision. Yet he was as free from self-conceit as any man I ever knew. His consciousness of strength was in the strength of his purpose, in the cause he advocated, and not at all in his own merits. He was as modest as a girl about himself. He was the most hospitable to advice of any man I ever knew. He was eager for knowledge. He thirsted for knowledge, and in the performance of his public duties he sought everywhere from all manner of men, to know their thought, their contribution of information. He talked little about common counsel, but he practiced it universally and always, and he did come to know the very heart of the American people by actual contact. He was no unapproachable genius, unlike everyone else.

He did not originate great new truths, but he drove old fundamental truths into the minds and the hearts of his people so that they stuck and dominated. Old truths he insisted upon, enlarged upon, repeated over and over in many ways with quaint and interesting and attractive forms of expression, never straining for novelty or for originality, but always driving, driving home the deep fundamental truths of public life, of a great self-governing democracy, the eternal truths upon which justice and liberty must depend among men. Savonarola originated no truths, nor Luther, nor Wesley, nor any of the flaming swords that cut into the consciousness of mankind with the old truths that had been overlooked by indifference and error, wrong-heartedness and wrong-headedness. Review the roster of the few great men of history, our own history, the history of the world; and when you have finished the review, you will find that Theodore Roosevelt was the greatest teacher of the essentials of popular self-government the world has ever known.

What we are here for is to perpetuate that teaching, lift it up, striking the imagination, enlisting the interests of the country and the world, by signally perpetuating the memory of our friend, the great teacher.

The future of our country will depend upon having men, real men of sincerity and truth, of unshakable conviction, of power, of personality, with the spirit of Justice and the fighting spirit through all the generations; and the mightiest service that can be seen today to

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accomplish that for our country is to make it impossible that Theodore Roosevelt, his teaching and his personality, shall be forgotten. Oh, that we might have him with us now!

Be it our duty and our privilege, in our weak and humble way, to keep him with us, to keep him with our country in all the trials before it, and so pay to him the honor that he coveted most, the highest accomplishment of his noble and patriotic purpose.



Roosevelt and the Square Deal

BY

COLONEL WILLIAM BOYCE THOMPSON

President of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, Vice-President of the Rocky Mountain Club



THE members of the Rocky Mountain Club are, as our name indicates, men of the great West. We come from a region which even now is sparsely settled, a country of enormous distances, where men who live a hundred miles apart consider themselves neighbors, and where the customs and habits of thought of the frontier to a large extent still prevail. On the frontier there are tall men and short men, good men and bad men — and when you've said that you've said all there is to say about the frontier's social distinctions. In a sense we all sleep under the same blanket out there yet; we drink out of the same cup.

Perhaps it is because Theodore Roosevelt, when he was a ranchman in Dakota, slipped so readily into the frontier point of view, that the men of the West feel that he belonged peculiarly to them. The West has always loved T. R. The men of the West ever responded to him with a sympathetic understanding which the men of scarcely any other part of the country equalled and certainly none surpassed. "This man," they said, "is like one of us. He is a neighbor. He is a real human being. He is what we call an American. That is, he is like the fellows we know." They felt that he was for America, first, last and always. They felt that in office and out of office he was working for them, who were just ordinary American citizens. They felt that, in every way possible, he was seeking to make the resources of the nation accessible to all the people. He did not promise to make everybody rich; he did not promise to make everybody happy. He did promise to give everybody a "square deal." That is the reason why we men of the West loved Theodore Roosevelt.

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Roosevelt stood for the "square deal;" he preached the "square deal;" in office and out of office he practiced the "square deal." The American people loved him because of it; but I do not believe that many of them ever realized how scrupulously careful he was, in dealing with the great issues before the country, to be just to all the elements involved.

When Roosevelt came to the Presidency, he saw at once that capital and labor were drawing too far apart. He made up his mind that he would try to pull both capital and labor back from the way in which they were going and, if he could, make them walk along the middle road of safety.

"This is not and never shall be a government of a plutocracy," he declared. "It is not and never shall be a government by a mob. It is as it has been and as it will be a government in which every honest man, every decent man, be he employer or employed, wage worker, mechanic, banker, lawyer, farmer, be he who he may, if he acts squarely and fairly, if he does his duty by his neighbor and the State, receives the full protection of the law and is given the amplest chance to exercise the ability that there is within him, alone or in combination with his fellows as he desires."

In another speech he said:

"We need to keep ever in mind that he is the worst enemy of this country who would strive to separate its people along the lines of section against section, of creed against creed, or of class against class. There are two sides to that. It is a base and an infamous thing for the man of means to act in a spirit of arrogant and brutal disregard of right toward his fellow who has less means; and it is no less infamous, no less base, to act in a spirit of rancor, envy and hatred against the man of greater means, merely because of his greater means."

In trips over the country, first through New England, then to the South, then to the West, Roosevelt cried out to capital and cried out to labor to remember that before a man is a capitalist or a laboring man, he is a citizen of the Republic:

"We must act upon the motto of all for each and each for all. There must be ever present in our minds the fundamental truth that in a republic such as ours the only safety is to stand neither for nor

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against any man because he is rich or because he is poor, because he is engaged in one occupation or another, because he works with his brains or because he works with his hands. We must treat each man on his worth and merits as a man. We must see that each is given a square deal, because he is entitled to no more and should receive no less. Finally we must keep ever in mind that a republic such as ours can exist only by virtue of the orderly liberty which comes through the equal domination of the law over all men alike, and through its administration in such resolute and fearless fashion as shall teach all that no man is above it and no man below it."

In all his speeches at the time he was scrupulously careful, in pointing out the virtues and the faults of one side, to point out with precisely the same vigor and incisiveness the virtues and the faults of the other. One day at the White House, in a dramatic manner he made his position clear and unmistakable.

A number of "labormen" were lunching with him, and one of them said, "At last, Mr. Roosevelt, there is a hearing for us fellows."

"Yes!" cried the President emphatically. "The White House door, while I am here, shall swing open as easily for the labor man as for the capitalist — *and no easier.*"

There, in a nutshell, was Theodore Roosevelt's doctrine of the "square deal." He lived up to it conscientiously all his life and because he did live up to it and because the American people felt that he lived up to it, men, women and children all over the country are coming together during these days to do him honor. Ten months after his death, his name is greeted with the same roar of cheers it evoked during his lifetime. Last year, it was a man who was cheered; today it is the principles for which that man stood. Vaguely the American people begin to recognize that the forces of conciliation to which Roosevelt appealed almost twenty years ago must aid us today in solving the social and industrial problems that confront the world. Roosevelt inaugurated a "get together" movement which, in spite of setbacks, in spite of disappointing defeats, has progressed and will continue to progress. At the time we did not comprehend the magnitude of the great bringing together of men of all ranks, all creeds, all stations in life, under the inspiration of Theodore Roosevelt's appeal

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ticians of all parties, all men and women who love America, will do well to give heed to the evidences of the devotion of the American people to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt. This devotion is only the expression of their own passion for justice and straight dealing.

A word about the Roosevelt Memorial Association. I looked over a number of telegrams received today just before I left the office, and I will quote from some. We have word from all over the United States that churches of all denominations and creeds had Roosevelt services yesterday. I do not believe that I exaggerate when I say that two hundred thousand meetings are being held today in this country by people assembled in school-houses, halls, and at dinners in honor of Theodore Roosevelt.

From the national headquarters, we have supplied over 8000 speakers, and this does not count the speakers that are supplied by the States and local speakers. Telegrams are pouring in from everywhere.

Oregon wires — "300 grade schools and high schools and 3000 district schools are holding Roosevelt meetings today. 400 cities and villages will have meetings tonight."

Georgia wires — "One county in Georgia that we gave a quota of \$200 has raised over \$4000."

Illinois wires — "1,950,000 school children in Illinois are today observing Roosevelt's birthday."

Utah wires — "450 schools observe memorial exercises. 100 meetings will be held in Utah tonight."

New Mexico wires — "Every school in the State holds Roosevelt memorial meetings today. Every city and village in New Mexico holds memorial meetings tonight."

Connecticut wires — "Today 42% of undergraduates of Yale University have been enrolled as members of the association."

South Dakota wires — "6000 schools in South Dakota are holding Roosevelt exercises today."

North Dakota wires — "300 Roosevelt meetings will be held in Dakota tonight."

Ohio wires — "Every county, city, community and school in the State of Ohio will celebrate Roosevelt birthday. 1,036,000 school children in 5200 schools in the State will be inspired by lessons on

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for a "square deal." We are just beginning to understand it. Pol-Roosevelt's life today."

California wires — "2500 members enrolled. Roosevelt Memorial Association will have 7500 California members before November 1st."

Austin Colgate, chairman of New Jersey, wires — "60,000 members have been enrolled in New Jersey. By tonight 1,000,000 men, women and children will have attended memorial meetings in New Jersey."

Panama cables — "Up to noon today have received subscriptions for over \$5000."

Nelson Gay, Chairman of the Roosevelt Memorial Committee in Italy, cables from Rome: "Permit me to join with America in honoring memory of Roosevelt. He united in himself those personal and civic virtues which are universal in character and which win admiration of people of every race. More than statesman, he was the man. For the moral, mental and political force of this virile champion of American civilization all citizens of the world hold a common feeling of respect and admiration."

The Mayor of Rome, Adolfo Appolloni, cables: "I knew the man, and admired him. He had a strong will, and labored always for the common good. He loved his country and honored Italy, and to him who had the Roman spirit, Rome bows in reverence."

I am in receipt of the following cable from Marshal Joffre: "Very happy to attest, on the occasion of Theodore Roosevelt's birth anniversary, my warm admiration for his energy and elevation of character."

I am in receipt of the following cable from Marshal Foch: "I can never forget the sentiment which inspired Col. Roosevelt in regard to the French people. His memory will always be fresh in the hearts of Frenchmen. Therefore I take this opportunity to express to you my deepest sympathies."

Roosevelt and the Public Conscience

BY

HERBERT HOOVER



BELONG to that generation who do not go back far with Theodore Roosevelt's life. My contact with him came first in January, 1917. As your Chairman has said, the Belgian Relief was founded in an attempt to save the lives of ten million people condemned to starvation by an outrageous invasion. It has been supported in its first few months by the outpouring of the charity of the world. At its point of collapse, the governments of France and England had saved it from bankruptcy by pouring out from their already overburdened treasuries over three hundred millions of dollars. At the latter part of 1916, it became evident that these overtaxed governments could not go on indefinitely providing huge sums of money for expenditure in the United States for food. Their own difficulties were becoming overwhelming; and with that depression of heart I came to the United States, to see what large support I could secure from my own country. The day after my arrival I called upon the leading citizen of New York and of the United States. I found I had to make no plea to Theodore Roosevelt. He cut short the statement that I entered upon with the words, "Young man, the \$150,000,000 that you ask for is no tax on the American people to save the lives of ten millions of people. That can be found and you need have no fear."

My second contact was with my friend Colonel Thompson, who attended to my immediate needs; and my third contact was with my fellow members of this club. Some of you will recall that at that time you had raised a considerable fund for the erection of a club house and that fund was assured to me the third day after my arrival in New York. That club house has never been built, but you have built

something infinitely more precious than a mere dwelling. That the American people did undertake the burden of Belgium, needs no proof beyond the \$300,000,000 that our government poured into the Belgian Relief before their redemption.

It is not alone in his benevolence, his inspiration and his constancy in aid that I came to appreciate Theodore Roosevelt. Those of us who have lived among, who have had to deal with, the flames of revolution during the last ten months, who have had to witness the causes which have led to this cataclysm, appreciate probably more than any other that it is due to Theodore Roosevelt that this country is not today in those flames. The insistence on a square deal in citizenship, amongst a people steeped in cynical materialism a score of years ago, laid the foundations upon which our safety lies at this moment. To Theodore Roosevelt is due that awakening of public conscience which has enabled us to preserve our institutions to this moment; and if we can maintain that, there can be no question of their survival. The years ahead of us will be the most solemn in our history. The heart of the world has been stirred, by social, political and economic wrong and inequality. Our institutions are yet again to be put to the test, to a full test of their righteousness. They have survived all tests for 150 years, and if in these next few months we can preserve the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt, they will yet survive.

We are in one of those times of hysteria, of extremists, both in politics and in economics. We are oppressed with phrase-makers, who would solve our national politics with phrases — Bolshevism, Socialism, trades unionism, internationalism, capitalism, and a hundred others. Either government or gospel by isms or phrases is the negation of straight thinking. Today men are undertaking great solutions on reckless "hunches" and by playing poker with the fate of people.

We have seen in the last few days the failure of an attempt to solve one of the greatest problems in the front of the world, the problem of industrial relations. Perhaps that failure really lies because we have not paid regard to those truths that Theodore Roosevelt thundered in the ears of our people over the last twenty years. We have summoned a few men in the belief that social diseases can be cured by negotiation, on the assumption that we can stimulate

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class consciousness in a country where there should be no classes, and then find a solution to its untoward results by creating some sort of automatic machinery for an armistice between battles.

We have got to go deeper if we are not to be dominated by the imported disintegrating social theories of Europe. We must diagnose the roots and the causes of this infection. We must impose a constructive social hygiene of our own, and if need be, we must impose a surgical operation. That social ideal that we now need lies deep in the heart of the American people. It is the social ideal of Theodore Roosevelt. It is the simple ideal of equality of opportunity. It is the same old theme which this nation was founded to perfect, and the same theme that received a regeneration at the hands of our friend. Perfection has not come to the world in even 150 years, and the development of our institutions and our prosperity needs no other philosophy, but it needs the study of its application, and it needs its execution.

The heart of the American people is as sound today as it was when it was awakened to its responsibilities by Theodore Roosevelt. We have a debt of gratitude to pay to him for the awakening of a public conscience that will in itself find a solution of the difficulties that now confront us.

Theodore Roosevelt, "First American of Our Day"

BY

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, LL.D.

President of the National League of Republican Clubs and of the
Rocky Mountain Club



WE meet today, the 27th of October, to celebrate the anniversary of the last of the trio of immortal Presidents. Such high place in the temple of famous Statesmen can rightly be accorded to Theodore Roosevelt. Despite the lack of time necessary to assuage the asperity inseparable from a militant political career, and such, thank God, was his, Theodore Roosevelt is already acclaimed as one of the greatest of our greater American Presidents. Men of all parties and factions, at home and abroad, men of all races and creeds — so broad were his sympathies — vie in their zeal to pay homage to his memory.

To Theodore Roosevelt there could be no more gratifying tribute than to be already recognized by his countrymen as worthy to be named with Washington and Lincoln. Doubtless he differed from these two great Presidents in temperament and in method, but alike, they were sent by Divine Providence to inspire hope and confidence in faltering hearts, to arouse their apathetic countrymen to patriotic action, and to become leaders, each in the particular National crisis with which his name will ever be associated in American history.

Washington came to overthrow the political and militant forces which kept us a subject people and to create a nation destined to exert a mighty influence for the welfare of mankind; Lincoln came to save the Union; and finally Roosevelt, a young Lochinvar from out of our own great West, imbued with its spirit of true Americanism, came to

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inculcate the duty and responsibility, as well as the rights of American citizenship, to urge the development of a virile American manhood and to make ours a self-respecting nation at home and a nation respected everywhere. If Washington was the father of his country, if Lincoln was the great Emancipator, Roosevelt was pre-eminently the first American of our day for us and for the world.

The Rocky Mountain Club is proud of the fact, and it is a justifiable pride, that it numbers in its membership many worthy sons of those intrepid pioneers who blazed the way for civilization through the vast wildernesses of the far West. It is proud too that many of its members are leaders in the development of the natural resources of that great region, which has contributed in a large measure to the industrial supremacy of our Nation. At the organization of the Rocky Mountain Club, 12 years ago, Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, expressed his deep appreciation of honor, as he termed it, to be elected an honorary member of the Club, and from that day up to his untimely and lamented death, he evinced a keen interest in the civic activities of the Club. He believed that the Rocky Mountain Club, more successfully than any other organization, aimed to perpetuate the traditions of that great section for which he had so profound an affection and to create in the political and civic life of our country an appreciation of those ideals of which Theodore Roosevelt, in his own life, was a conspicuous personification. Therefore, it is alike the duty and the inspiration of the Rocky Mountain Club to commemorate the anniversary of his birth with proper demonstration of deep affection and high regard for the man above all others who was the exponent of the ideals for the observance of which this Club was organized, and the Governors of the Club have under consideration the selection of Roosevelt Day as the date of its future annual meetings.

It is a matter of pride and gratification to the Rocky Mountain Club, that in connection with the Roosevelt Memorial, such generous and efficient service has been rendered by our public-spirited and honored Vice-President, Colonel William Boyce Thompson.

Roosevelt's Americanism

BY

THE HONORABLE ALTON B. PARKER



ESTEEM it a very great privilege to preside tonight and I am very grateful to the Rocky Mountain Club and to that exceedingly kindhearted President of yours for stepping one side to give me the opportunity to greet the members of the club on this very interesting occasion. I shall not take your time in considering the services of Colonel Roosevelt as President of the United States. They have already been spoken of most felicitously by your President. They will a little later be treated, I assume, by his Secretary of State, the Honorable Elihu Root.

I shall content myself with a little more than a sentence on that subject. You and I know that very many of the Presidents of the past, good Presidents, who have served their country faithfully, are but little spoken of or thought of by the great body of the American people. This is not because they did not do their duty as they found it, day by day, and do it well; it is because there was no crisis, no great situation which they had to meet as Lincoln met the effort to destroy the Union.

In Colonel Roosevelt's case, he did not face a great crisis, and yet he served the people of the United States in the absence of a great crisis, with such vigor, with such sound judgment, that none of us doubts — not for a moment — that had he been confronted with a crisis like that which confronted Lincoln he would have been entirely equal to the situation, as Lincoln was.

But I want to say a few words tonight, with your permission, about his services as a private citizen, after he had given his best to the people of the United States as President. He was the greatest preacher of preparedness and Americanism of his generation, aye, of all generations from the dawn of the republic down to this day.

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Nearly all of you marched up from Wall Street with 145,000 men for the purpose of rousing the people of the United States to make ready. You marched because you wanted to help swell that great mass of marching and intelligent men. 145,000, remember, is a greater number of men than ever marched together at one time in the history of the United States before or since — and it had its effect. All over the country meetings began to be held, and the purpose was to bring pressure upon Congress to the end that it might make ready for what the most of you thought quite likely, our entry into the world war. And yet the voice that more than any other voice — aye, in my judgment, more than all other voices — stirred you, and set you and all your fellow-citizens here at work for the purpose of arousing the people of the United States to the end that they might demand of Congress that we prepare, was the voice of Colonel Roosevelt.

And as for Americanism, why, when did he not preach it and effectively preach it? I want to call your attention tonight to one sentence of his, and the wisdom of it will appear at once upon its reading. We are all so full of the facts that have been borne in upon us in the last few days in this country that we can understand and appreciate just what he was aiming at, what he was trying to make the people of the United States see, although they did not see it clearly enough to make it effective. He said, speaking of immigrants, "We cannot have too many of them of the right type, the type that is morally, physically, economically right. We should not have any at all of the wrong type. We should not admit them simply because there is a need of labor. Better go slow on labor than to bring improper men into the body of our citizenship, to dilute it, that citizenship into which our children are to enter."

"In practice," he continued, "it is not easy to apply exactly the proper tests; but fundamentally our aim should be to admit only immigrants whose grandchildren will be fit to intermarry with our grandchildren, with the grandchildren of the Americans of today." The American people heard and applauded the wisdom of this sound advice, given by their favorite son, but took no steps, unfortunately, to make their approval known to Congress. Congress probably heard it, too, but unfortunately, too, took no action. What a pity that his advice was not accepted at once and made effective by statute and an

organization to carry it out! We know now that this fair land of ours, which has been made to blossom as the rose, principally by the hard work and thrift of generations of Americans, is now coveted by the Anarchists, Bolsheviks, I. W. W.'s and criminal broods of other names who have come to us by the hundreds of thousands from other countries. Myriads more of the same general type are ready and waiting to come as soon as passage can be obtained in order to join their criminal brethren in their ambitious attempt to overthrow the best Government the sun ever shone upon. This to the end that they may despoil and rob the people who have generously but negligently welcomed to our hospitable shores, to become American citizens, what has proved to be the scum of the earth; but the would-be despoilers will fail to overthrow our Government. The Americans of today, and all of them, will see to that. And let no one doubt it for a moment. They have the courage, the brains, the strength, and the organization needful to nip in the bud the criminal plans of these offscourings of civilized peoples, and they will do it. Never fear! But while we are making ready to attend to that job, we need to put Colonel Roosevelt's advice into effective legislation — legislation that will prevent any more of the scum of the world from coming here and will deport those already here.

I think I see in this wise and great movement for a Roosevelt Memorial, worthy of him whom we would honor, an opportunity to so focus the attention of the people of the United States upon his many pleas and exhortations for Americanism, so as to decide them to take the needed steps to secure for the future a citizenry worthy of our glorious history, and at the same time the preserving of the ideals of the past for our benefit and that of the world. If that shall happen, and God grant that it may, who can doubt that in that spirit land to which Colonel Roosevelt has gone, he will rejoice over his matchless contribution to the welfare and happiness of the country and the people he so dearly loved.

The American Legion and American Problems

BY

COLONEL HENRY D. LINDSLEY

Commander of the American Legion



WISH as head of the American Legion, to bring to your attention what the American Legion means in this great crisis of American history. I shall not touch the history of the organization itself. You know that it was born out of the thoughts of 2,000,000 men who served in France; that it had its first meeting in Paris, its second meeting in St. Louis; and that next month in Minneapolis it will have its first great annual convention; that it has now over 1,000,000 members scattered throughout the United States in every city, in every village, in every hamlet, and practically on every farm; that potentially it represents the nearly 5,000,000 men who served in the Army and in the Navy during the recent war. There has never been a time, my friends of the Rocky Mountain Club, when it was so important for the welfare of our country as now that class distinctions should be set aside. Our country is being threatened now by 600,000 men, who threaten not alone the social or the economic fabric of our land, but the very lives of our citizens. There are nearly 5,000,000 men potentially in this organization. They know no class. They have been drafted from the farms, they have come from the sons of the rich man, and the poor man, of this land, and they have come from those whose fathers go back to the days of the Revolution, and from those whose fathers came as steerage passengers across the ocean to our land. They have had an average of a year of discipline. They have understood, many for the first time in their lives, a common

language, and thank God it is the English language in which they receive their orders. They have had no divided allegiance; they have understood that they have but one country, and they have fought under a single flag. There can be no greater stabilizing force in American life than to have these 5,000,000 men, practically all under 30 years of age, to band themselves together in an organization which understands what this country means, and who are determined above everything else to see that this country, which has been the greatest success as a republic in the history of the world, remains a constitutional government. These men are going to look for examples. The boys of the world look for examples. Sometimes they look to institutions, and if they do, I, who am not a member of it, can say to you, Mr. President, there is no finer example in an institution in America today than the Rocky Mountain Club. No organization, no club, so far as I know, has kept its touch so close on the human pulse, and has been so ready, through its strong and influential members, in seeing that those things are done in this country which ought to be done.

But stronger than institutions is the force of individual example, and to that of the one who is honored here tonight in his birthday, Theodore Roosevelt, whether we are Democrats or Republicans, whether we come from Texas, as I do, or from New York, as many do, or from the West, we can look to that sterling character of Theodore Roosevelt as one we can emulate. I am glad that it has been pointed out so eloquently tonight by the eminent Secretary of State under Mr. Roosevelt, that, with all of the things he taught, he lived those things. And I wish to say to you, Colonel Thompson, President of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, that the great work that you are doing through our land would be as naught, and the monuments that will be erected in this land to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt of brick and stone and mortar and marble, would count for nothing, magnificent as they may be, if there were not connected with them the indomitable American everlasting spirit of Theodore Roosevelt himself.

I want to ask you, my friends of the Rocky Mountain Club, to bear in mind what the American Legion means, not just to these five millions of men, but to all of the people of the United States, and to see that you as citizens do everything you can so that these impressionable

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young men, so strong to do for this country — and they are; they have proved it again and again since the American Legion was formed, since these days of strife came on this country in its internal affairs — understand that they are appreciated as citizens, understand that they have services to perform in our country, understand that there is an interlocking between them and between those who, less fortunate than they, in not being able to wear the uniform, nevertheless did their full part in seeing that America measured up to its great responsibility in the great war.



Personal Memories of Theodore Roosevelt

BY

HIS EXCELLENCY, JEAN J. JUSSERAND

Ambassador from France to the United States



AT the Toastmaster has said is quite true. Never before in my life did I see a reception, a movement of enthusiasm coming from the heart such as I witnessed in New York when the winner of the Marne, Marshal Joffre, and M. Viviani entered this noble city. If something recalled it once in my life, it was when the President of the United States, the victorious United States, reached France, entered Paris, and I followed him in a carriage where was General Pershing, both of them acclaimed by the whole population of our city. For the second time France and the United States had won the day together for liberty.

I have received today a telegram from the other side. The meeting of the Rocky Mountain Club was known in France, and one of our best men has sent me a telegram asking me to hand it to the Vice-President of your Club, who has asked me to read it. It comes from the President of the Council of France, M. Clemenceau. The telegram is as follows:

"I associate cordially with the homage rendered to the great patriot and the friend of France that President Roosevelt was. The intrepidity of his character, and the intense activity which he displayed in the service of his country will perpetuate forever his memory among the men of this earth."

In the course of my long career, which has now reached its forty-third year — for I began rather young — there is scarcely a thing for which I render so great an expression of gratitude to Providence as the fact that it was my good fortune, in the zig-zags of my diplo-

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matic life, to become acquainted with Theodore Roosevelt. I met in him a man of such extraordinary power that to find a second at the same time on this globe would have been an impossibility; a man whom to associate with was a liberal education, and who could be in every way likened to radium, for warmth, force and light emanated from him and no spending of it could ever diminish his store. A man of immense interests, there was nothing in which he did not feel that there was something worthy of study; people of today, people of yesterday, animals, minerals, stones, stars, the past, the future — everything was of interest for him. He studied each thing, knew something about every subject.

There is a race in the world to which I am deeply grateful, and that race does not know it. It is the race of the Mongols. The Mongols are the cause of my being almost at once in terms of friendship with President Roosevelt.

One day, when I had just arrived, he started to talk about Mongols and their invasion of Europe in the thirteenth century, and it so happened that the French Ambassador, at that time at least, knew something about the Mongols and how they had reached the Adriatic. This pleased President Roosevelt, and our first connecting link was the Mongols. From my heart I thank them.

I saw in the papers that I owed the honor of being asked to this grand gathering to the fact that I was a member of the Tennis Cabinet. I was indeed, and very proud of it. Sport was only one of the occupations of the Tennis Cabinet. After tennis, or after our so-called walks, every possible question was discussed, and discussed with the greatest sincerity and freedom; the subjects were sometimes very confidential, and this is a compliment of which all the members of the club can be proud; it never occurred to President Roosevelt that he should say to any one of us, "Mark you, this is confidential." He knew quite well that we would understand, and for seven years not one word that should not have been repeated was repeated. Then we had those so-called walks, a rule of which was to ignore and scorn as much as possible all that looked like a road or a bridge. If there was a river, we swam it. I have swum the Potomac with him; others have swum rivers of floating ice. We never knew when we started

what would be our trial, but only knew there would be one. It was usually in winter, because in summer we played tennis, while we did our walks in the snow, in the slush at night, when the day's work was done, and we groped our way in the islands of the Potomac or on the rocks along the rivers. We never knew what it was to be. Would it be wading through the mud? Would we be climbing steep rocks? There was between us a silent understanding never to wince at anything he suggested. We said "All right," because we knew that if we winced he would scorn us and we would have to do it all the same.

I remember an occasion in winter which took us to an island on the Potomac. I tried some time ago to find it. I found gardens, parks, roads, all that we used to detest. We came to the brink of the river and found an iron tube, quite black, not very big, connecting at some height the quay with the island, and Mr. Roosevelt, turning to the three or four of us, said: "Well, let's use that to get to the island." We never winced. The tube was not large. It looked very slippery and the winter waters of the Potomac not at all tempting, but we were spared. He mused a little and said: "Oh, well, we shall nod to a boat if we see one." A boat came along and we jumped into it, a leaky boat and our shoes became leaky from it, too. The man in it rowed us over to the island, and President Roosevelt, putting his arm around my neck and striking an attitude, said, "Washington and Rochambeau crossing the Delaware."

When we reached the island, an awkward thing occurred. We were always asked to leave our valuables and to take our worst clothes, to the extent that I had once to confess, "Mr. President, I have no worst clothes left." When we reached the other side we wanted to give something to the man who had kindly taken us over. We found that we had nothing, but in the end, somebody, by fumbling, found a quarter, so that our benefactor was recompensed by that quarter for having taken over the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Interior, the French Ambassador, and, I think, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. These were happy, charming days.

Serious matters were discussed rarely while walking, but usually when we sat, bespattered with mud, by the fireside after our "walks." As the representative of France I was, I assure you, delighted to see

the deep understanding by Mr. Roosevelt of the genius of my country, what her worth was and what she could do in the world.

There was at one time an issue of great importance when the German Kaiser began to be dangerous and threatening. Mr. Roosevelt, being as to this in complete accord with the admirable Secretary of State of the United States — and I shall not name him because he is at this table — helped us in a wonderful fashion, in the very manner in which Americans should help the French and the French should help the Americans. I remember one day, when the situation was tense and we thought that perhaps the war that has been waged of late would be waged then, Mr. Roosevelt said: "I suppose you would be sad if a catastrophe happened to the United States; the same with me if a catastrophe happened to France." But, owing in a large measure to him, no catastrophe happened and the time for the war was postponed.

Before he left for Africa he told me of his intention to go and deliver a lecture in England. I said, "Why not in France?" He answered, "Well, if I deliver one in Paris, I shall have to deliver one in Berlin." I replied, "Don't think we are such fools and so narrow-minded — we far prefer you to deliver twenty lectures in Berlin than none in Paris." So it was decided that he would go to Paris and visit us and deliver a lecture. He chose for his subject for the French lecture one which I liked much, first because it was a subject of which he was a master, and second because it was a subject which he could not treat in Berlin, "Citizenship in a Republic." He came to France, was received with open arms, and that extraordinary magnetism that was his played upon my compatriots, who will ever remember him. He had been elected a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and he took his seat there. It is a custom in that Academy, even if it is the Chief of a foreign State who is elected, to receive him without any more ceremony than the others, the President simply saying, "Sir, kindly take your seat among your colleagues." That was done for Mr. Roosevelt, the only difference being that he came in accompanied by two Ambassadors, one of them being a foremost member of the Tennis Cabinet, a foremost member of the real Cabinet, and a foremost American, one whom we all mourn, as handsome in

his mind and in his heart as he was in his physical features, one whom I dearly loved, Robert Bacon.

A brief address was read by Boutroux, the master philosopher, who knew America and who gave an account of his visit to this country and of his stay in Harvard; and when he finished he said: "Before leaving, like every good American and every good Frenchman, I went to Mount Vernon, and I saw there the bedroom that was Lafayette's when he visited Mount Vernon; and we, too," he continued, "in our Academy, had a seat that was empty, and we thought this seat must be the seat of Mr. Roosevelt." He filled it, and the Academy was as sad as any of us when they lost this unique member.

Mr. Roosevelt delivered his lecture on citizenship in the Sorbonne. It had extraordinary success. While 50,000 copies were given away, 10,000 copies were sold in a week. It was a wonderful piece of work, telling, with the knowledge of a man who knows what a man is, what is a good citizen and what is a bad citizen.

He ended with these words, which I ask permission to repeat: "And now, my hosts, a word of parting. You and I belong to the only two republics among the great powers of the world. The ancient friendship between France and the United States has been on the whole a sincere and disinterested friendship. A calamity to you" — and he was repeating what he had told me shortly before about the Moroccan fiasco — "a calamity to you would be a sorrow to us, but it would be more than that. In the seething turmoil of the history of humanity, some nations stand out as possessing a peculiar power of charm, some special gift of power or wisdom or sympathy which puts it among the immortals, which makes it rank forever with the leaders of mankind." He was so good as to say, "France is one of these nations." (And I shall add, America is one of these nations.) "For her to sink would be a loss to all the world. There are certain lessons of brilliance and of generous gallantry that she can teach better than any of her sister nations." And the time came for France to show whether she was or not worthy of that compliment; whether she deserved what Mr. Roosevelt once told me. He had said, "What I like in your people is that with all their taste for art and for beauty and for literature, when it is a question of fighting, they are always

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ready." Well, the Germans took us by surprise, but found us not unready. In the meantime, this great nation was preparing, listening to the manly advice of her former leader, and the manly advice of her present leader. The wave went on increasing and increasing until the time when it overflowed all bounds, reached France, threw off the Germans. You conquered in the Argonne, conquered at St. Mihiel, and your troops won imperishable glory. The only regret of Mr. Roosevelt was to have to stay at home. During the war I received from him letters characteristically signed by him, not by his name but by the words, "The Slacker malgré lui" — "The Slacker in spite of himself." But we knew what he could do and was doing, and the immense help that he was to the good cause.

Two tombs have been opened that contain the bodies of two Roosevelts, one in America, the other in France. Both places of pilgrimage, both tombs standing as one more token of the intimacy in peace and in war, in happiness or in stress, that must survive between our two nations for their safety and for the benefit of the liberal world. To the great names of Americans who are admired and loved in France, to the list that contains the names of Washington, of Franklin, of Lincoln, now has been added, forever to be loved and admired in France just as here, the name of Theodore Roosevelt.

The Personality and the Philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt

BY

THE HONORABLE JOB ELMER HEDGES, LL.D.



HAVE been too often at the guest table not to know when the evening's exercises are concluded. The hour of midnight has just passed, notwithstanding we have turned the clock back an hour, and I know that the evening must be over because so many are not here who started. I am impressed with the shock it must be, however, to those who originally came from the Rocky Mountain district to find themselves in this sort of company and surroundings. They certainly adapt themselves quickly to urban life and become urban-like.

I have listened many times to the French Ambassador and never knew until tonight how much of an Ambassador he was. It is a great trick to walk yourself into a Presidential confidence, but I do not think that the Ambassador walked during all the time of those walks, not if his height indicates the length of his legs.

I think everything has been said about Roosevelt that could be said — except one or two things. It has been a great thing for the average orator that Roosevelt has lived. He has been the cause of more speeches which men who delivered them did not understand than any man who ever was created. Many a man who did not have an idea that was worth a cheer, could mention Roosevelt's name and think he was an orator while he spoke. Roosevelt can be quoted on all sides of most every question too. When a man wants assistance, he quotes Roosevelt. There is one thing certain about him, that wherever he was, there was a quorum present. He is the only man I ever knew who could put a motion, second it and carry it without reference to the crowd.

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It does not add to Roosevelt, in my judgment, to compare him with Lincoln or Washington. I do not think he was like either one of them, and I do not think that the Almighty intended that any two of them should resemble any other one. They lived at different times and had different problems. Washington created; Lincoln preserved; Roosevelt vitalized. And none of them could have done what the other did. He had a good preparation when he came here. From the solitude of the Civil Service room in Washington, he gathered intimates which enabled him immediately to plunge into partisan politics through the channel of a non-partisan administration, of which I was one. He is the only partisan I ever knew who could argue his partisanship through a general proposition of conduct.

I do not know of any group of people in the United States in which he did not have an intimate. From prize-fighter to preacher he had a real intimate friend, and there was no organization with which he could not connect through a friend.

Roosevelt, however, despite these speeches that have been delivered tonight — and I speak with great deference in the presence of these distinguished gentlemen, particularly the Honorable Elihu Root, who knew him more intimately than I did — was remarkable on account of his normality or humanness; unfortunately I never was intimate with him after he left the Strong Administration. There were others who caught up with him, however.

The remarkable thing about Roosevelt's speeches, to my mind, is that there was not a human being, young or old, rich or poor, who did not think that Roosevelt was talking to him personally and confidentially. He was one of the few men prominent in life whom you could associate with without having to look up to uncomfortably. When men demand a bow from other people with whom they associate, they never get on intimate terms.

Roosevelt is the only man I ever read of who could destroy a convention, explain the advantage of it, and go on about his business. He was the only man whom I ever knew who could conduct a dialogue alone, with entire acquiescence on the part of the man with whom he was talking.

There was no specific field of mental activity in which he

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indulged, in which there was not possibly a superior authority, but he kept them all so busy that no one had the opportunity to determine who took precedence. He was at home in the city or the country. He talked a language that people could understand, and that helps some in public discourse. He had another peculiarity: you could tell what he was thinking about by what he said, which does not always pertain.

I know of no topic on which he did not have a pronounced opinion, and where he had time to generate them I do not know. He was the busiest man of whom I have ever read, and yet had time on his hands now and then to puncture the idiosyncracies of a man whose conversation and conduct differed from his own concepts.

There was no time nor space through which he could not vault, and he always landed. I do not know what he would have done if he had gotten on the other side during the war; I know they would have known he had been there.

Whether he was schooled in the modern science lore, I do not know, but I do know that after all the eulogies are over, and when men have become great orators by describing Roosevelt, whom they do not understand, and whose lesson they cannot comprehend, people will remember Roosevelt by thinking they have been brought into personal contact with him.

The day he left Washington to return to Oyster Bay, I took my pen in hand and wrote him a letter, which he acknowledged, and I said this to him: that my own opinion was, that while he had had quite a remarkable career, of all the things he had done he would be remembered best by the philosophic historian from the fact that he had made people think, and he could make people think even if they got mad at him, and it didn't annoy him if they were irritated. Roosevelt did not believe in anaemic public virtue. He did not believe a man's past amounted to anything if it did not extend into his present. And he did not believe that his future was a solvent hope unless his present was concrete. He knew more about other people than they did sometimes, and more than they wished he did. He classified everybody. Some classes were not as large as other classes, but they were concise and well denominated. He was unique, omnipresent,

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always vocalizing, always acting, always human, and so desperately human that everyone thought they had an individual contact with him. It took a great deal during the Strong administration to always tell where he was — because he did not know. He did know, however, that the more policemen you met, the more would know you. I recall, when a bill was passed that provided that boxing exhibitions should be given under police protection, that he attended the first night. For some reason or other, Dr. Parkhurst did not agree with that proposition, and he told the reporter that it was an outrageous thing; that he did not believe he was there. The reporter asked Roosevelt if he had been there, and he said, "I was there, and I had a good time; moreover, I had to go. The law said I must go." And he would have gone anyway. Roosevelt was abnormal in his normality. He was an average American citizen, thank God! Ubiquitous and potential. He was not a genius. If he had been a genius he would not have been influential. Geniuses are made to worship, and not associate with. He will be remembered long after people cease to read him, and anecdotes about him will continue so long as memory reigns.

He was the only impossible, potential, practical, possible human being I have heard of, and he enjoyed it. I have conversed with him and enjoyed it. He has asked my opinion — and told me what it was. It didn't make any difference when you were with him whether you agreed with him or not — the result was unanimous. Disagreements with him in conversation were explained after the other man returned home. Many a man has gone to Washington on invitation and come back of his own volition. I enjoyed his partianship — academically. Mr. Straus enjoyed it otherwise. But I believe in a partianship which does not believe that faith takes the part of works. Roosevelt is the first man for some years who has dignified the word "Politics," which most people don't understand. He is the man who has most clearly demonstrated that there is no such thing as a useful inactive citizen. The man who dare not go out nights for fear he will be tempted cannot rescue a neighbor in distress. Roosevelt was not afraid to expose himself. He had vision, and works. He wrote, he spoke, he rode, he wrestled — and a lot of things; but there was no place in his category for the parlor Bolshevik.

Personally, if you will permit just a further word, I **am not** unduly worried about these fellows who set fire to houses and **try to** kill people for the purpose of demonstrating an idea that someone else has given them. General Shanks and some others will **take care** of these.

The worst thing of all is the mental indifference of the average man of substantial affairs in life who has been lulled asleep by his own competency and does not consider that the problems of the republic require his participation.

To misstate a fact to the public which has little opportunity to reason is as false a thing as it is to bear arms against the integrity of the government. The man who will make a false statement to gather applause to himself would touch the torch to the edifice of the American Government. The man who considers his career settled when he has enough to take care of himself and his progeny, most of whom have not been brought up to work, is a man who could well be deported, not as an alien, but as a useless citizen.

The stress is coming. I listened a few nights ago in a public school to a lawyer, one of my own profession, advise the recall of a judge by hanging him; and there were but four people in the room who did not vocally assent to that proposition. And I have mentioned that several times and never has it been received, except tonight, by other than a smile — as if the Republic could be taken for granted. The Republic cannot be taken for granted. The propositions are very simple.

You can divide the human race, so far as the males go, into full-grown men and shrimps. The shrimps are largely self-perpetuating.

My own beliefs are very simple. A man is a citizen in fact or not. If he doesn't like this place, he can leave, and if he insists on staying, he shall live as we live, and if he will not do that, we will deport him, and if we cannot deport him, we will put him in jail, and if that don't suffice, we'll shoot him, because the life of the Republic is more important than any individual life.

Nobody in this country cares how much money somebody else has; they are very much interested in knowing how they got it. The vulgar display of wealth in this country has made more Socialists than all

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the Russian doctrinaires who ever got on this side of the water. The failure of men of affairs to participate in the activities of this government is a bid for the incoming immigrant to do likewise; and his next instinct is to try to destroy it, in the hope, not of building up something else, but that in the breaking down he may be able to get something without having the title taken away from him.

Why, in this little city of ours, this young man Trotsky, who is running the Russian Government today — unless he was captured today — preached the same doctrines in the streets of New York before he went abroad that he is teaching and practising in Russia. and 5,000,000 people let him do it without interfering. And I say the City of New York, in permitting that young man to get abroad, is indirectly responsible for the loss of a million lives in Russia and we cannot dodge it.

No man can be flippant on the subject of government. The Fathers may be old-fashioned, but their doctrines are new, so far as everyday discussion goes. They are so new that most people have not heard of them. They are progressive rather than conservative. And I like that word in that particular application. No man is progressive because he says he is. The question is whether he is progressing. I have known men to progress so fast toward a place that they were out of breath when they arrived and could not tell what they were looking for. I believe in the Ten Commandments. I have respect for the Fourteen Points. I believe in this government, and I have a right to. My people have been in every war the country ever engaged in. They signed the Declaration of Independence, incidentally. That makes me an aristocrat. That makes me old-fashioned. But I cannot help believing that the Golden Rule still prevails. I heard a gentleman, of a faith other than my own, the other night, say that the way to Americanize these immigrants was to open our arms to them, take them to our breast and win them by loving kindness, and I said, "*Yes, but let us search them at the same time.*" I would rather be able to state a fact than to expound a theory that no one can understand. Theodore Roosevelt was a fact. I know it. You know it. Everybody knows it. A great, glorious, human energy of high ideals, abnormal in his normality, on a plane that everybody could see and with whom anyone could associate, with bitter enemies, with real friends, with an ever-

present crowd, as people always have, of men to agree with him, of others who differed from him, of ambassadors who walked with him, who wore their clothes out with him. But just imagine the feeling of the man who rowed the boat toward the crowd that could but find a quarter among them.

Interpret that in the light of the demands of the present day when soldiers get \$1.10 a day and people who didn't go abroad get \$8.10.

Just a word and then I close, because it is tomorrow. I don't know much about doctors, I don't know much about any of these theories that take long words to describe; I don't know anything about any of these things where you have to have a lot of whereases, and use words that you have to practice on before you can pronounce them; I don't know anything about Internationalism, any of those things. But I do know that the Almighty created colors in people, climates and nations, and provided ways in which they should grow up among themselves; and I know that when we come to our problem there isn't any mind in this audience, or any mind in the U. S. cunning enough; no device broad enough; no philosophy skilled enough in human experience, to bring any of the warring factions together until each one of those factions admits before all the country that their first allegiance is to the nation at large, and then they are open for discussion for their own matters.

I know that no problem this country has ever had has ever been settled, as a matter of logic, as a matter of reasoning, unless somewhere, somehow, somebody interjected into it a sentiment; and sentiment starts with the heart and not the brain, and the brain decides the amount of service we will give to the sentiment. We argued about this great war until we argued in a circle, and we were getting nowhere and the war was getting everywhere. But, when the American people trusted their emotions, then logic was satisfied, and then we went to war. And after that, we saved the world for democracy — *after* that.

It is a difficult thing, when we are talking in hundreds of millions of dollars, to have an emotion. It is difficult to have a sentiment when you are comparing your financial qualifications with somebody else's. It is a very difficult thing when you consider the rewards of publicity

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and the sycophants that will pursue a man in public life, to keep your reason straight.

It is dangerous to take the republic for granted. It is very illogical to assume that a republic can continue without the individual effort of everybody in it. The people of the United States have not learned yet to think in terms of "we." The reason many men do not discuss things openly is because they would be bound by their own logic. When a man lays down a proposition for himself and does not follow it, he is not potential with other people. There are too many people waiting to be called who will never be chosen. We have great confidence in our present and in our future, and we bet on our future usually, but usually with ourselves, and therefore there is no loss. I venture the proposition that the very intensity of the political embroglios in which Theodore Roosevelt was engaged, this very partisanship which men praised and from which they differed, the very activities that tore this country apart in a great big tremendous political revolution will somewhere, somehow, be quite as much of a mental stimulus to the average man as will anything Theodore Roosevelt said as to what a man should do as to any particular degree of activity.

It takes a large degree of nerve and confidence, eliminating Providence, for a man to assert what another man must think; but every man has a right to demand, as a matter of citizenship contract, that every other man shall think, and having thought, that he shall act.

I am not certain, as I stand here, that Theodore Roosevelt could be more potential today alive than he is. I am not certain but what there comes a time when a man reaches the limit of influence from personal activity. I am not certain but what there comes a time, however brilliant the brain, when the scene needs to change. I am not certain, with all his potential influence, that his statements, written as they were and spoken as they were, are not quite as influential with the American people as a personal activity; and I say that with great respect; because it is not possible for a man to veneer himself over one hundred and ten millions of people.

Washington would have been a failure in the Civil War. Washington had a mind that had to abstract; he was a constructor, he had

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to live away from the picture. He thought in world terms applied to a locality. He had not the art of human association except with intimates; he had never been brought up to it. Lincoln could not have created what Washington did; Lincoln had to dream; Lincoln had his associates, high and low, but Lincoln had to be away from the picture. Lincoln had to live his thoughts in an attitude of prayer. Lincoln had to be abstract in his thinking, while he was concrete in his conduct. And until the time of Roosevelt, there had never been a man in the White House who had solved the art — and it is an art — of official and human contact with a large number of people. Roosevelt raised to its highest influence, the question of personal contact. Roosevelt's speeches and his writings would have been impotent without his virility and his frequent touch with human life.

Roosevelt could never have lived potentially and influentially as a mental abstraction. Therefore, Roosevelt lived, in the providence of the great God, at a moment when the factions, social and civil, in the United States, required a human being who could be brought into contact with every other human being, and demonstrate that officialdom did not prevent human association. And that is the philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt, as I understand it.

Our Soldiers and the Rocky Mountain Club

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID CAREY SHANKS

Commander of the Port of Embarkation



ESTEEM it a great honor to say even a few words for Colonel Roosevelt; a soldier himself, he was peculiarly the friend of soldiers, and no soldier in a good cause ever applied to him in vain. Nearly two years ago, in the blackest and coldest of all American winters, our great embarkation camp at Camp Merritt was filled to overflowing with soldiers who were waiting their turn to go abroad in active service. In order to provide for the welfare of those soldiers, through the generosity of Mrs. Merritt and others, a great Soldiers' Club was instituted, Merritt Hall, which has since become the greatest club ever founded in America for our soldiers. It was deemed that that club should be opened by some kind of formality, something to stir up the spirits of our men, for the news from abroad was not good, and there was a general consensus of opinion that the man to stir up the soldiers was Colonel Roosevelt.

I went to his office and asked him to go, but his Secretary with kindness informed me that it was impossible, that the Colonel was out with a Committee seeing that the poor children of New York should have pure milk, that every hour of his time was taken. I left a note saying that I would ask only one minute of his time. By phone, I had a message to call the next day. And when I told him that our soldiers needed somebody to stir them up, that we wanted to hand down in that camp a proper spirit and to create the proper spirit, he said, "I will come the first afternoon I can get off." He never hesitated a minute. And when the afternoon came, it was in January, the

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roads were covered with snow and ice, one of the coldest days of the winter. Many another man would have turned back, but the Colonel went out, and he delivered a rousing address in Merritt Hall, which was packed like sardines with soldiers; and at the Y. M. C. A. Building, which would normally hold twenty-eight hundred, more than four thousand were packed in at an overflow meeting. On every post and every pillar and even up in the rafters there were soldiers; and never in my life have I seen such enthusiasm. The spirit which the Colonel aroused at that time was handed on from one organization to another. No man can tell the good that address did.

It was on that trip, too, as I took him out, that I learned how deep was his disappointment that he himself could have no active participation in this war. I learned to know then how bitter was his feeling that he was not able to be a soldier himself.

He said to me, "Here am I, a man of action, and all I can do is only talk and write."

You have all heard what the Rocky Mountain Club has done for the Belgian Relief, but members of that club though you are, I doubt if many of you know what you have done for the soldiers. The Rocky Mountain Club has been one of the great instrumentalities in caring for our soldiers, in making a home for those who are from the West. Through that club, more than one hundred and fifty thousand letters and telegrams were distributed to men from the Rocky Mountain region. There was a cordial greeting there not only for the "Boys of the West" but for every American soldier who visited the club.

Thousands and thousands of dollars of the club's money were spent to take care of our men. I recall a little incident last June, when I was over in France and was waiting on the pier at Brest. I went over on the Leviathan and as soon as we got off, they started loading sick and wounded back on there, and I saw two soldiers, both of them on a litter, one from Colorado and one from Wyoming. I went up and talked to them for a moment, asked them where they were wounded, and they said they were getting better and they hoped, by the time they got to New York, they would be able to get around a little bit. But they said they were far from home when they reached New York; and I said to them, "Oh, no, you may be far from home,

OUR SOLDIERS AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLUB

but you won't be far from friends. There is a club in New York that looks after men from your section." And I told them where it was, and they said, "How will we find it?" I said, "Go to 44th Street near 6th Avenue, and look for that flag which you will find there, 'Welcome Home, Boys of the West.'"

Now that work which was done is little known to your members, I imagine. I saw the benefits of it. I know your worthy president and your vice-president and others of the club gave all the backing to it that they could, but I feel that I ought to say that to your club secretary, Mr. Herbert Wall, a very great part of the credit is due. He did it in magnificent shape, and on behalf of those soldiers who enjoyed the hospitality and the benefits of your club, I want to thank you.

Now, I have covered the incident of going with Colonel Roosevelt to Camp Merritt; will you pardon me, if I close by relating one little incident which happened to me in my embarkation service — a little out of the ordinary but in a way very pleasing.

One day last January, in opening the mail, I found a letter addressed to me by name. It was postmarked Detroit, and when I opened the letter, the first thing that fell out of it was a large picture cut from a newspaper. It fell on the desk and I opened it and it was a picture of a ferryboat crowded with soldiers; you never saw so many soldiers on one boat in your life; and in the foreground was one man whose face was particularly clear, rather emaciated; it looked as if he had been sick. And on the cap of the soldier, the writer with a pen had made a cross-mark and down on the blouse underneath the chin was another. I looked to see what the letter that accompanied this picture stated, and when I looked at the letter it was in the scrawling writing and the simple words of a school girl, and it ran something like this. It said, "General Shanks: My mother tells me to write and send you this picture. We think it is a picture of my brother, but the War Department wired us that he was killed in Flanders last October; but my mother says to tell you she knows that is her boy. Can you help us?"

The newspaper clipping had been cut so close that the name of the paper and its date were missing; there was nothing but the picture itself. But fortunately the girl signed her name and I sent for our

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transportation officer, who runs all passenger lists of the great transports — more than 300,000 came back in some months — and I told him to get busy and see if they could find that name.

Within four hours they came back to me with a story and a report which was true, that the boy was in Greenhut Hospital, wounded, and I was able to send to that mother a telegram which gave me more pleasure than any of the thousands that were sent out bearing my name, that her boy was in Greenhut Hospital, was rapidly getting better, and would be able to go home in a few days.



Words for Our Time and All Time

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT



HE teachings of the New Testament are foreshadowed in Micah's verse: "What more doth the Lord require of thee than to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Do justice; and therefore fight valiantly against the armies of Germany and Turkey, for these nations in this crisis stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub in this earth.

Love mercy; treat prisoners well; succor the wounded; treat every woman as if she were your sister; care for the little children; and be tender with the old and helpless.

Walk humbly; you will do so if you study the life and teachings of the Saviour.

May the God of Justice and Mercy have you in His keeping! —
Message placed in all copies of the New Testament given to soldiers during the War by the New York Bible Society.

We shall never be successful over the dangers that confront us; we shall never achieve true greatness, nor reach the lofty ideal which the founders and preservers of our mighty Federal Republic have set before us, unless we are Americans in heart and soul, in spirit and purpose, keenly alive to the responsibility implied in the very name of American, and proud beyond measure of the glorious privilege of bearing it.—*American Ideals.*

We Americans are the children of the crucible. The crucible does not do its work unless it turns out those cast into it in one national mould; and that must be the mould established by Washington and his fellows when they made us into a nation. We must be Americans; and nothing else.—*The Foes of Our Own Household.*

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The most perfect machinery of government will not keep us as a nation from destruction if there is not within us a soul. No abounding material prosperity shall avail us if our spiritual senses atrophy. The foes of our own household shall surely prevail against us unless there be in our people an inner life which finds its outward expression in a morality not very widely different from that preached by the seers and prophets of Judea when the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome still lay in the future.— *The Foes of Our Own Household.*



Tributes to Roosevelt

Messages Received by the Rocky Mountain Club at its First Roosevelt Day Dinner



IS MAJESTY the King, deeply appreciates the courteous invitation of Rocky Mountain Club to be present at dinner on October twenty-seventh. Unfortunately that day the King will already have left New York. The King knows the tremendous aid and effective help given to suffering Belgium by the Rocky Mountain Club, and wishes again to extend to members of this splendid organization his sincerest thanks for all that they have done for Belgium." — KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM, *through His Excellency, the Belgian Ambassador to the United States.*

"The impress that Theodore Roosevelt's personality has made upon the world does not need emphasis. Whatever his fame as a statesman, it can never outrun his fame as a man. However widely men may differ from him in matters of national policy, this thing men in their hearts would wish, that their sons might have within them the spirit, the will, the strength, the manliness, the Americanism of Roosevelt. He was made of that rugged and heroic stuff with which legend delights to play. The Idylls and Sagas and the Iliads have been woven about men of this mold. We may surely expect to see developed a Roosevelt legend, a body of tales that will exalt the physical power and endurance of the man and the boldness of his spirit, his robust capacity for blunt speech and his hearty comradeship, his live interest in all things living — these will make our boys for the long future proud that they are of his race and his country. And no surer fame than this can come to any man to live in the hearts of the boys of his land as one whose doings and sayings they would wish to make their own." — FRANKLIN K. LANE, *Secretary of the Interior.*

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"It is fortunate for the American people to have at an hour such as this a memory like that of Theodore Roosevelt to draw upon. It steadies us." — HENRY J. ALLEN, *Governor of Kansas*.

"I wish that Mr. Roosevelt's voice could now speak to America. It cannot. But the emphasis put upon his life by such events as your's, is the next best thing that can be done to help re-Americanize America." — JOHN H. BARTLETT, *Governor of New Hampshire*.

"In the uncertain and anxious days of our preparation for war with Germany, more than any other citizen he was the tribune of the people, and with a message of true Americanism, which rang from Ocean to Ocean, the spirit of Americanism was renewed. That the Americanism proclaimed by Theodore Roosevelt will be our guardian principle now and in future years is my hope." — R. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN, *Governor of Rhode Island*.

"Our entire country owes him a debt of gratitude for his unswerving devotion to our country and his noble example of patriotism." — THEO. G. BILBO, *Governor of Mississippi*.

"Theodore Roosevelt was an outstanding typical American, fearless in his moral courage, gifted with a versatility that few of our public men have possessed and thoroughly understood and ably represented the new American spirit of liberty and democracy. In my opinion ex-President Roosevelt did as much as any one leader in the country to arouse the dormant spirit of American patriotism and to preach the gospel of preparedness that culminated in our glorious victories at Château Thierry, the Argonne Forest and the Belleau Woods." — CHARLES H. BROUGH, *Governor of Arkansas*.

"Much to my regret it will be impossible for me to be present at the Rocky Mountain Club Dinner on Theodore Roosevelt's birthday. It is indeed fitting that such a tribute should be accorded to our late foremost citizen, Theodore Roosevelt, whose work in behalf of this nation still goes on although he is no longer with us in body." — THOMAS E. CAMPBELL, *Governor of Arizona*.

TRIBUTES TO ROOSEVELT

"What would Roosevelt do if he undertook to settle the thousand and one strikes of the day, to cut Bolshevism out of honest labor, to speed up production, or to keep one hundred per cent. Americanism in our international relations? He was fearless and had but one policy, the square deal. His diplomacy was courageous, direct, single-purposed, just, effective, American. The career of Theodore Roosevelt furnishes the best examples of patriotism and statesmanship to guide American citizens in discharging their duties of the day." — PERCIVAL W. CLEMENT, *Governor of Vermont*.

"In his great body and sparkling mind, Theodore Roosevelt stands with us no more. He lies as many another of the greater works of God, a man rather to be known without the mere physical, and we who knew him well will not reach the place where we shall not wish he might have tarried longer. Would that we all had the everlasting fearlessness of Roosevelt to find and face the truth; to advocate and fix it when and where it is. Theodore Roosevelt, though dead, lives on and on and on. All his life had been a struggle until the last. Then he went to sleep and there was no battle. God was with him." — W. L. HARDING, *Governor of Iowa*.

"Theodore Roosevelt was a dominant factor in American public life for thirty years. During all that time he thought and strove for a better, juster society. Men differed with him as to the route, but not as to the goal humanity should strive to attain. His robust and fearless Americanism was like a bugle-call to his countrymen whenever danger threatened, from within or without. Whether in office or in private life, he was a leader of thought and an inspirer of action. And now with the new problems which the end of the war has brought, his voice will be sorely missed. It is fortunate indeed for the coming years that he lived long enough to give utterance upon many of the important questions which confront us. Whenever despotism, whether the despotism of some future Hohenzollern or a Bolshevik, shall threaten, Theodore Roosevelt, though in his grave, will speak to the American people with a compelling voice. He is still the valiant foe of greed, oppression and injustice. He will live forever in the hearts of the American people." — FRANK O. LOWDEN, *Governor of Illinois*.

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"The words and deeds of Theodore Roosevelt express the ideals of America. He represented in thought and lived in action all that is best in our institutions. To keep sacred his memory in the way he would most desire would be to live in community, State and nation as an American, as he lived and spoke and worked." — JOHN G. TOWNSEND, JR., *Governor of Delaware*.

"He was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light. He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the great doers of all time. Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him, but children made him their playmate. He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with a flame that gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God. He was loyal to his country and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best. He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale. His courtesy knew no wealth, no class; his friendship, no creed or color or race. His courage withstood every onslaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit, defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come. He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak spaces and hardy companions, hazardous adventure and the zest of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack; and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide." — O. H. SHOUP, *Governor of Colorado*.

"Theodore Roosevelt, thorough American, striving always for the good of America." — WILLIAM D. STEPHENS, *Governor of California*.

"As a citizen, Theodore Roosevelt approached the ideal. His occupation was America; his relaxation was study. His pleasure was

TRIBUTES TO ROOSEVELT

friendship. His family relations, too sacred to be lightly intruded upon, were those to which good men everywhere aspire and good women best understand and appreciate. While he lived, millions followed him because they believed in him as a force for righteousness, justice, peace and progress; and a whole people mourns his loss." — WILLIAM M. CALDER, *United States Senator, New York*.

"Such men are greatly needed in these trying times. Among the great world characters, Theodore Roosevelt stands among the foremost and history will record him as one of the great leaders of the world. Theodore Roosevelt was truly a wonderful man, always a true American and always for fair play to his fellow man." — CHARLES CURTIS, *United States Senator, Kansas*.

"I want to assure you that nothing could give me greater pleasure, if it were possible to do so, than to be present on this occasion and thus testify to my admiration for the man and for that pronounced Americanism for which he stood." — WILLIAM P. DILLINGHAM, *United States Senator, Vermont*.

"He not only was the man of his age, but, through his influence for good, will remain the man of generations yet to come." — WALTER E. EDGE, *United States Senator, New Jersey*.

"I very greatly wish that I might be with you tonight and join in the tributes which will be paid to one of the foremost men America has ever produced. Theodore Roosevelt stood for America first, last and all the time. A wise statesman, a profound scholar, a fearless soldier, and an uncompromising friend of the whole people. He left a name that will go down in the history of the United States, and be linked in ages to come with the names of the world's greatest men. The very fact that all over this land his memory is being revered tonight by multitudes of Americans, who loved, honored and respected him, is the highest tribute that could be paid him." — DAVIS ELKINS, *United States Senator, West Virginia*.

"Not only was he one of the foremost statesmen of his day, but his private life, his love for home and family, is an inspiration and

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example not alone to his contemporaries, but to all those who shall follow him." — BERT M. FERNALD, *United States Senator, Maine*.

"Deeply regret that pending legislation in the Senate prevents my being present at the Roosevelt Birthday Dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. The life of Theodore Roosevelt has been an inspiration to every red-blooded American. He was the most versatile genius of modern history, holding high place. As a Louisianian, I can never forget how he established confidence and dispelled existing fear at a time when the south land was threatened by an epidemic of yellow fever, in nineteen hundred and five, the last visitation of that dread disease to our country. I join with you in all honor to the great American." — EDWARD J. GAY, *United States Senator, Louisiana*.

"Theodore Roosevelt stood for America first, not upon occasion, but upon three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth days in the year. His Americanism was twenty karats fine — mine run. He accepted and obeyed the first commandment of patriotism, 'Thou shalt have no other country before me.' To attempt to add to this at the present juncture would be vain repetition." — THOMAS P. GORE, *United States Senator, Oklahoma*.

"I sincerely regret that it is impossible for me to leave Washington to attend the Roosevelt Memorial Banquet of the Rocky Mountain Club. It would have been a real pleasure to pay my personal tribute to the memory of the greatest American it has been my privilege to know." — FREDERICK HALE, *United States Senator, Maine*.

"We are only now coming to understand his lofty stature as an outstanding and courageous American. It is good to believe that every meeting in his memory and every grateful mention of his name will contribute to the American spirit which he himself would have promoted, and which is so necessary for the great American fulfillment." — WARREN G. HARDING, *United States Senator, Ohio*.

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"Theodore Roosevelt was a great American, and I am glad to join the efforts of the prominent citizens in Georgia in a memorial to his memory." — WILLIAM J. HARRIS, *United States Senator, Georgia*.

"Unexpected developments brought a vote in Senate today on Johnson amendment which prevented my attending dinner. I wish to add my word of admiration for the late Theodore Roosevelt and his Americanism. His many accomplishments place him among the greatest men of our country. His devotion to country is an inspiration to those of us who are permitted to carry on." — C. B. HENDERSON, *United States Senator, Nevada*.

"It would have been an honor and pleasure to meet his fellow-citizens of New York City on this occasion, thereby expressing my profound respect and affection for the great American whose memory you will honor and whose virtues, wisdom and patriotism become more striking and admirable with the passing of time." — P. C. KNOX, *United States Senator, Pennsylvania*.

"Permit me to add that one of the truly great men produced by America was Theodore Roosevelt. Of course, I differed with him in politics, but I always admired his strength of character, his firmness of purpose, his sterling patriotism, his willingness to fight for his country and his power and aptitude for doing great things." — KENNETH MCKELLAR, *United States Senator, Tennessee*.

"No gathering which contemplates the life of that great American patriot could fail of inspiration to all those who love their country and their fellowmen in practical sincerity; and in the days since his passing away, whenever I have had occasion to think of him, the words of Froude upon hearing of the death of Carlyle have instinctively sprung to my mind: 'A man is dead!'" — GEORGE H. MOSES, *United States Senator, New Hampshire*.

"On account of the consideration of the Peace Treaty in the Senate it is out of the question for me to leave Washington at this

time. Were the situation different, I assure you I should most certainly attend the banquet and take occasion to pay my tribute of regard and respect for the high character, splendid attainments and patriotic services of the distinguished statesman whose anniversary you celebrate." — BOISE PENROSE, *United States Senator, Pennsylvania*.

"Roosevelt's best and freest life was spent in the west, where he broadened his ideas and laid up a fund of health which carried him through his unparalleled career. I join with you in honoring his memory." — JAMES D. PHELAN, *United States Senator, California*.

"In many things I differed radically with Theodore Roosevelt, but I admired him for the intensity of his Americanism; and in times like these his is a name to conjure with. I wish the memorial movement every success." — ATLEE POMERENE, *United States Senator, Ohio*.

"I know the Nation which reveres his memory will be with you spiritually in your commemoration exercises. Theodore Roosevelt was truly a great American, and while many differed with him on important national questions his opponents join almost unanimously with his friends and admirers in testifying to the devoted, conscientious and tireless public service he dedicated to America, and her traditions." — JOSEPH E. RANDELL, *United States Senator, Louisiana*.

"While I differed radically upon matters of party politics with Mr. Roosevelt, there was no divergence of our views on all those great questions which involved the honor and independence of the United States.

"Theodore Roosevelt was a great American who believed in a great America." — JAMES A. REED, *United States Senator, Missouri*.

"Few men in our nation's history have so powerfully influenced the American people. The observance of the anniversary of his birthday will give emphasis to the spirit of loyalty to the institutions which distinctly characterize our republic, the spirit of intense and never-failing Americanism." — J. T. ROBINSON, *United States Senator, Arkansas*.

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"I regret exceedingly that the situation in the Senate prevents my being present at the dinner tonight in commemoration of the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt. Our country is now and always will be safer and stronger in patriotism and conduct because of his thrilling words and his great example. He, being dead, yet speaketh." — SELDON P. SPENCER, *United States Senator, Missouri*.

"In times like these, every good American citizen will appreciate the masterful qualities of Theodore Roosevelt. He was not a mere dreamer nor, as his biographer expressed it, a man whose conception of duty consisted in 'magnificent ideals at long range,' but one who saw and performed the immediate task of the hour. As I have had occasion to say, he was at the time of his death our greatest American. Whence comes such another?" — THOMAS STERLING, *United States Senator, South Dakota*.

"Theodore Roosevelt was one of the most intensely American and intensely human individuals whom we have ever known. We lost a true patriot when he passed away; and now in these troublous times, we hear on all sides expressions of heartfelt regret that he is not here to help us in guiding the destinies of our country whose people loved and trusted him, and looked up to his masterly qualities of mind with a confidence that is not often given so generally to men in public pursuits. The record of his life and works will go down in history as an example that American manhood may well emulate." — FRANCIS E. WARREN, *United States Senator, Wyoming*.

"I earnestly trust that the occasion will be worthy of the great man in whose honor it is held." — JAMES E. WATSON, *United States Senator, Indiana*.

"I would like to do honor by my presence, or rather have honor done to my presence by being with you on Theodore Roosevelt's birthday. However much we may have differed in our time about partisan political matters, we never differed at all in a strenuous and pronounced Americanism; a determination that aliens and hyphenates should not control this country; and in devotion to the progress of the

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human race in liberty, and democracy and fraternity. It is a source of consolation to me to remember that we were personally always good friends, although he was supreme and I a modest participant in the councils of opposing parties. It is my opinion that he was superlatively possessed of the three cardinal virtues: honesty, courage and truthfulness." — JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, *United States Senator, Mississippi.*



Is the New League of Nations An Instrument of Tyranny for the Repression of Human Liberty

BY

FRANK ALLABEN

President of The National Historical Society



THE question put at the head of this article may seem surprising from one who has so many times and so emphatically urged in these pages the formation of a League of Nations to enforce international righteousness and to outlaw duelling wars. Yet at Paris the dictators of the proposed world peace, President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Clemenceau, made three grave mistakes which bring a great moral issue before the conscience of the world. The three errors form a sequence, closely related, showing how one moral failure leads directly to a second, and this to a third, while the three wrongs together produce a new situation, causing widespread apprehension concerning the practicability of the proposed League of Nations.

The three blunders are:

1. Refusal of Japan's just request for a declaration of the essential political equality of the white and yellow races.
2. The proposal to dispose of the City of Fiume in violation of the will of its inhabitants and thus contrary to the principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."
3. Usurpation by three men of a pretended right to transfer goods and privileges in Shantung, which had been seized by a robber (Germany), to another robber (Japan), instead of restoring them to their lawful owners, the Chinese of Shantung.

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These errors, which followed one another in the order in which we mention them, plainly show a descending progression into increasingly serious iniquities.

In the first place, it would have been very simple to have proclaimed the general principle of race equality, while safeguarding the right of each nation to regulate its own immigration problems on economic grounds. President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George are commonly reported to have been responsible for the refusal of Japan's just demand for a declaration of race equality, which Premiers Clemenceau and Orlando were willing to concede. The effect of the error was soon manifest: those who refused this just claim of Japan lost the moral power to refuse the unjust claim which she subsequently advanced against the rights of China.

Again, having partially alienated the Japanese Peace Delegation by refusing their righteous claim to a recognition of the equality of races, the Italian Delegation and all Italy were completely alienated by an unrighteous denial to the City of Fiume of the right to decide her own destiny. The consequent withdrawal of the Italian Delegation from the Peace Conference made it appear that Italy might be forced out of the proposed League of Nations and compelled to make a separate peace with Germany and Austria.

At this juncture, with the five principal peace delegations at Paris reduced to only four, and with the project of a League of Nations thus placed in jeopardy, the Japanese Delegates saw their opportunity and pressed, against the rights of China, their grossly unrighteous claim to seize for themselves the advantages in Shantung which Germany had burglarized from the Chinese. Fearing that the Japanese Delegation might withdraw, as the Italian Delegation had done, President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Clemenceau betrayed the world in a cowardly and iniquitous surrender to Japan.

Having forfeited the support of Italy by wronging her and Fiume, these gentlemen had lost the stamina to resist the robber-claims of Japan. Having refused Japan where she was right, they balanced the scale by sanctioning her violence in a criminal act, weighing one wrong against another, and violating every pledge they had given their peoples to make a righteous peace.

IS THE LEAGUE AN INSTRUMENT OF TYRANNY?

At Fiume and Shantung alike we see the grossest violation of the great American principle that human government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. In the case of Fiume President Wilson played the leading part. In the case of Shantung he is thought to have acquiesced reluctantly — having fallen into the trap set by his previous betrayal of his principles. In both cases there is reason to believe that Mr. Lloyd George is behind these errors; and, if so, he may find that he has hopelessly confirmed the American people in their deep-seated conviction that British politicians can never be trusted in a stand for righteousness against British cupidity.

Fiume is a city of which Americans know little. But the wrongs which republican China has suffered at the hands of autocratic Japan are well known in this country, which feels a deep interest in the welfare of its friend and imitators, the Chinese. Even should we close our eyes to a trampling upon the rights of 50,000 people in Fiume, we are not likely to remain indifferent when the same issue is raised on a far greater scale by the ceding of the rights of the 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 Chinese of the Shantung Peninsula to Japan without regard to the consent of this enormous population.

No possible argument of expediency can justify such wrongs. No such acts can be expedient, while men have consciences to be outraged, and the Throne of Divine Providence refuses to let such abominations go unpunished. We fear the consequences, immediate and future, not as enemies to the idea of a League of Nations, but as those who have been its most devoted friends.

It should cause no surprise to thoughtful men that such mistakes raise great moral issues, where the complex decisions necessary in making peace with Germany and Austria raise none.

The very different principles involved in the two kinds of cases seem to us quite simple, and this difference is felt by man's conscience even though he may not analyze the reason. All law, divine and human, demands restitution from criminals and their punishment and loss of liberty as a safeguard to society. Wherefore the world's conscience readily accepts the Paris solutions of the difficult problems of exacting restitution and security from the criminal nations, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria. Sympathy for these

evil-doers can be gained only by convincing our consciences that we are wrong in thinking them responsible for the great war and for the abominations they practiced in carrying it on.

But any unrighteousness sanctioned in handing over the liberties or property of friendly, allied or neutral peoples to governments they reject must arouse our instant anger. Is not this the very thing we fought Germany to prevent and rectify? We cannot get away from this. We all know that to use the new-born League of Nations to sanction such wrongs, contemplated in the cases of Fiume and Kiao-Chau, is to make the League of Nations an instrument of unrighteousness at the very start.

Moreover, we cannot forgive President Wilson and Premiers Lloyd George and Clemenceau for mistakes of this kind. For they outrage us by putting a great temptation before us. If the peace of Versailles and the League of Nations come to us with the handicap of such terms it means that the consciences of all the allied nations are terribly tempted to sanction these great injustices under the penalty of forfeiting the offered Peace and League by rejecting the conditions proposed, or delaying and jeopardizing them by attempts at amendments to remove these wrongs.

Yet since the Peace and League come to the American people for ratification of such unrighteousness, our people have no option, if they wish to avoid the stain upon our national conscience and honor involved in the sanction of such wrongs. And just here one of our institutions and one of the provisions of our Constitution meet a great test. We refer to the United States Senate, and to the Constitutional limitation of the treaty-making powers of our presidents in conditioning the acceptance of treaties by requiring their sanction by a two-thirds vote of the Senate.

As the Peace Treaty and the Peace League come to us dishonored by such oppressions of peoples as are contemplated in the cases of Fiume and Shantung, we sincerely hope that the American people, through their Senate, will refuse to accept the Peace and the League until the proposed wrongs are done away with.

This is a great test of our democracy. It is perfectly clear to the whole world that the Peace terms and the League decisions, in the final analysis, that is, in all disputed points, are the terms and deci-

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sions dictated by three men, Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau. They are acting as the representatives of great democracies, but where these representatives fail, as they have done in the serious matters here discussed, their work must be repudiated by the democracies behind them, or democratic government will have failed in its greatest crisis in human history.

We candidly expressed our total lack of hope of finding in the British Parliament or the Assembly of France sufficient stamina to rebuke Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Clemenceau by rejecting their grave errors. The world's hope here lies in the United States Senate and in the American people behind their Senate.

In the American Senate, too, the whole issue is imperiled by bitter partisan blindness. We have been constantly reminded of Washington's warning against "entangling alliances." But who has reminded us of Washington's warning which does apply — his warning of the peril to America from extreme partisanship in our National Councils?

The partisan blindness of some of our Senators seems to lead them to wish to betray the American people and the whole world by opposing and rejecting the entire attempt to deal with international criminality by means of a League of Nations. One terrible consequence of Wilson's surrender to unrighteousness is the fact that he thus has given these Senatorial wreckers a powerful argument against any League of Nations.

By his grave blunders President Wilson has shown the whole world how easily the League of Nations can be made an instrument of iniquity. With his fellow-leaders he has demonstrated that the policy of the League can be and hereafter also probably will be directed by three men, the representatives of three powers, Great Britain, the United States, and France. He has furthermore shown that, even were the United States always represented by as great a moral force as President Wilson himself, Great Britain and France can secure their ends in sanctioning iniquities by uniting their influences.

Will it be said that unanimity is required, and that the representative of the United States may always withhold acquiescence? But if at the outset so strong a man as Mr. Wilson surrenders to such

a crime as Japan meditates against China, what shall we expect from weaker representatives of the United States in the Council of the League?

Thus the three greatest leaders of the world by their gross blunders have already proven that the League is not safe, as an instrument for righteousness, unless some veto check is devised — some form of referendum by means of which every serious decision of the League Council may be referred for ratification to the *peoples* of the nations represented. If already, through our Senate, we as a conscientious people are morally bound to wage a fight for the liberties of Fiume and Shantung against the three great leaders at Paris, are we willing to accept a League which does not equip us to wage such a legal fight against wrong whenever the occasion may occur?

Without such a check the charge is justified that the League can readily be made by a few politicians the greatest instrument against right and human liberty which the world has ever seen.

England and France have in the past offended against China much as Germany did at Shantung. Is that why they are willing to help Japan to offend? Alsace-Lorraine was for centuries under German rule, and in 1871 Germany secured it again by enforced treaty. Shantung was never under German rule, and Germany forced it from China as late as 1898. Thus Germany's title to Alsace-Lorraine was far better than her title to Shantung. Why did not the leaders at Paris go through the farce of pretending that Germany had a title to Alsace-Lorraine, and then ask her to transfer this title to England, as they pretended that Germany had a title to Shantung, and then asked her to transfer it to Japan?

Germany had the same right to Belgium that she had to Shantung, and President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George have the same right to ask Germany to turn Belgium over to France that they, with Mr. Clemenceau, have to ask her to turn China's Shantung, or some of its rights, over to autocratic and oppressive Japan, the Germany of the Far East.

President Wilson did not like this disposal of Shantung. But Great Britain is the secret ally of Japan, had made with her an

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iniquitous bargain to give her some of China's property, insisted upon doing so, and the President of the United States insulted his people by consenting to this highway robbery in their name.

This shows the perils of the League, unless the politicians who are to manage it can be subjected, in all their policies, to the speedy and effective vetoes of the popular conscience of the nations they represent. Do the League proposals provide such a veto system?

Yet while the League thus presents a practical problem to be solved, this peril and difficulty do not afford a valid argument against a League with proper veto provisions. On the contrary, the virtue of a League of Nations is disclosed in the very fact that its defects have thus become at once so apparent to the whole world. The world has waited for just what we see at Paris — a method of dealing with world problems in the presence of the whole world, so that any grave mistakes of the leaders are at once apparent to the conscience of all mankind, are subject to world-discussion, and amenable to amendment.

No fallacy, no amount of dust-throwing, can hide this great gain. However few the nation's representatives may be in the League Council, their adjustment of world difficulties cannot be hid in a bushel. The eyes of the whole world will always rest on all their acts. As we have lately seen, any attempt at secret proceedings will cause universal scandal. Every act, every decision, will be discussed and weighed by mankind. Such a League will be a great transparency, through which that which concerns the world will pass clearly.

All that is needed, then, will be a carefully worked-out system by means of which the will of the conscience of the world can register itself and lawfully prevail over any leadership or combination of leadership which goes astray.

Thus the greatest opportunity in the world's history is open to the American Senate if its members can purge themselves of partisanship and rise for once to the emergency of the nations. Let them give us Peace and a League, but one redeemed from the contemplated wrongs against Fiume and Shantung, and provided with adequate veto checks or provision for referendum to the conscience of the peoples of the earth.

The Adriatic "Irredenta"

BY

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HERE lies to the east of the Venetian plain a region which since Roman times was considered the tenth region or district of Italy proper, and as such known by the name of Venetia Julia. It is nothing but an actual and organic part of the former Italian borderland of Friuli, and how in mischief anybody but an Austro-German coalition could draw a line through that region (and call it a boundary and the western part of it Italy and the eastern part of it Austria) beats the unfairness of the Alsatian boundary by the mile. To meet anything like a natural boundary line you must travel eastward, cross the Isonzo and, coming down from Tarvis, follow the watershed of the Julian Alps and reach the Monte Albio or Nevoso, known in German as Schneeberg, and considered from time immemorial as a basic point in the determination of the Italian boundary. Thence a fairly straight and clear line does bring you down to the sea and the city of Fiume, a junction point between the province of Istria, a peninsular appendage of the Italian mainland on the west, and the mainland of Croatia on the east. It will be noted that the line thus formed, and clearly indicated by all geologic tests and by the geographic structure of the land, is practically the same that was set for immediate Austrian evacuation by the terms of the armistice of November last. Coming down the Adriatic coast, the coastline very clearly splits itself in two, the Croatian mainland, and the ridge of islands which curve outward along the Morlacca channel and are generally known in bulk as the islands of the Quarnero.

Then comes the actual Dalmatian region, which by a common misapprehension is sometimes taken to embrace the whole of the eastern Adriatic coast. Let it be very clearly understood, therefore, that

Dalmatia proper extends from north of Zara to the Bay of Cattaro, but the typically and fundamentally Italian Dalmatia reaches from north of Zara to south of Spalato. After this, the coast up to Ragusa, though teeming with Italian memories and showing Italian influence, loses some of what can be called the intensity of the Italian spirit; Ragusa on the other hand shows much of it, but Ragusa has always been a rather curious autonomous entity, and was an independent republic while Dalmatia was a Venetian province. We may add, that all geographic and geologic tests from the structure of the subsoil to the flora and fauna of the surface, show the close connection of the Dalmatian borderland with the Italian coast, while its stony differentiation from the mainland behind it is proved by the fact that the Adriatic watershed is as abrupt and precipitous as a mountain lake watershed, whereas the other side of the thick mountain chain offers a broad and easy declivity toward a depression that finally leads to the Ægean.

So much for geography. History in the Adriatic is written all over the sea and the land, the city and the village, the church and the tower. And it is written in Italian. Whoever has traveled from Trieste to Ragusa can remember the lettering, in marble, in bronze, in stone; I am not speaking of Roman history. And though the arena of Pola and the palace of Diocletian at Spalato and the ruins of Salona and the aqueduct of Fiume and the Lapidarium of Trieste and the museum of Aquileia present to the archæologist and the æsthete, in a shorter space of land, a nobler array of Roman glory than is to be seen anywhere in Italy with the exception of Rome; and though they concentrate within those few miles, one may say, beauty and majesty enough to outrival the Roman theatres of Orange or Seville, the arches of Rimini, Ancona and Salonika, and a few of the Roman traces in Asia Minor, Germany and Great Britain besides—yet the glory and the antiquity being remote it may be held none too significant. But the point is this, that whereas in other countries the native element came up and began building things and history of its own, in Istria and Dalmatia the same Latin element kept on, and the following monuments are Italian,—Italian and Venetian they remain throughout the Renaissance, that gives some of its best artists' efforts to the cathedrals, the "logge," the "municipii" of the coast. Giorgio Orsini, the architect of Sebenico and Luciano Laurana, the architect of the ducal palace of Urbino in Italy, were natives of this coast. Humanists as Fortunio

da Sebenico, historians as Giovanni Lucio, scientists as Marcantonio de Dominis, admirals as Coriolano Cippico, were given to Venice and to Europe by these coasts. Once the Venetian Senate was called upon to decide whether it wouldn't be expedient to set the capital of the Venetian republic in Zara, and as late as 1797, when a Venetian patriot deplored the slackening of the old spirit in Venice, he was advised thus: "Tole su ei corno e ande a Zara" [take up the ducal cap and go to Zara], where the old spirit remained. And that it was there all right Zara proved by burying under the altar of her cathedral the banners of St. Mark, to await there the day of redemption, after the fall of the Republic of Venice was announced. At the same time the citizens of a small Istrian town, Isola, killed their "podesta," believing him to be a traitor when he announced their coming subjection to Austria. If you happen to be in any of the small cities of Istria you will see an Italian church and an Italian campanile; Zara has such good examples of Romanic architecture that Pisa, Lucca and Pistoia can hardly compete with her; the steeples of the cathedrals of Arbe, Spalato and Trat are purest Italian style. The city halls of Capo, Distria, Curzola, Pola (you see I am quoting at random) could grace any Italian city. Trieste, although so largely modern and commercial, is unmistakably Italian in her modernity: Milan is her prototype, and there is no admixture of Austrian or German to her stately rows of green-blinded, square-lined, square-built Italian houses.

When Napoleon in 1797 traded off to Austria the Venetian republic, the Adriatic coastland followed her fate and passed into Austrian subjection. It was somehow tacitly understood, as it was historically logical, that if a rearrangement of the map ever happened the fate of those lands would be determined again by the fate of Venice. Instead, when in 1866 Austria was forced to return Venice to Italy, she retained the Adriatic provinces for herself, which Italy was not in a position to reclaim at the time, but which considered themselves Venetian and Italian throughout.

Where, then, did the Jugo-Slavs come in? They came in in the course of centuries, peeping over that very tall ridge of mountains that divides Dalmatia from the Balkanic world, quite close to the coast, much as the enclosing hills come steeply down to the shore of a mountain lake. They came quite early in history, in more or less large groups, sometimes pushed by natural expansion, sometimes prodded by Turkish pressure on the rear. Venice made them welcome as immigrants, and it is recorded that most of them were as loyal to Venice



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POLA, IN ISTRIA

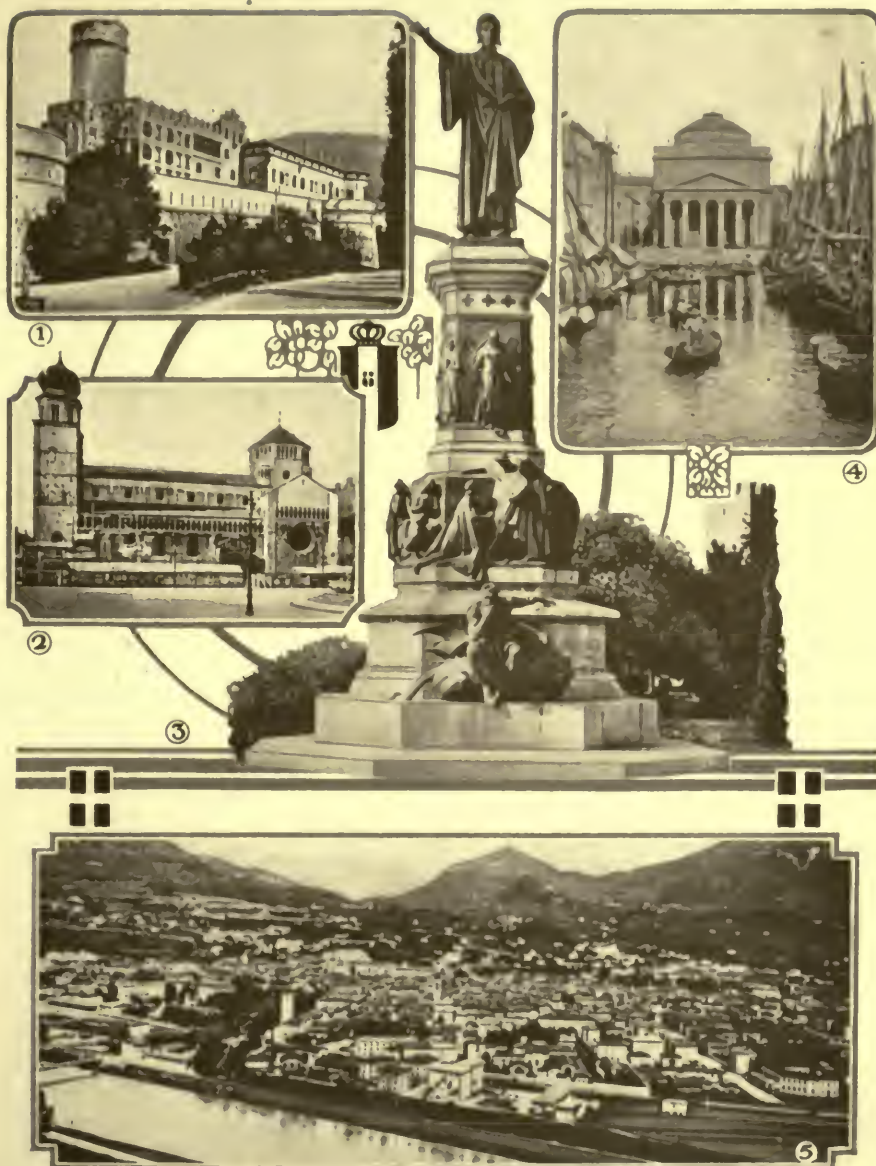
1. Arch built by the Romans
2. Temple of Augustus
3. The ancient Roman Amphitheatre

"Italy's eastern frontier has been drawn ever since Dante wrote,
 'At Pola, near the Quarnaro,
 Which encloses Italy and laves her boundaries.'" — *Mazzini*.





SCENES AT THE ITALIAN FRONT



SCENES IN TRENTO AND TRIESTE

1. The Castle of Buon Consiglio
2. The Cathedral
3. The Dante Monument
4. View from the Grand Canal, Trieste
5. Panorama of Trento





STRUCTURES IN DALMATIA

1. Courtyard of the Government Palace at Ragusa
2. The Golden Gate, Spalato
3. The Cathedral pulpit, Spalato
4. The Cathedral at Cattara

as the best Americanized immigrant or American of foreign descent can be to America. They had no special monuments or civilization of their own, but rather absorbed that of Venice and often settled down as Venetians. Toward the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they showed some literary ambition, and there was some interchange of literary courtesy between Italians who composed Slavic verse and Slavs who attempted Italian strains. When Venice fell, they became with the Italians fellow-subjects of Austria. Italy as a national entity was not yet, and it was only toward the second half of the nineteenth century that Austria became keenly alive to the things that began happening in her Italian possessions. Up to that time, Austria had been rather exploiting than oppressing her Adriatic subjects, and rather favored than otherwise the traditions of the Italian civilization and the use of the Italian language along the Adriatic, because she realized how great the influence of Venice had been all over it and way out into the east, and she hoped to reap for her benefit all the advantages that could be reaped from the substitution of the twin-headed eagle for the lion of St. Mark as its rightful heir all along the millennial trade-routes from Venice to the Ægean Sea and thence to Constantinople. It was the "drang nach osten" in its pre-natal stage.

But when in 1866 Austria lost Venice to Italy she became keenly aware of the fact that the severance of Venice from the Adriatic provinces would naturally leave in the heart of these provinces a desire for reunion with Venice and consequently union with Italy, which as a body politic was daily achieving completion of its unity and proportionately growing as a menace to Austria.

Now, Austria always was noted in history for having the logic of the devil. She instantly knew what to do: destroy Italian nationality in her Adriatic dominions so that all desires of the said nationality should incidentally, along with the nationality, disappear from the world. To do this, she needed a tool; the Slavs were there. By the way, in using the Slavs she achieved another good turn for herself; she gave them something to do and trusted that their natural gratitude toward one who gave them of the fill of Italian land and flattered their demographic powers of expansion would keep them from eventually turning to thoughts of liberty for themselves. She guessed right. The denationalization of the Italian Adriatic was as good as achieved.

It would be hard to even attempt a review of the means, systems and procedure with which the Italian denationalization and the dehis-toriation of the Italian-Adriatic provinces was planned and ultimately

all but achieved. Wholesale importation and deportation of human beings, dumping of literally hundreds of inland alien families, with their thousands of children, to transform the character of some typically Italian district and show up both in the election and in the school returns; a policy of boycott and resistance, of obstructionism and partiality; a constant vexation of all that was Italian and encouragement of all that was alien; municipal and electoral corruption erected to a standard of government; internal espionage ennobled to the standing of government service; the hounding and the crushing not only of words but of feelings; wholesale persecution, beginning with fines and ending with gaol and death; every means that can be imagined, and some of them too brutal for words, were in order against the Italians of Dalmatia. Government agitators actually mingled among the Slavic peasantry, encouraging them to cut down or burn the vines and the crops of their Italian employers.

Many Italians, weary of the long struggle, left their ancestral homes and went to earn a modest living in Italy, thus falling in by necessity with Austria's desire for their absence. Many of them served and died for Italy in this war.

In this way, while on one hand the depletion of the Italian element was being secured, on the other the land was being rapidly filled with alien element. Some of it was there, as I said, as an immigration element in the course of history. Some was dumped, and a large part of it was attracted by the extra favorable conditions made to Slavs by Austria in the Italian provinces, so that it is no wonder that they soon became a numerical majority in a number of districts.

That is largely how and why Italy is confronted to-day by the fact, chiefly "made in Austria," that the Jugo-Slavic conglomeration of peoples, which has found itself suddenly blessed with freedom of motion, expression and ambition, through the action of Italy that brought about the disgregation of Austria, regards itself not only as naturally entitled to the solid mass of southern Slav mainland thus liberated from Austrian control, but to the Italian part of the Adriatic shores as well; and even includes, in an extreme sweep of desire, cities and districts where the Italian majority is indisputable, on the ground that there is heavy Slavic admixture in their surroundings. And, moreover, on the ground that Italy claims for herself in the final peace settlement, and as an integral part of "Italia Irredenta," certain districts and territories of the eastern Adriatic coast where there is an

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actual numerical majority of Slavic inhabitants, it brings against Italy an accusation of "imperialism" and blames Italy's "ambitions" on the Pact of London.

Before we proceed further in our attempt to make plain the situation, it is well to state, therefore, that even the much-abused "pact of London" (as every fair-minded reader of published news must know by this time, and as others always forget to remember), does not by any means claim for Italy the whole of the Adriatic or insist upon making it a closed sea. In fact, the long strip of coast, from south of Fiume to north of Zara, including the ports of Segua and Carlopago, besides minor ones,—a coastland that is neither generally Italian nor specifically Venetian in character—has never been claimed by Italy. Also, to that other length of coast, that, roughly speaking, goes from south of Spalato to south of Ragusa (though it is teeming with Italian memories and studded with tokens of Italian irradiation and civilization), Italy makes no territorial claim, fully recognizing the legitimate desire of the Serbs and Southern Slavs generally to something more in the way of ports and outlets on the sea than the strictly Croatian coast of the north, to which we have alluded above. Thus the three racial branches of the Slavic people, Croats and Slovenes in the northern Adriatic, Serbians in the southern, are fairly dealt with and fully protected and provided for in the terms of the pact of London, which represents actually a minimum of Italian rights and necessities in the Adriatic. This will readily be seen by anyone remembering that by such an agreement the stronghold of Catharo, the strongest naval base not only of the Adriatic but of the Mediterranean, would remain out of Italian hands. If Italy wanted to be imperialistic, she would ask for Catharo first. Instead, she asks for Zara, which, if anything, is sentimental. Also, with what seems almost too much of a renunciation even for the sake of peace and good will to neighbors, the city of Fiume had not been considered, it appears, in the London agreements. And yet the city of Fiume has just recently and very explicitly made known her desire to join Italy on grounds of population (26,000 Italians and 6,000 citizens of Italy against 12,000 Slavonians and 6,400 Magyars), and asked for allied ratification of her act of self-determination at proper time.

All of these cities had Italian mayors and councils (as the intellectual and civic leadership is Italian everywhere) which had been suspended from office at the outbreak of the war, and who have been reinstated by the people as soon as the breakdown of Austria allowed.

More could be said, and in fact ought to be said, but we will content ourselves with recalling here the clear language of Roman law: "Quod subreptum erit, eins rei aeterna auctoritas esto" [The right of the owner over the thing that has been stolen is enduring]. Similarly, all the former Austrian territories now reclaimed were once Italian, "once" including the very recent past, we might say, the "present" of yesterday. What they are "now" is the result of Austrian malpractice with them. A considerable portion of non-Italian elements included in them to-day represents, in other words, the colonization of Austria, a colonization designed and achieved with non-Austrian elements for definitely Austrian purposes, namely, the eviction of Italians from their racial and ancestral homes and the accomplishment of the final destruction of Italian nationality within Austrian borders as a political consequence of the Austrian system of domination: a system against which, we may incidentally remember, this war has been fought and won; a system against which Italian martyrs in the Trentino as well as in Istria and Dalmatia have been protesting for years with the sacrifice of life and of all that life holds dearest in moral and material values.

That the Slavic elements of yesterday, the Slovenes, Croatians, etc., of the Austrian period, the Jugo-Slavs of to-day, were only too often the chosen retainers and the willing instruments of Austria in her enterprise, is a fact which Italy may agree to consider foreclosed to-day in view of present events, but which cannot, unfortunately, be blotted out of history, even though we place it to the discredit of the last years of Austria rather than to that of the pre-history of Jugo-Slavia.

Italy, whose human sympathies have been broadened by suffering, and who least of all could wish the perpetuation of iniquity, is willing to let bygones be bygones and meet the Jugo-Slavs in a friendly spirit. But to her the tragedy of Dalmatia is a tragedy of her national life, and the redemption of the Irredenta and the freedom of the Adriatic are essentials of her very existence. She cannot, therefore, admit or consent to wholesale ratification of Austria's misdeeds, such as the Jugo-Slav extremists and their supporters would impose upon her with the outcry they raise against the legitimate assertion of her rights on the Adriatic Sea.

"Something is rotten" somewhere in the would-be-accusing formula of "Italian imperialism," and in the intentionally confusing statements that are being scattered around by more or less irrespon-

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sible agencies. As, unless she be expected to betray the highest ideals of her national life and the most essential responsibilities of history and civilization, Italy cannot be expected to submit to and ratify the results arrived at by procedure of this kind; she cannot accept a test by statistics that have been made to order by such means; she cannot, after having been compelled for thirty years by the unfortunate situation of the triple alliance to watch in silence the sufferings of her children who were being dispossessed and decimated, refuse to help them now and restore for them the ancestral homes which they defended with such heroism and from which they were all but ousted by foul means when the war began. No other nation has a longer list of actual martyrs for the idea of liberty, not men whose words, to use a brilliant recent phrase, did cut like swords, but men who were actually cut by swords because of the words of freedom they said. If other men cannot sleep in Flanders fields unless the sacred pledge be kept by those who survive, what of the men — and the women, and the children, for Austria did not balk at that — what of the martyrs from Gorizia, from Trieste, from Fiume, from Spalato, from Zara, among whom Sauro, Battisti, Rismondo, Chiesa, Filzi and their comrades are but a few? *

* This article was written for THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY in the late spring of 1919.



Italians in the United States

BY

GEORGE CREEL

Formerly Chairman of the Committee on Public Information



THE ITALIANS in the United States are about four *per cent.* of the whole population, but the list of casualties on the battle front shows a full ten *per cent.* of Italian names. More than three hundred thousand Italians figured on the Army list, and in defense of the inner lines as well as on the firing lines they proved their devotion to their adopted country. There was no shipyard, ammunition factory, airplane factory, steel mill, mine, lumber-camp, or dock in which the Italians did not play a large part, and often the most prominent part, in actual and efficient work. In some places, such as mines and docks, the Italians reached fully thirty *per cent.* of the total number of employés, working at all times with full and affectionate loyalty toward the Government of the United States. For instance, when a strike was threatened in one of the big industrial centres, it was an Italian who jumped on a box and cried: "If you leave work now, you will be as though you were sneaking back out of a trench, abandoning your comrades at the time of a fight when they need you most." And the strike was averted.*

* Reproduced in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY through the courtesy of *Everybody's Magazine*.

Cavour and the Slavs

BY

SENATOR FRANCESCO RUFFINI

Minister of Education in the Italian Cabinet That Declared War;
Rector of the University of Turin; a Foremost Italian
Authority on International Subjects



IN SOME of the greatest men of the Italian Risorgimento the Slavs, under the domination of the Hapsburgs, met with perfect judges of their unnatural and unhappy political situation and fervent supporters of their sacred national demands. In the case of Mazzini this is so well known as to have become a commonplace; and the Slavs themselves venerated him and appealed to him as one of the apostles of their cause. Yet even to-day there are many people who at the mere mention of any of the causes defended by Mazzini either become frightened or smile sardonically, as if it were a question of a conspiracy or of some impracticable dream. They are unaware of the fact — and with them a very large number of other people — that upon this point Count Cavour was in the fullest agreement with Mazzini.

With regard to a politician who was always in the very thickest of the fight, it is more difficult to summarize his ideas and attitude in respect to a vast and complex question than it is with a thinker, and particularly a thinker so great and so unperturbed about consequences as was Mazzini. But fortunately we possess two manifestoes of Count Cavour's opinions which stand, the one at the beginning of his political career, and the other at its termination, and they are in such perfect agreement that our present purpose is rendered singularly easy. We are assisted also by the curious circumstance that in the one case, as in the other, he found himself confronted by the same man — Lorenzo Valerio.

We start with the great discussion in the Sub-Alpine Chamber on October 20, 1848, on the question of hastening or delaying the resumption of hostilities against Austria. Among the various arguments adopted by one side or the other, which there is no need to

enumerate, was that of the internal agitations within the Austrian Monarchy. Count Cavour himself had no illusions at first about the liberal character of the German and Hungarian movements. In one of his articles in May he clearly showed that he did not despair that they might be of benefit to the Italian rising and the liberation of Poland. But the Pan-German fanaticism, and the hatred of Italian independence, manifested afterwards in the Assembly of Frankfort, and the opposition against the Italians as volunteers under the flag of Radetzky, by the very students and Liberals who had raised the barricades in Vienna, tore the veil from his eyes, and he perceived the true state of affairs. He perceived the truth, which, in its substance, has remained absolutely unaltered since it was revealed by Cavour himself seventy years ago. I quote from the Parliamentary reports:

“ But in the Austrian Empire, the question of liberty, the political question, is not the only one which causes agitation and moves the popular masses. In close association with this there is another, much more serious and more threatening, namely, the great struggle of the races, the one group endeavoring to maintain an ancient predominance and the other striving to acquire a new nationality. There exists in the Empire a numerous, energetic, courageous race, the Slavs, who have suffered under centuries of oppression. This race extends in all the eastern parts of the Empire, from the banks of the Danube to the mountains of Bohemia; it desires to obtain its complete emancipation, to reconquer its nationality. Its cause is just and noble. That cause is defended by rugged, but daring and energetic masses, and therefore it is destined to triumph in a not far distant future.

“ The great Slav movement has inspired the first poet of the century, Adam Mikievitz, and by this fact we are induced to repose complete faith in the destinies of those peoples; because history teaches us that when Providence inspires one of those great geniuses, like Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, or Mikievitz, it is a proof that the peoples in whose midst they arise are called to a high destiny.

“ However that may be, shortly after the triumph of the Liberal cause in Vienna, the Slav movement began to manifest itself openly in the Empire. The most intelligent branch of the Slav family, the inhabitants of Bohemia, have been attempting since the month of April to release themselves from Germanic domination, and to establish in Prague a centre around which the whole of Slavism might unite itself. That generous enterprise failed; all the parties in Vienna united to

repress the Bohemian movement. The unhappy city of Prague attempted to have recourse to force, but it was vanquished after a desperate struggle; it was placed under the military yoke and governed by martial law, which was still in force only a few days ago.

"Repressed by brutal force in the north of the Empire, the Slav movement spread more vigorously, more menacingly, and with greater power in the south, in the Danubian provinces, inhabited by the Slavo-Croats. I will not set out here to examine the causes and the pretexts which gave rise to the Croatian movement against Hungary. I do not wish to enter into the particulars of the great struggle which is waging between the Magyars and the Slavs; I will only remind the Chamber that the Magyars, noble and generous when it is a question of defending the rights of their nationality against Imperial arrogance, have always shown themselves to be haughty, tyrannical, and oppressive towards the Slav race inhabiting the provinces of Hungary.

"Yes, gentlemen, nobody can deny that in Hungary the aristocracy belongs to the Magyar race, the people to the Slav race, and that in that kingdom the aristocracy has always oppressed the people. But it is not my intention to make the *apologia* of the Croats, and not even that of their brave leader, the Ban Jellachich. I confine myself to the observation that the banner which they have unfurled is the Slav banner, and not, as others suppose, the standard of reaction and despotism. Jellachich has availed himself of the name of the Emperor, and in that he has shown himself an astute politician. But that does not prove that his principal, if not his sole object, is not the restoration of the Slav nationality. What, in fact, is the Imperial power? A vain shadow, of which the parties which divide the Empire avail themselves in turn. Jellachich, seeing the Emperor at variance with the Viennese, declared himself on the side of the Central Power, but not for the rebuilding of the Gothic political edifice which was brought to the ground by the March revolution.

"In order to prove that the movement of Jellachich is not a mere military reaction, it is sufficient to observe that when he approached Vienna, the Slav deputies, and more particularly those of Bohemia, who represent the enlightened part of Slavism, left the Assembly, with the intention of retiring to Prague or Brunn and establishing a Slav parliament there. Hence I believe that the struggle which is now raging in Austria is not a political struggle, like that of March, but rather the prelude to a terrible war of races, the war of Germanism against Slavism."

From this conception of the internal struggles of Austria — in exact contradiction to that of his opponents, whose eyes were set on *political liberty*, whereas he looked for *national liberty* — Cavour drew a conclusion which can hardly be called opposite to but rather different from that of the others. He maintained that it would be better for the Italians, without taking the side of one party or the other, to wait and see. Hence they should defer the resumption of the war, but certainly should not abandon the idea.

Twelve years later, towards the end of 1860, Count Cavour is no longer the simple and very unpopular deputy against whom the public in the galleries had solemnly murmured on that now distant evening of October 29, 1848. He is President of the Council, with a world-wide reputation and enjoying the respect even of his adversaries. His mind is completely occupied by the resumption of the mortal game against Austria which has been so bluntly and painfully cut short the year before by the Peace of Villafranca. And in his game an important card is represented by Hungary. On the very day of the battle of Solferino and San Martino, he had had the first of those interviews with Louis Kossuth which — Lorenzo Valerio being the intermediary — were to be continued until the untimely death of the Count, leaving in the memory of the Magyar agitator the deepest impression and the most unforgettable regret. But in the policy of Count Cavour towards Hungary two things are to be noted. They are, in the first place, the constant preoccupation of the Count that the simultaneous movements for the liberation of Italy and Hungary must be accompanied by an agreement with the Slavs of the Monarchy for a simultaneous action against the House of Austria, and, in the second place, the not less constant preoccupation that Hungary must not yield to the enticements of Austria and come to an agreement with her for a Dualistic constitution, and thus become again the most faithful supporter of the Hapsburg throne, which Cavour picturesquely represented in his interviews with Kossuth, asking him at every meeting whether Hungary was not in danger of again adopting the motto: *Moriamur pro rege nostro!* It was, in fact, the Hungary of Kossuth with which the Count intended to collaborate, not the Hungary which afterwards allowed herself to be imprisoned in the Compromiso of 1867, the Hungary, that is to say, of to-day, in which Kossuth refused to live and did not wish to die.

Valerio had become a useful assistant to Count Cavour. At the end of 1860 we find him Royal Commissary Extraordinary for the Marches of Ancona. In that capacity he wanted to maintain for the

CAVOUR AND THE SLAVS

Austrian Lloyd, which had a branch at Trieste, those privileges which it had enjoyed under the Papal Government, both in regard to the port of Ancona and the Adriatic coast. And of this Cavour approved in a letter dated October 30, 1860, in which he said:

"You have done very well in preserving for the Lloyd the favors which it enjoyed, and may issue the appropriate decree. It is very useful to maintain good and active connections with Trieste, which, according to what I am told, is becoming less *Fedelissima* and more *Italiana*. I say this not because I am thinking of an early annexation of that town, but because it is useful to sow where our children may be able to reap."

On November 8th Valerio issued the decree, in which he included the following generous but imprudent declaration:

"Considering that the enormous capital of which the said company disposes is to a large extent Italian, and that the town in which it has offices has given many and by no means dubious proofs that it regards itself as belonging to Italy rather than Germany, to which it was forcibly ascribed by the treaties," etc., etc.

The heavens opened, and a torrent of bitter recriminations from the Prussian Government rained upon Turin, in whose jurisdiction Trieste was included. In these documents it was rudely asserted that Trieste was a *ville allemande*, and that consequently to attribute Italian sentiments to her was a gratuitous accusation that she wished to betray *patrie commune*. It was declared that Prussia, who had remained quiet in face of the "troubles" by which the Peninsula had been agitated for some time, would have to take action if there was any danger of a violation of the *Frontières allemandes*. Finally it was asked whether the incriminated decree reflected the intentions of the Government, and, if not, that it should be rectified.

Count Cavour had to give the required explanations, but as for rectifications, he ordered none. Hence the decree has remained such as it was, with its patriotic declaration, and was included in the collection of the laws and degrees of the Kingdom of Italy.

Italy's Soldier-Poet

BY

LUIGI SICILIANI

Author and Poet



T LAST, after seven years, it was given to me once again to set eyes on the wonderful man whom I had so admired in my extreme youth and recently had learned to love, Gabriele D'Annunzio. I remember that, having known him and heard him speak somewhat late in my career, when my acute desire to know him had waned and I had an unaccountable dread of making his acquaintance, I underwent no delusions: he had given me the impression of perennial freshness, the freshness of the perfume he one day in jest poured on my rough handkerchief.

I saw him for the first time one evening in the house of his old publisher. There I was forced—I realized it later on—to recite verses as in an examination. At the moment, the last person who suspected it was the examinee, and perhaps also the examiner. In those days he was preparing for the Italian stage the only drama of our literature in which the elements of Greek tragedy are felt to live again, a drama in which the intelligent spectator has the sensation of assisting at the work of a direct disciple of the famous and eternal Three. Both proper stage management and suitable actors were lacking for this tragedy. After a rapid tour of the principal theatres of the peninsula, the play took refuge in the heaven of unappreciated masterpieces. Against it arose unexpected experts of antiquity, and professors in search of, or waiting for, posts. All to no purpose. The poet could repeat to himself:

*"E quella non umana, non divina
consanguinea di eterni or sente in se'
una divinita' che irraggia l'Ade!"*

Phaedra has taken its place among the great shades of phantasy. Not many months after I saw him again, in the same city. He had become the first Italian chronicler of the airplane. He spoke of it with enthusiasm and knowledge, hymning, "Man, lord of the universe."

ITALY'S SOLDIER-POET

I assisted at his frugal meal of cold meat, washed down with no other wine than that of his inexhaustible wit and his smile. I saw him no more.

Then followed bitterness, ingratitude, exile. Paris caught him in the whirl of its unreal and fashionable life; but often he fled from it to live his own life in the solitude of the pines that brought to his memory other pines on the shores of the "Amarissimo."* Some men of many letters looked at him with the eye of the merchant, and he had no lack, either, of willing reporters or of lady artists unskilled even in the use of their chalks. But the death of two friends, of a poet humble on the heights, and of a simple believer of great, sane, provincial France, broke the charm and initiated him into the mysteries, and when the trumpets of war roused Europe he was ready: "Cave, adsum," said the Latin to the Teuton.

I know he is the prodigal son. I know he has skirted all the quicksands, tempted all the fates, drunk at all the fountains, cast anchor in all ports. He knows the wealth of tropical forests and the icy squalor of the poles, and has brought back in his boats the spices and perfumes of the most remote lands. He has trampled on many old laws, seeking (or following) his own. He is the prince of wanderers. But he has not forgotten the flame of his hearth, nor the smoke which feathers from the chimney of his native roof. For a thousand things I admire him; for this I love him.

He has been intoxicated with visions, with images, with sounds and colors; he had been caught in the nets of Eros, so pleasant to toy with, so painful to extricate oneself from; but in the hour of trial he has been found in the front rank, first among the first, joyous in renunciation, armed with his naked soul, with his iron will, with his hard love of destiny. Pardon him, ye pedants and professors, for the Book commands to pardon: *quia multum amavit*. Do not blame him for all the human folly and stupidity which has trailed after him. Remember the strong, who have held him dear, and those who have understood him fully and have followed him. Remember that the choicest food of which he has eaten has been that bread offered him by an unknown soldier from his native Abruzzi on the night of an advance.

He has given himself up to external things. He has lived in them utterly. He has slumbered amidst vanities. But when the

* *Amarissimo* is the name given by D'Annunzio to the Adriatic.

bugle sounded he heard it, while others had ears only for the croaking of frogs. And for this, in the hour of trial, he has passed safely through the fiery furnace.

For days and days he has not thought, but only felt. Do not reproach him, ye custodians of Italian thought, who, when the hour of decision came, sighed for the Valkyries. Do not reproach him, you epigones of him who offered the briar-thorn to Giovanni Pascoli, whilst he offered him, as prize of the contest, a golden chain and the wings of the ode.

Others, other heroic charlatans, sit brooding in unctuous cowardice and live on words sold to the highest bidder. He, in the hour of peril, embraced daring; and in the apprenticeship of hard service prepared himself for the ascent.

When we stood before him I thought my words would stick forever in my throat. His Excellency, an old and intimate acquaintance of his, relieved me of my embarrassment. He looked at me with his sound eye and remembered me when he heard my name. He held out his hand. A feeling of respect for the uniform we both wore prevented me from bending and kissing it. Clicking one heel against the other, I drew myself up and held out my hand. I have never been more grateful to the Regulations than then, for they contained within the stiffness of the subordinate my inward flood of emotion.

We spoke. He was still shuddering at the affront that the nation recently suffered. He praised with profound emotion and a paternal heart the youths of the class of 1899, the springtime of our blood, consecrated forever to glory. He described their deep, invincible sleep in the open, impervious to danger. He then enumerated the most urgent necessities of the country. The love of Rome and of the Latin race vibrated in every word, for it was the secret substance which nourished his thoughts.

Night fell. His faithful soldier-servant, Rosignoli, lit some candles in the room. The face of the poet, above the white collar of the Novara lancers, seemed to me emaciated and illuminated, as that of an ascetic. I thought once more of that true remark of Giacomo Leopardi's—the master to whom I owe everything—that those who set themselves to write great things do so from want of great actions to perform.

This man, who had dominated Italian and European literature as an undisputed master, renewing himself always, loved action above

all things. He spoke in burning words. It was the mind which stayed the hand, ready for other work.

He has been reproached, as for a fault, for his richness, his fullness, and for the stupidity of those who knew not how to use it. But the vine cannot be blamed for those who know not how to use its fruit.

How many skins have been filled with his wine? How many songless throats have been intoxicated with it? How many people have lived—still live to fatten on the crumbs of his literary achievements? And how many people levy toll from them?

Ask of the artist that which the artist has to give; and if you know how, give yourselves. Let each one live and love in his own way, but let him live and love!

This poet, who could say with much more reason than Théophile Gautier, "I am one for whom the visible world exists," has preferred the soul to matter, the inextinguishable lamp of faith to all the colors and changes of the shifting waves. He is a Christian.

The Italian sun has sweetness, the Italian soil has beauty; and her sons for centuries have enriched it with ever new beauties. Not a book, not a picture, not a statue, not a building, but this man has sought it out and loved it. And yet on that evening he said to me: "We must not surrender Venice. Better destroy it." And he spoke the truth. Had we then surrendered Venice we should have preserved her stones, and destroyed the best part of ourselves, the soul by which those stones themselves have life.

Old Castle Garden, New York

BY

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

Where sheltered ocean laves Manhattan's shore
And southern Broadway looms like canyon'd street,
Where Castle Clinton stood in years of yore
Like sentinel awaiting hostile fleet,
Where silence reigns beside a business roar,
And once in myriads from foreign strand,
Like strangers through some hospitable door,
The aliens passed, were welcomed to our Land,
Old Castle Garden stands, its age sixscore:
A quaint Aquarium where fashion's throng
Heard famous artists who are now no more,—
The Swedish Nightingale's sweet, soulful song.
Alone it stands, its long life almost o'er,
Where sheltered ocean laves Manhattan's shore.



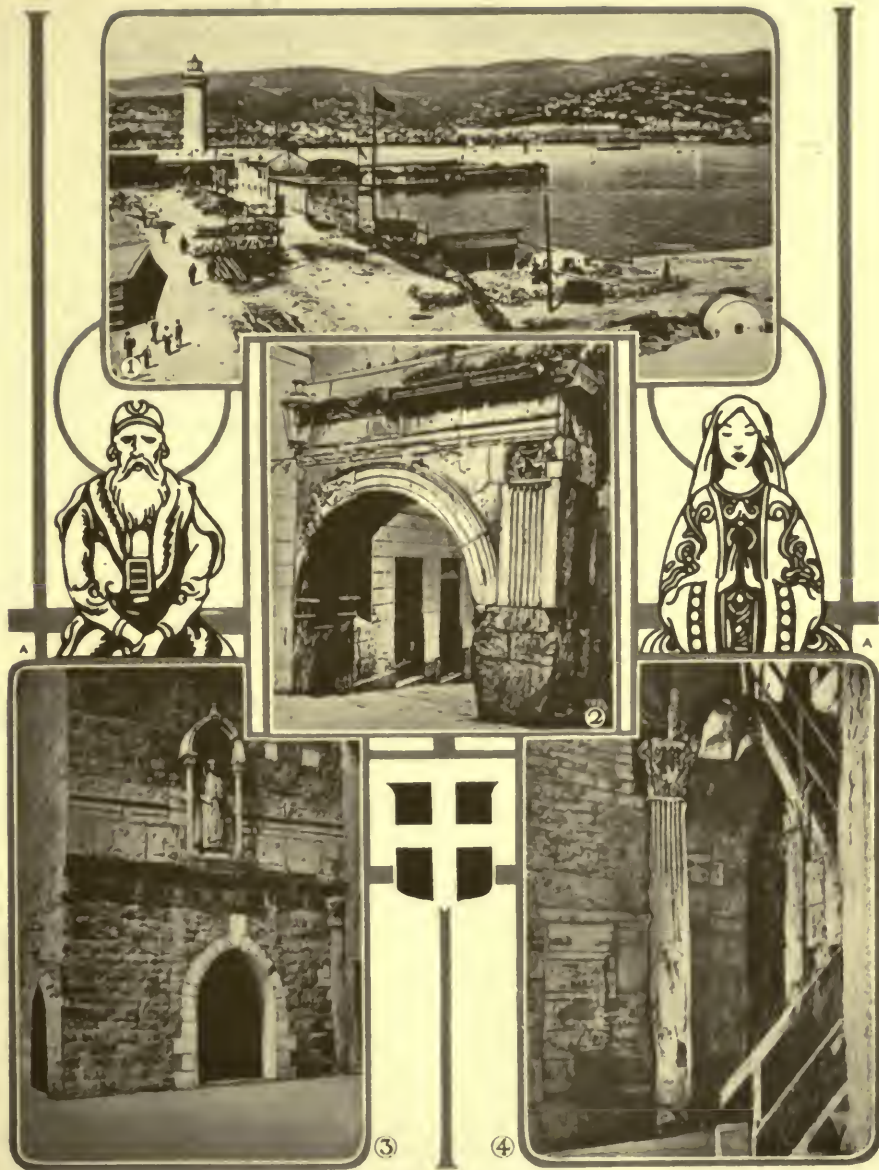
DANTE ALIGHIERI SQUARE IN TRENTO
Showing the statue of Italy's world-famous poet





ZARA, REDEEMED CITY OF DALMATIA

1. Interior of Zara Cathedral
2. The Cathedral
3. A Venetian Castle at Arbe, near Zara
4. The Church of Saint Grisogono
5. The Gate of the City
6. Courtyard of a residence

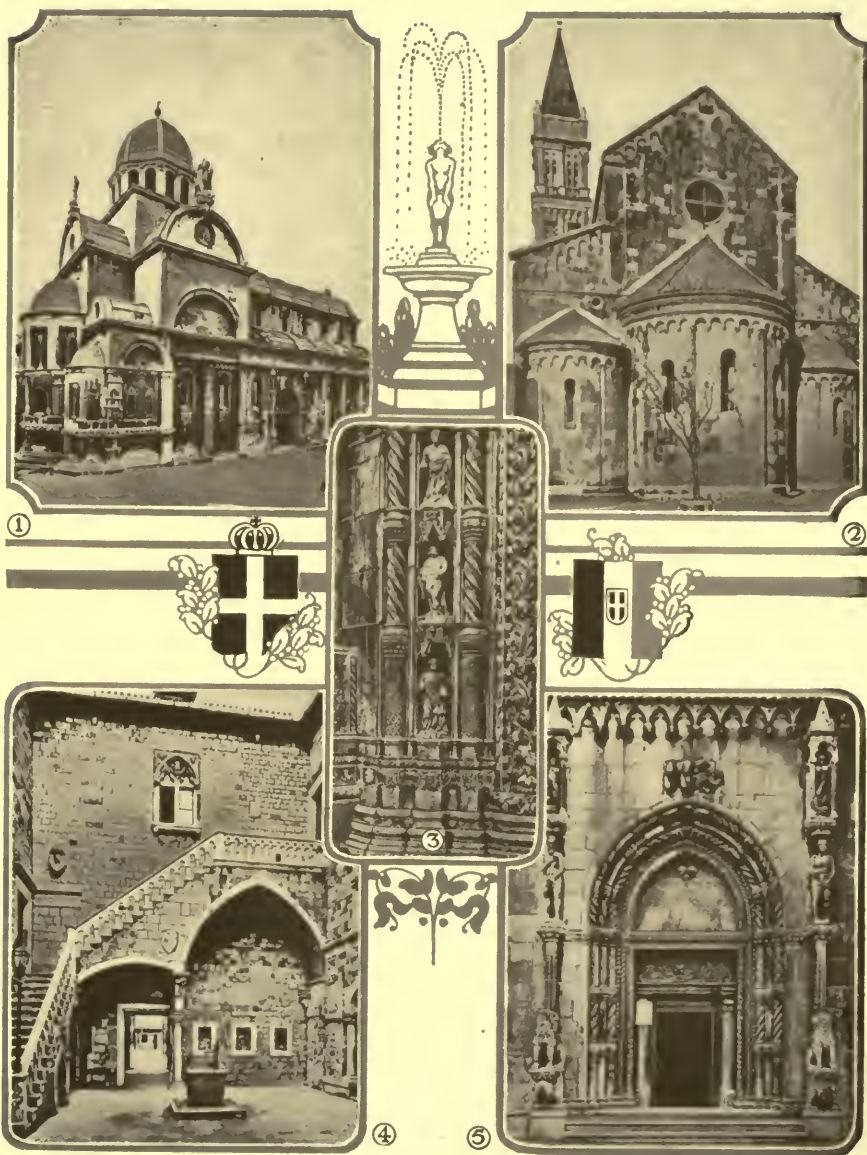


TRIESTE

1. The harbor
2. Arch of Riccardo
3. Door of the Campanile
4. Remains of Roman structure in the Campanile,
or Bell-Tower of the Cathedral







BUILDINGS IN TWO DALMATIAN CITIES, SEBENICO AND TRAÜ

1. The Cathedral at Sebenico
2. The Cathedral at Traù
3. Carving on Sebanico Cathedral
4. Entrance to the Municipal Building, Traù
5. The Cathedral Door, Sebenico



HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN OF ITALY, IN THE GARB OF A RED CROSS NURSE



GREAT ITALIANS OF TO-DAY

King Victor Emanuel III (top, to left)
 Queen Elena, in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse (top, to right)
 General Armando Diaz (centre)
 Admiral Umberto Cagni, Governor of Fiume (bottom, to left)
 General Pettiti di Roretto, Governor of Trieste (bottom, to right)



THREE TRENTINO PATRIOTS MURDERED BY THE AUSTRIANS



ORLANDO AND SONNINO — FORMER PREMIER AND FOREIGN MINISTER OF ITALY







THE CATHEDRAL OF TRENTO

During the War the Austrians imprisoned Bishop Endrici of Trento for his patriotism. He has been compared, "for nobility and loftiness of character," to the valiant Christian hero, Cardinal Mercier.



CASTLE OF BUON CONSIGLIO, TRENTO

The Old Church in Malpas

Sketch of the Old World Parish Church in Which Worshipped the
Ancestors of the American Stockton Family

BY

H. H. STOCKTON



VEN in England it is difficult now to find a village with old church, market-cross, thatched roof cottages, and neighbouring manor-houses, much as they were in Tudor days, and still more surprising to find one a mile or more from the nearest railroad.

But such a village a Rhodes Scholar of Oxford found Malpas in Broxton Hundred, fourteen miles from Chester. He was choosing a quiet place to do his "reading" during the "long." He found the nearest way was by motor from Chester, but when could a poor scholar afford a motor?

He could go by boat on the River Dee to Eccleston Ferry for Eaton Hall or Farndon, and then by bicycle for eight or ten miles, or from Chester by railway with a mile's walk between Cheshire hedgerows to Malpas.

This information the efficient, and, always before, helpful Mr. Baedeker, failed to give him, but the Scholar wished to see the little village of Malpas, as it was the home of his ancestors before their coming to America, and where the church, with its family pew, brasses, tablets, and monuments still stood.

It was not the first return of one of the family to the land of his fathers; but the others had come in less humble guise. In 1766 one ancestor had been sent on a delicate mission to the Court of St. James, when he wrote back:

"Whenever I can serve my native country I leave no occasion untried. Dear America, thou sweet retreat from greatness and corruption! In thee I choose to live and die."

Again he had gone to Scotland and successfully sought a President for an infant university, and afterward these names had been side by side on the Declaration of Independence. Still another ancestor, a Commodore in the United States Navy, had, with the tact and diplomacy of an older nation, and with great personal bravery, restored cordial relations between England and Liberia.

The Scholar, however, was disappointed to find that the manor-house of his forefathers was converted into a farm for the manufactory of the famous Cheshire cheese. But his *amour propre* was somewhat restored by finding that part of the broad acres of the Manor de Stockton had descended through "Isabella de Stockton, heiress of the [then] over-lord of Stockton, in the reign of King Henry VI., in the parish of Malpas," to her descendant, the present Duke of Westminster, so that the Victorian-Gothic Eaton Hall (of 1874) now marks part of the grant of 1250.

In spite of Cheshire having lost many distinguished houses during the civil wars, Malpas appears to have escaped, and still has its Tudor and Jacobian show places within easy walking distance: Edge Hall, Broxton Hall, Lower Carden, and Carden Hall (only recently burnt to the ground). The three last are country seats almost unaltered of the Tudor period; but, like many other English hamlets, the church is the centre about which the cottages and the little shops not only cluster, but where the interests of "gentle and simple" for many generations alike had led, as does the steep paved High Street, with its over-hanging little gabled houses past the market-cross and "The Crown" [Inn], ending always at the church door. Here they have come in times of joy and sorrow, and have found their last resting-place under the shadow of the yew at the gate, or in the sunshine beneath the sundial of the tower.

This church — dedicated to the Royal St. Oswald — was first used as a chapel by the followers of St. Bernard of Cluny, in the Middle Ages. The square, low tower of red sandstone suggests an early Norman date. Otherwise, it is a good example of the enriched Gothic of the latter part of Henry VII, with nave, chancels, and side aisles. These are divided from the nave by six lofty arches, resting on clustered columns, and terminate in two smaller chancels. These

THE OLD CHURCH IN MALPAS

chancels were erected by two county families, as were also rood-screens, gallery-font, and twelve ancient dark oak stalls. The inscriptions in English and Latin show that they were put in loving memory of those who had lived as children of the Church. One is struck by the love of these people for God's house. Every thing is a gift, even the wainscoting within the Communion-rail. Some of the names are well known in America today: Lord Curzon, Cholmondely of Cholmondely Hall, and Sir Philip Edgerton. There is a large eastern window — partly concealed by a gallery, under which stands the stone font — but the windows are largely filled with common glass, showing that St. Oswald's Church at Malpas suffered for loyalty to King Charles, as did its more pretentious neighbour at Chester.

The roof is of carved wood, with beams ornamented with foliage, and the squares, formed by the crossing of the rafters, filled with quarter-foil. In the tower are six bells with inscriptions. The largest was given by Sir Randle Brereton, Knight, of Malpas Hall, 1508. The Cholmondely chancel is divided from the north aisle by a richly carved oaken screen, with Latin inscription. The Edgerton chancel is divided from the south aisle in the same way, but here the inscription is in quaint English, placed there in 1522, which makes this request:

“ Pray good people for the prosperous
estate of Sir Randulph Brereton, of
Thys werke edificatour, wyth his wife
dame Helenour, and after thys lyfe
transytorie to obtaine eternal felicitie.
Amen, Amen.” *

This is the last we hear of the name inside of the church. His son, Sir William, like his father a chamberlain of Henry VIII, was beheaded in 1536, and his descendant, another Sir William, took the side of the Parliament that did so much to deface, and not build,

* On the death of Dame Eleanor, the tolls of Malpas and part of the Mesne Manor passed to the Stocktons.

The tenants of Stockton attended the Leet of Malpas.

In the 34th year of Edward I, the Stocktons held land in Stockton and in Cuddington, or Kiddington.

These statements are found in Omerod's history of Cheshire.

churches. Within sight of St. Oswald's, near Malpas, this Sir William commanded the Parliamentary army in a battle against Prince Rupert with his Cavaliers (Aug 2, 1644), the Cavaliers sustaining serious loss.

In the south aisle are freestone mural tablets,—more quaint and interesting than beautiful,—but even in these we find epitaphs less stilted and less verbose than those of later times. There is one for a John Stockton who must have lived in troublous times between Church and State and may have grieved over Mary Queen of Scots' tragic end. His gilded tablet, in Latin, reads; *I Stocktonus pacis Semper placidesimus Autor. Sub duro situs hic marmore pace fruor.*" [J. Stockton, ever a gentle promoter of peace, is here laid under the hard marble to enjoy peace, died December 2, A. D. 1610.] Nearby the Scholar found his family pew, with the date, 1630, and, in the rich carving, he was pleased to see the same Coat-of-Arms with Crest used on the book-plate and seal that had descended from father to son for the last eight generations of his family. That branch of the Stocktons had come to America leaving its roots behind in the old Church in Malpas.

In the autumn of 1657, George Fox had stopped in Malpas on his way from Swarthmore Hall to Chester, and soon after the Scholar's ancestor had joined a Quaker Colony in America.

Sometime later—1687—William Penn was speaking on the declaration in the open air tennis-court at Chester before King James II and many others who were not Quakers. We can easily believe that some of our good churchmen from Malpas listened to him, and, perhaps, sent letters by him to their brothers in the New World where they had sought liberty of thought and peace of mind. It was shortly after Penn's return to America,—1701,—that he gave a grant of 5,500 acres of land to the Scholar's family here.*

The living at Malpas was instituted in 1285, the first Rector being William de Andelym. Then follows in the church records a long list until the present day, giving the names also of their patrons.

* "William Penn's grants were generally bought from the Indians by measure of what a man could walk in a day, about 20 miles. The Governor of Pennsylvania did some of these walks himself."—*Life of William Penn*, by J. W. Graham.

THE OLD CHURCH IN MALPAS

Many of these Rectors held high positions in the Church, and their names were also in Doomsday-Book and in the Visitations.

One Rector, in 1623,— Doctor Thomas Dod, of Shoclack Castle, Cheshire,— appointed by the King, James I, was chaplain to the King, Archdeacon of Richmond, Dean of Ripon, Prebendary of Chester, and Rector of Astbury. Another Rector was William Dod, A.M., of Edge Hall, 1680. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford University (the Scholar's college). Here, over a century later, Bishop Heber was born, his father being a Rector of Malpas.

It is a curious coincidence that one of the early Rectors of the church built by the Scholar's family in America — on part of their original grant from William Penn — should be a William Dod, D.D. He was a descendant of the Rector of the same name in Malpas, and married an ancestress of the Scholar's, connecting by marriage, after many generations, the two families who had been neighbors in Cheshire and had occupied adjoining pews in Malpas Church.*

Through the kindness of the present Rector of Malpas, the Reverend Lawrence Armitstead, the Scholar has been able to obtain a stone from St. Oswald's, which has been presented to the vestry to be used in the new chancel in his church in America, making the link still stronger between the new and the old church. The inscription on this stone is a family motto which is frequently seen carved in stone and wood in the Malpas Church,— "*Omnia Deo Pendent.*"

Since this was written, the beautiful new chancel of Trinity Church, Princeton, New Jersey (Ralph Adams Cram, Architect), was opened for the first time on Christmas Day, and the Malpas stone put in place.

* "The Oaks in the township of Buxton or Broxton passed after the reign of Henry III to a branch of the Dods and by female heirs successively to the families of Clayton, Stockton, and Thickness." — *Lyson's Cheshire*.

Adventures of a Great Day

Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Battle of
Bunker Hill in 1825 as Narrated in an Old-
Time Newspaper and Preserved in
an Ancient Scrap-Book

CONTRIBUTED BY

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES



THE seventeenth of June, 1825, was a proud day for New England. On that day was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The place of the event was the spot chosen for the celebration — the survivors of the battle were to participate in the scene — Lafayette was to be present on the occasion — Webster was to address the people — the corner stone of a Monument was to be laid with Masonic ceremonies — everything, in short, was to be done to render the day and the year conspicuous in the annals of New England.

I rose at an early hour, and with thousands of others, from the neighboring towns, repaired to the metropolis. I entered the city, the sun rose brilliantly on its spires, and the bells and the cannon mingled their loud and joyous voices to announce that the day was arrived. Every mast and flag-staff now lifted up their star-spangled banners — of which not a few bore evident marks of a semi-century's antiquity. The crowd continued to pour in from every quarter. Old and young,—the grey-headed and infirm—children and grandchildren— young men and maidens—every class and description, from fifty miles around, on foot, in waggons, and on horseback, were seen urging their course towards the common in Boston—the place whence the procession was to take up its line of march. I have seen mobs and crowds in other cities, but I have never witnessed a multitude of people like that which was here assembled. A deep and im-

ADVENTURES OF A GREAT DAY

pressive silence prevailed through the whole throng, as, hour after hour, it patiently and in the same place awaited the issuing forth from the State House, of the old Revolutionary soldiers, with their veteran commander, Lafayette, at their head. The countenance of each individual of that throng wore a look intelligent of the importance of the event about to be celebrated.

At length the signal announced that everything was ready — there is no shouting — no huzzas — no tossing up of hands or waving of hats; all is still and quiet — expectation stands tiptoe to catch the first glimpse of the interesting scene, as the carriages successively draw up in front of the State House, and receive each its compliment of old soldiers, to convey them to the scene of their glory. I had stationed myself where I could see them distinctly as they passed. Each had some time-worn badge — some relic of the Revolution which he wore on his person or displayed from the carriage. By one was borne a tattered color, by another a dilapidated drum — here was seen a cocked hat, with its gilt mountings tarnished with age — there a knapsack or cartouch box, moth-eaten and crumbling to pieces — some were dressed in their ancient regimentals, and some clad only in homespun garments, similar to those they wore on the day of the battle. As they passed along, the features of the old soldiers were scanned by every eye — gazed upon as living records of the events in which they had participated — records which now for the last time, perhaps, were forever to be seen.

The first and most interesting part of the procession having passed me, I felt little inclination to witness the rest; and, accordingly, I joined the crowd which was already moving towards the heights of Charlestown. We found the whole neighborhood pre-occupied by a vast concourse of people. The hill-tops, steeples, houses and sheds all around were alive with heads — the battle ground was hedged in by a dense crowd, which was kept from entering it by a double row of guards. I was anxious to get within the lines, where I observed a few more favored individuals were occasionally admitted, but at every point where I tried to effect an entrance, I was uniformly repulsed. The van of the procession was now arrived. I saw the old soldiers trembling under fatigue and decrepitude, assisted down from the carriages — at the side of each walked a young man, upon whose

arms many of the soldiers leaned for support. In this way, slowly and with tottering steps, they marched the whole length of the field. If any thing could bring up to the mind's eye the events of that day, it was the scene now passing before me, and I gazed upon these infirm old men, the venerable chroniclers of another age, with feelings of gratitude and awe.

The remainder of the procession was now fast arriving. The words of the poet, "What a length of tail behind," did not fail to recur to me. There were the masons, dressed out with all their dazzling paraphernalia — the uniform companies of soldiers, with their gay crests — the marshals, swelling with the importance of their brief authority — the invited guests, smacking their lips with the thoughts of a sumptuous dinner — grave senators and beardless representatives — ministers of church and ministers of state, all full of importance, and looking upon the crowd with that peculiar smile of complacent satisfaction with which the latter are on such occasions apt to be regarded by the former. There was an air of aristocracy in the appearance of things, altogether at variance with the feeling of the great mass of spectators without. This feeling was exasperated to a still greater pitch by an incident which occurred in the part of the field where I stood: "All of which I saw, and in part of which I was."

The hill on the side next to the road is surmounted by a street, which, in some places, is many feet below its summit, being excavated for this purpose, and a stone wall is raised against its side to protect the earth from falling. It was on this wall I had taken my station with the crowd, which continuing to increase, compelled us to encroach a little upon the line of demarcation. From this position the guard attempted to remove us, but the necessity of our situation caused us to set at defiance the strictness of military law. Finding themselves too weak to carry their point, one of their number was despatched for a reinforcement.

In a short space of time, down came a whole company of soldiers, led by their commander, who, as they approached, gave the word to charge bayonets. The cry was given on our part for quarter — but it was not respected — there would be little glory in restoring a body of citizens to order in so peaceable a manner — no laurels would be

gained in so civil-like a proceeding. On they came, at full charge, a whole phalanx of youthful soldiers, whose maiden weapons were now for the first time to be signalized in actual service. On they came, and over the wall went the whole crowd that had just before occupied it, helter skelter, heels over head, full ten feet or more, into the street below. The scene of rage and confusion that ensued cannot easily be described. For myself, I am a most pacific man — a peacemaker in every sense of the word — but I must confess my indignation was so aroused by this transaction, that, in the heat of the moment, I seized hold of a stone and was just on the point of hurling it upon the aggressors, when my better judgment deterred me from the act. Many of my fellow sufferers, however, were not disposed to keep the peace so much as myself, and actually took the vengeance which I had only meditated.

Thus far, we had been exceedingly passive, obedient and tractable — but a chord was now touched that would not easily cease to vibrate — the blood of a Yankee is emphatically cold and sluggish, but once arouse it, and you might as easily stay the waves on the sea shore as check its progress. I almost feared the consequences of this military exploit, for I perceived among my companions a stout determination to carry their object.

It was impossible to regain the walls from behind, but the word had gone forth to regain the interior of the lines or to be revenged upon our assailants. We moved on in a body, and were joined in our march by others. We soon reached a point where there was no wall interposing between the street and the battle ground — where was nothing to check our progress but a slight fence and a guard of soldiers. The former was soon overthrown, while the latter perceiving their bulwarks so easily and unceremoniously demolished, and fearing perhaps the same fate themselves, gave way before us and suffered us to pass. We were now in the field, — a hundred men or more — the guards resumed their stations as soon as we had passed, and thus all communication between ourselves and the street was entirely cut off. We had passed the Rubicon and were determined not to retreat. whether it was by accident or design I know not, but we formed ourselves into a solid triangle — the regular Grecian *cunex* — a disposition of forces well adapted for the present emergency, whether for

forcing a further passage, or to resist an attempt, if made, to repel us from our 'vantage ground. The latter attempt was made, but in so bungling a manner it defeated its own end. On one side, and it was that where I stood — the charge was made by the cavalry, and on the other two, the infantry made a simultaneous attack — so that the combined forces of these allied powers served only to concentrate our ranks more closely together, without stirring us an inch from the position we occupied.

In vain did the horseman brandish his sword — in vain urge on his prancing steed towards us — there we stood, immovable as a rock. On the other side the bayonet was presented close to the breasts of our men, but they could not be intimidated or forced to retire. In a short time the retreat was sounded by our assailants, and we found ourselves in undisturbed possession of the field.

The position we now occupied was in the immediate vicinity of that where the corner stone of the monument was to be laid, the ceremonies of which were already commenced, and which, where we stood, could easily be discerned. But here we found a new antagonist in the masons themselves, who seemed to regard our presence with jealousy and suspicion. The only weapons, however, with which we carried on our new warfare, were words, and with these some slight skirmishing took place.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone was hardly completed, when the procession began to move for the seats arranged on the opposite side of the hill, at the foot of which the speaker was to address the assembly. A simultaneous movement took place in our ranks, with this difference, however, that as the former moved in regular order, and at a slow march, the latter took up the double quick step, and in Indian fashion scampered each where inclination led him. My object was to secure a seat where I might hear the orator, who speaking in the open air, would, I was aware, be heard only at a short distance. Accordingly, I posted myself in the row directly under the forum — some of my companions took the same seat with myself, and others, those in the rear. No sooner were we comfortably seated, than the procession approaches. A marshal pops upon the bench we occupied, and brandishing his white paper wand, as does Chanticleer his wings before crowing, cries out, in a lusty voice, "These seats are re-

served for the revolutionary heroes — none but the old soldiers will sit here!”

I have seen some service on Bunker Hill, thought I, remembering the scene through which I had just passed, but I can hardly pass muster among the veteran soldiers. With this reflection, I deemed it wiser to make a virtue of necessity, and so resigned my seat for one in the rear of it. The revolutionary soldiers took their places, and I was congratulating myself on the seat I had secured, when the marshal again made his appearance.

“These seats,” said he, “are for the Senate and House of Representatives — they will be reserved accordingly!”

Alas, though I must again pull up stakes and shift quarters, I never can be mistaken for a senator, and as for a representative, I know not whom I represent but my own individual self. There was no time for reflection, and so with as good a grace as I could assume, I quit the premises, and left the senate and house of representatives in quiet occupation. This time, thought I, I will remove far enough from the sphere of great men, and, accordingly, I selected a seat some removes up the hill. But the big bugs continued to swarm in and around me on all sides. Some confusion was beginning to take place, owing to a failure of seats, when my evil genius, the marshal, with his white emblem in his hand, presents himself before me, and in a voice none the sweetest, exclaims, “These seats are reserved for the special use of the clergy.”

Finding it impossible to get a seat where I could remain unmolested, I again repaired to the vicinity of the forum, and seated myself on the ground in the lane that was formed between two rows of benches, where I was suffered to remain without further disturbance.

The prayer being said, and the hymn, composed by Pierpont for the occasion, sung — and a most glorious hymn it is — the effect of it as sung in the open air by ten thousand voices, to that noble old tune, “Old Hundred,” was the most sublime and impressive I remember ever to have witnessed — the orator commenced his harangue. I hate personal descriptions, and therefore will not attempt to sketch the bold outlines of Webster’s countenance. I have seen and heard him on other occasions, when his smile has seemed to me like that of the tiger crouching ere he leaped upon his prey — but now there was nothing of

that ferocious look lurking in his countenance, but it was all openness, benevolence and majesty.

I have nothing further to relate of my adventures that day — there is one incident, however, of which as I was an eye and an ear witness, I may be permitted to testify as to its actual occurrence. It has, never, I believe, found its way into the newspapers, but it will not, I suppose, be regarded on that account as the less entitled to credit. The orator was addressing the revolutionary soldiers in that eloquent passage commencing, "Venerable men! You have come down to us, from a former generation." As he proceeds, he says to them, "You are now, where you stood, fifty years ago, this *very* hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your Country." This the orator pronounced in his most impressive manner, and with his full dark eye fixed upon the veterans before him. The appeal was so direct and powerful, that one of their number, hoary-headed and infantile, lifts himself from his seat and commences the narrative of his own personal reminiscences.

"Ye-e-s! Ye-e-s!" said he, "I remember all about it — it was this hour fifty years ago, I was fighting here — I stood as it might be *there*" — pointing with his staff to a spot some rods off.

"Stop — stop — my friend," said the speaker, who had suspended his discourse upon being thus singularly interrupted, "Stop, till I have finished my story and then you shall tell yours."

But the old man did not seem to relish the proposition — he had told his story too often to listening ears to think it deserved to be thus disregarded.

"I stood right there," he continued, "and it was there, up there, that Warren fell" —

Here the old soldier fell himself, overpowered by the hands of his companions, who had some difficulty in preventing his rising again.

The oration was continued without further interruption — and with thousands of others, I sat bareheaded under a burning sun, till the services were completed.

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THE NAME by which the Society is to be known is "The National Historical Society."

The Society is to continue in perpetuity.

The particular business and objects of the Society will be:

(a) To discover, procure, preserve, and perpetuate whatever relates to History, the History of the Western Hemisphere, the History of the United States of America and their possessions, and the History of families.

(b) To inculcate and bulwark patriotism, in no partisan, sectional, nor narrowly national sense, but in recognition of man's high obligation toward civic righteousness, believing that human governments are divinely ordained to bear the sword and exercise police duty for good against evil, and not for evil against good, and recognizing, as between peoples and peoples, that "God has made of one blood all nations of men."

(c) To provide a national and international patriotic clearing-house and historical exchange, promoting by suitable means helpful forms of communication and co-operation between all historical organizations, patriotic orders, and kindred societies, local, state, national, and international, that the usefulness of all may be increased and their benefits extended toward education and patriotism.

(d) To promote the work of preserving historic landmarks and marking historic sites.

(e) To encourage the use of historical themes and the expression of patriotism in the arts.

(f) In the furtherance of the objects and purposes of the Society, and not as a commercial business, to acquire The Journal of American History, and to publish the same as the official organ of the Society, and to publish or promote the publication of whatever else may seem advisable in furtherance of the objects of the Society.

(g) To authorize the organization of members of the Society, resident in given localities, into associated branch societies, or chapters of the parent Society, and to promote by all other suitable means the purpose, objects, and work of the Society.

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THIS SPIRITED
PIECE OF STATUARY,
DESIGNED BY AUGUSTUS
LUKEMAN, SCULPTOR,
ADORNS THE MONUMENT
AT SUMMERVILLE,
MASSACHUSETTS.
ERECTED IN COMMEMORA-
TION OF THE BRAVERY
OF THE SOLDIERS IN
THE CIVIL WAR OF THE
UNITED STATES



AMERICAN VALOR





PATRIOTISM

The Motherhood and Youth of the Nation, as conceived by Evelyn Beatrice Longman, of the National Academy of Design. One of the bronze doors of the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Maryland, unveiled in June, 1909.

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Italian Military Action in the World War

BY

"ITALICUS"

Prepared for The Journal of American History by

COLONEL V. DI BERNEZZO

Military Attaché of the Italian Embassy



"ITALICUS" is the *nom-de-plume* of a high military personality of Italy, whose identity must for the present remain thus unrevealed, and who is in a position to know intimately the plans and purposes of the Italian Supreme Command from 1915 to 1917.

The following study, prepared from the profound and interesting discussion of the conduct of operations by "Italicus," has been made for *The Journal of American History* by Colonel V. di Bernezzo, Military Attaché of the Royal Italian Embassy to the

United States. It has been translated into English by Captain C. H. Huntington, Assistant to the Military Attaché.

**Opinions of German Authors on the Action of the Italian Army.
Their Criticism According to Events**



THE particular conditions in which the war was carried out on the Italian front are not sufficiently known, and this has been the reason that even writers of authority, like Falkenhayn,¹ were able to give about our military operations a general opinion without foundation and therefore inexact.

Other writers, too, of a certain notoriety, have expressed malignant opinions. First among these is the Prussian general, Von Cramon, who was for four years chief of the German mission at Austrian general headquarters,² a surrounding in which the hate toward our country was pushed to the unbelievable. Conrad never named Italy,³ Cramon tells us, without the epithet of treacherous—he who had in 1907 proposed to attack Italy, an allied nation that was then showing towards Austria the most remissive behavior possible.

The “calomniez, il en restera toujours quelque chose” warns us that we must not leave a free field to slanderers; the task, anyway, to put the truth in its right light is rather easy: the elements are furnished by Cramon himself; one has only to examine his story of the battle of the Piave.

It is in the middle of June, 1918. “The spirit of the Austrian troops who were about to attack was excellent. Officers and men were anxious, like in the first weeks of the war, to measure themselves against the ‘Welschen.’ ”⁴

Everything was technically ready for the great offensive: at last both Conrad and Boreovic had declared it explicitly. Requested by the Emperor to say if, on their conscience, the attack could begin, they had both answered “Yes.”⁵ “Of the sixty Divisions, twenty-eight were arranged for attacking in the Asiago region.”⁶

¹Von Falkenhayn, “Die Oberste Heeresleitung, 1914-16,” Berlin, Mittler & Sohn, 1920.

²Von Cramon, “Unser Oesterreich Ungarischer Bundesgenosse im Welt Kriege,” Berlin, Mittler & Sohn, 1920.

³Von Cramon, page 55.

⁴Cramon, page 169.

⁵Cramon, page 170.

⁶Cramon, page 165.

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The prologue of the great offensive was a demonstrative action on the Tonale.

"The preparations for this were known under the conventional name of 'the avalanche.' But unhappily the facts did not correspond to the words; the attack was immediately held up."

On June 15th Cramon was in Meran with the Emperor and Arz, the Austrian Chief of Staff. The first news of the offensive was excellent. There was also present the Archduke Frederick, who carried with him a marshal's baton, gift of the Austrian Generals, which was to be presented to the Emperor in Vicenza, or in other Italian territory, as a souvenir of the victory.⁸

In the evening, though, during supper, after the toasts, "Arz was called to the telephone and came back very serious...."

"After dinner we knew that the joy of victory had unhappily been premature. On the Asiago Plateau and east of the Brenta Italian counter-attacks had thrown the Imperial troops entirely back into their jumping-off positions."

"Also, on both sides of the Oderzo-Treviso railway, the principal attack of Marshal Boreovic had been broken in the first hours."

"....Arz received from a conversation with Conrad, deeply depressed, the exact impression that the force of attack of the Tyrol group of armies was completely exhausted; none of its divisions could be for the present considered in condition of fighting."⁹

Nor were Boreovic's divisions, so Cramon tells us, in any different conditions.

(The author then examines the causes of this Austrian defeat, and comes to the conclusion that it was caused, not by the Italian Command having known the hour of attack, nor by an excessive extension of the front of attack, but by the Austrian High Command having committed the fundamental error of not having estimated the Italian Army at its true value.)

Nor is the example of the Piave the only one which can be used to prove, by using the facts told by Cramon, the absurdity of his slandering campaign.

In the same way, speaking about the Austrian Offensive in 1916, he admits¹⁰ that it had reached, before the coming into action of Brus-

⁷Cramon, page 166.
¹⁰Cramon, page 57.

⁸Cramon, page 176.

⁹Cramon, page 165.

siloff, "the maximum results," and that it could not have continued without important reinforcements which were not at their disposal. And yet this offensive was carried out by the "*finest flower of the Austrian troops*."¹¹

Much more measured and impartial is the judgment of Falkenhayn, who (the author says) recognizes that Italy's coming into the field of battle was of great importance for the results of the war.¹²

If the Italian Army did not accomplish great territorial conquests, it nevertheless powerfully contributed, as is assured by Ludendorff, to the wearing out of the Austrian Army¹³ and caused its final disruption.

To say, like Cramon (page 21), that "the entry of Italy in the war was not a motive to interrupt the offensive against Russia; she then really did not deserve the help given to her by the Russians in the summer of 1916," means to assert the contrary of truth.

II

Synthesis of the Italian-Russian-Rumanian Cooperation in 1915-16

The help of Italy to Russia had begun before our entry into the war. Before the great German-Austrian Offensive of May, 1915, against the giant of the East, there were "considerable forces"¹⁴ assembled at our frontier. Nor did our preventive influence on operations cause only this sensible diminution of forces. When, in the beginning of May, 1915, the Russian front was broken, the pursuit could not be carried out by the German-Austrians without preoccupations, though the conditions of the Russian Army would have allowed it.

Mackensen's group of armies was given the task of remaining north of the upper Vistula, close upon the enemy, and south of the river, to reach as quickly as possible the line, San-Wiznia-Dniester: "only when in safe possession of this important sector would new dispositions be given. The reason of such a proceeding was due to Italy's conduct."¹⁵

When war was declared, other important forces were added to

¹¹Falkenhayn, page 204.

¹²Falkenhayn, page 83.

¹³Ludendorff, "Meine Kriegs Erinnerungen," Berlin, Mittler & Sohn, 1919, at page 384.

¹⁴Falkenhayn, page 81.

¹⁵Falkenhayn, page 77.

those already against us. Germany sent into Tyrol the Bavarian Alpen Korps, a division specially trained for mountain fighting, and a good number of heavy batteries on the Isonzo.¹⁶ Austria had to withdraw from the Russian front one army corps, the Seventh, and one mountain brigade, the Fifty-ninth. Two more army corps and one division were withdrawn from the Serbian front (XVth and XVIth Corps and Fifty-eighth Division)—troops composed mainly of Alpine brigades or Hungarian divisions.¹⁷ To these troops, mentioned in the German-Austrian official sources, others were added in the summer of 1915, following our offensive. One is therefore not far from the truth in asserting that Italy, in 1915, tied down to her front a force equivalent to about twenty divisions. Even when advanced autumn rendered operations on the Alps impossible, Austria, though invited by Germany to reinforce the Third Austrian Army, which could not at first overcome the Serbian resistance, refused to withdraw any forces from the Italian Front.¹⁸ Italy, in fact, during the fight of the Central Powers against Serbia, carried out a bloody and obstinate offensive, lasting about forty days, which cost our Third Army alone seventy thousand men, killed and wounded.

On the basis of these data one can infer what would have happened to Russia and the Allies if, in 1915, the Central Powers could have freely disposed of the forces on the Italian front; the more so, considering that Serbia, who had remained inactive during all 1915, would not have been capable of moving, if we had not come into the fray; nor could have Rumania, in such condition, taken that preoccupying stand which induced the Central Powers to leave, during the summer of 1915, a few divisions at close call of the Rumanian frontier.

But Cramon's assertion about the undeserved help given us by the Russians in the summer of 1916 is, as already said, contrary to the truth. Brussiloff's offensive was an unexpected action for the German-Austrians, but not improvised in help of Italy. It was an offensive arranged months before among the allies, which ought to have been carried out before June, and which, for various reasons, had been delayed.

The Austrian offensive against Italy caused its beginning a few

¹⁶Falkenhayn, page 86.

¹⁷"Der Krieg Gegen Italien" (pamphlet by Strefleure) Seidel & Sohn, Wien, 1918, page 25.

¹⁸Falkenhayn, page 149.

days sooner; but it did not disturb its accomplishment; on the contrary, it made it extraordinarily easier.

To believe, like Falkenhayn,¹⁹ that the attack ought to have been made only on July first, is not only to err as to actual facts, but is a military deduction which does not correspond to the situation. Where is the leader who lets slip by the opportunity to attack the enemy while he has weakened himself in front of him to fight elsewhere, and waits forty-five days to begin an action on his side, allowing in this way the adversary to finish the distant operations and to bring back his forces?

The fact is that the Austrian front had been so much weakened, to furnish men for the war against Italy, that Brussiloff won as he wished. "After a relatively short preparation of artillery the Russians had jumped out of their trenches and went forward without hesitation. Only in a few places had they taken the trouble to form groups of attack, by massing their reserves. . . ."²⁰ " . . . As appeared afterwards, the Galician front was not only weakened by the withdrawal of units to the Italian front, but the power of resistance had also, for the same reason, been weakened by every possible means, because the numerous artillery, whose importance is known for troops of little morale, had been taken away, and besides this, there had been withdrawn from the Galician front a considerable number of the reliable elements, partly through exchange and partly through replacement with unreliable ones. In this way was the disaster explained;"²¹ nor are the conclusions of Hindenburg's calm and masterly work any different.²²

There is no need to add anything more to confute Cramon's statements; but it may be worth while to make perfectly clear what effects the events we have spoken of had on the general conduct of the war. Even as the great Russian victory was greatly helped by the fighting in the Tyrol, so did this victory bring a palpable blow to the German operations on the French front, and facilitate the British offensive on the Somme in the summer of 1916.²³

Nor was the Italian coöperation towards the fortunate Russian offensive limited to the reaction shown against the Austrian offensive. Cadorna, notwithstanding the efforts made to hold up the

¹⁹Falkenhayn, page 206.

²⁰Falkenhayn, page 206.

²¹Falkenhayn, page 211.

²²Hindenburg, "Aus meinem Leben," Hirzel, Leipzig, 1920, pages 141, 144.

²³Falkenhayn, page 210.

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attack, not only immediately took up again the offensive against the Austrians on the Plateau, but was able to anticipate the enemy on the Isonzo, by inflicting the grave defeat of Gorizia.²⁴

After the battle of Gorizia the Italian Army powerfully hammered the Austrian Army with the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Battles of the Isonzo, in September, October and November, preventing the withdrawal from that front of Divisions to reinforce those operating against Rumania. "The Austro-Hungarian troops there (on the Isonzo) were so worn out that no forces for use against Rumania could be withdrawn."²⁵

In 1917 Italy's action in the fight against Austria was gradually taking more importance than the Russian one, until, following Keren-ski's unfortunate offensive in July, 1917, and the advent of the Bolsheviki to the Petrograd government, Italy and Austria remained alone against each other. Italy, with the Bainsizza offensive, put the near Empire in serious danger.

The decision, retarded by the Caporetto disaster, did not fail. Italy immediately afterwards knew how to arise again with high spirit on the Grappa. The defeat inflicted by us on the Piave in June, 1918, marked the moral, and Vittorio Veneto the material, disaster of the Austrian Army.

In face of these facts, which summarize the fight between us and Austria, is it worth saying that this hard and bitter contest happened near the Isonzo, instead of two or three hundred kilometers beyond?

III

Examination of Strategical and Tactical Conditions of the Italian-Austrian War

In this the author gives an accurate and profound examination of the strategical and tactical conditions of the Italian-Austrian War.

STRATEGICAL CONDITIONS. The study of the Italian and Austrian railway systems puts our inferiority clearly in evidence, because, until 1914, the railway situation of Italy towards the Austrian front had defensive characteristics—that is railroad lines of

²⁴Falkenhayn, page 238.

²⁵Ludendorff, page 230.

small carrying-power—so as not to give means to the enemy in case of invasion; and even if those railways had had the necessary carrying-power, in the Trentino, they were too far from the strategic objectives to be reached. Now it is known that railroads have a capital importance in the vital question of supplies and evacuations of an army. The trend of our frontier was most threatening for us: a blow from the Tyrol threatened the rear of the whole army, and a blow on the Isonzo was a grave threat to our mountain-front. In both cases, the Austrian railways arrived nearly to the jumping off line of the enemy attack. Therefore in the strategical situation there was to our advantage only the possibility of a wearing-down warfare; against us stood the extreme sensibility of our front, with the sword of Damocles always threatening—not the head, but the back of our forces.

TACTICAL CONDITIONS. As to the conditions of tactical action on the Italian-Austrian theatre of operations, one must consider that, of 550 kilometers front, 500 were mountains, the rest Carso. The author reminds us that all military writers agree in noting the great difficulties presented by mountain warfare.

Undoubtedly the Austrians were confronted with the same difficulties in their offensives; but for them the mountainous part to cross was much shorter, and their objective was clear: they were near to our plains. Contrarily, on all the mountain front, behind the first chain of mountains, rose another still harder one, and then still others, as obstacles against us.

Such unfavorable strategical and tactical conditions were to weigh heavily on the execution of our war. In the mountains every offensive on our part came up against exceptional difficulties; the possibilities of great offensives were therefore limited to a narrow front, which excluded, very nearly, the possibility of surprise.

On the defensive front the importance of not losing any ground, so as not to render the already delicate strategical situation more dangerous, obliged us to hold the line with more men than was necessary to the enemy.

All this, given the extension of our front, was the reason why the forces at disposal for attacking the Julian front were limited as compared to other armies. Now, the less an offensive is extended, the more it fears the action of lateral artilleries.

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IV

The Enemy

In this chapter the author examines the value of the Austrian Army as a whole, and in its elements, the soldiers. According to writings and documents of military authors like Cramon, Falkenhayn, Hindenburg and Alice Schalek, he comes to the conclusion that the Austrian Army was excellent and the Austrian soldier an excellent fighter. Special moral conditions also increased the value of the Austrian soldiers in the war against us, notwithstanding their different nationalities.

Hindenburg, at page 260 of his book, "Aus meinem Leben," also takes note of this fact with the words: "Against Russia the Austrian Army was fighting with its soul alone, but against Italy with its heart as well."

The fact is that against us was used always the best part of the Austrian Army, which on our front always showed a high degree of fighting spirit. The opinions of the authors above named are absolutely explicit in this matter.

No one more than the Italians can confirm this opinion about yesterday's enemy; but if such was the enemy we had to face, why speak with such contempt, if even veiled, of our Army, which had to surmount still greater difficulties and was nearly always on the offensive in the mountains, instead of remaining on the defensive, like the enemy?

V

The Italian-French Cooperation in the Spring and Summer Campaign, 1917

(1) The 1917 Campaign in Italy—Foreign Depreciations—Results Obtained and Sacrifices Accomplished by Italy

Having thus corrected, by our opponent's own words, the errors concerning the part which Italy had in the war; there remains to give an answer to some publications, on the allied side, which show that

even they did not appreciate dispassionately all that our generous country did for the common cause.

Commandant de Civrieux calls his documented work about the French offensive of 1917 "Pages de vérité." We will therefore use, essentially, his data to rectify his opinions and those of others about the Italian action.²⁶

During the war, in the breathless seeking of a victorious solution which could never be obtained, each of the allies or enemies saw its own effort and considered it greater than that of the others. This is only human, and equally human one can admit the fact to be that somebody, not completely informed about the conditions in which the fight was going on on the other fronts, could have thought that the allies did not do all they could.

In this manner, and in no other, can one explain the words which, according to the French authors, Lloyd George is supposed to have said in the Paris meeting of May 4, 1917: "It is on the shoulders of France and of Great Britain that the whole burden of war is weighing. What Russia can do is a mystery. What Italy can or will do we know enough."²⁷ The French deputy, Galli, reporter of the Parliamentary Committee for the Army, gives the words as follows: "What Italy can or will do we do not know enough."²⁸

As a matter of fact the British minister might have considered that several German Armies, about eighty divisions,²⁹ were on the Russian front, that the Austrian Army did not bother France and England in the least, and that therefore somebody was thinking of keeping it busy; but the best answer was given by the Italian Army with its blood. From May 12th to June 4th there raged on the Carso the tenth battle of the Isonzo; from August 17th to September 12th, the eleventh. The military results were considerable on the Carso—important positions wrenched from the enemy. Further north the Second Army had crossed the Isonzo and conquered the formidable elevations which commanded the river, from a height of over 1,500 feet, pushing through the enemy lines to a depth of over 10 kilometers. The Second Army had accomplished one of the most difficult tactical

²⁶Commandant De Civrieux, "Pages de vérité," *L'offensive de 1917 et le commandement du général Nivelle*, Paris, Van Oest, 1919.

²⁷De Civrieux, page 188.

²⁸Henry Galli, "L'Offensive Française de 1917," Garnier, Paris, 1919, page 203.

²⁹See the publication of the Great German General Staff, "Die Schlachten und Gefechten, 1914-1918," Sack, Berlin, 1919.

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actions, the crossing of a river in front of an enemy in position, and at the same time the carrying of a mountain position. Here were, together, the difficulties which were confronted, separately, on June 15th, 1918, by the army groups of Boreovic and Conrad: 53,494 Austrians were taken prisoners, the enemy army was no more in condition to withstand another Italian offensive, and the German plans of conquest of Moldavia,⁸⁰ which was to have given to the Central Powers "a territory extremely rich in the raw materials necessary to the war and which we were lacking,"⁸¹ were completely upset.

But all this had not been accomplished without heavy losses: 36,000 killed, 96,000 wounded and 26,000 prisoners, of the Second and Third Army in our spring offensive, and 40,000 killed, 108,000 wounded and 18,500 prisoners in the one of August-September; a total of 280,000 casualties and 45,000 prisoners—325,000 men, in round figures, for these two offensives alone, in the two armies, without counting the 24,000 killed and wounded and the 2,000 prisoners, for instance, lost in the operation of the Sixth Army on the Ortigara, on the Asiago Plateau, in June of that year.

This is the volume of the blood shed by Italy in 1917 for her great spring and summer offensives: he who has done more, let him say so!

Realizing the threat hanging over the Austrian Army, Germany decided to operate against us "to prevent Austria's downfall."⁸² The strategical conditions on our sector, as we have summarized it, was favorable to the Central Powers: the Italian Army, and particularly our Second Army, was for the moment tired out. The Caporetto defeat broke down our whole Julian front.

Now it is in war as in battle: as all make a tremendous effort, each one thinks his own is the greatest. One can explain, therefore, that the Allies, immediately after the Bainsizza, asked Italy for another offensive, which our leader suspended when he saw the threat of the enemy offensive. Nor is it extraordinary that, in that situation, the Allies should have called back to France the few batteries granted for the preceding offensive; but it is not permissible that, after the events, each should try to claim the entire glory.

But going back to the spring offensive, why say, as does De Civi-rioux, "Notwithstanding so many requests, based on the most sacred

⁸⁰Cramon, page 126, and Ludendorff, page 383.

⁸²Ludendorff, page 384.

⁸¹Ludendorff, page 227.

and legitimate reasons, Russians and Italians remained at rest, while French and British were launched to the attack of formidable German positions. A total inactivity persists on the vast eastern front till the end of June, the time in which Brusiloff and Korniloff launched their offensive of Volinia and Galicia. Only on May 14th Cadorna decrees a general attack on the Isonzo and the Carso. And at this same date, the western battle having ended on the French front, though continuing on the British sector, General Nivelle is replaced in the supreme command by General Pétain.

"From then on, and for a long time, till after the defeats of the spring of 1918, all major operations disappear from the horizons of French territory—always violated, if not surrendered."³³

Any one who in the study of history follows the worship of truth, must render incontestable admiration to the French Army, which held back the first German push of 1914 and sustained the slaughter of Verdun; but this high respect must not veil the eyes in judging the events of 1917, in a discussion which refers, after all, only to the action of the commands.

Strategy is common sense. Let us leave Russia for the moment alone; in April she had a newly-born revolution at home, and that was not the moment for offensives. To fight, there must be some one to command. Without any doubt, if Russia could have done in May what she did in July, the German High Command would have found itself in troubled waters.³⁴

As it concerns Italy, the criticism of De Civrieux has no reason for its existence. What is meant by concurrent actions? That they should be carried out on the same day, perhaps? Has this the least influence on the result of operations? What must be avoided is that the enemy, in front of two separate offensives, should manoeuvre by internal lines, by carrying reinforcements against the mass which attacks first, so as to defeat it while the other remains inactive. Is this Italy's case? Did the Central Powers take away, in the spring of 1917, one single man or gun from the Italian front to send him into France or Russia? Would it have been in any way possible to do so?

Even if the Italians had conquered, in April, 1917, all they took

³³De Civrieux, page 126.

³⁴Ludendorff, page 339.

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in the two offensives of May and August-September, 1917; even if the Austrian Army should have been reduced in April to the conditions in which it found itself in September, Ludendorff was not the man to commit the unpardonable error of withdrawing a single man from the Franco-British front while the battle was raging in France. Nivelle himself did not believe it. "It is certain that, no matter what happens on the Eastern or the Italian fronts, he will not take away any element for their help on the Western front, as long as the Franco-British threat shall not have subsided."³⁵

The Italian coöperation with the Franco-British offensive existed, and completely so; not one enemy man or gun passed from our front to the Franco-British or any other front. But General Nivelle's strange pretexts deserve, in the interest of our own country, to be discussed.

(2) Nivelle's Abstractions

Nivelle, by the telegram of March 16th to Cadorna, through the French Mission in Udine, by the letter of March 21st to Painlevé, and by a telegram of April 19th, handed to the Italian Supreme Command by the French Mission with a letter dated April 20th, requested Cadorna, reminding him of the agreements taken in February, to take the offensive.

These requests seem to De Civrieux of a "netteté impressionante."

The agreement of Chantilly was to be ready in the first fortnight of February for the general offensive, and to launch it, if circumstances were not opposed, at the same time, that is within the limit of three weeks, at the date fixed by common agreement of the Commanders-in-Chief.³⁶

In February Cadorna was ready: was Nivelle ready?³⁷ It is certain that he had lost the opportunity of attacking the Germans while they were retreating from the Arras-Soissons front to the Siegfried-Stellung. This operation, that is the gradual withdrawal of material and artilleries, began on February 9th.

As came out in the investigation of the French parliamentary

³⁵Henry Galli, page 83, Report prepared by Nivelle, on 4-5-1917, for the War Council of Compiègne.

³⁶Agreement of Chantilly, De Civrieux, page 4.

³⁷Painlevé, Minister of War, page 22, "on the Aisne front nothing was ready. Even on April 16 our preparations were far from complete."

committee, intimations of this withdrawal were received in February on the British front;³⁸ on March 4th General Franchet d'Esperey thoroughly warned Nivelle of this fact. He proposed a sudden attack on the enemy's first lines, so as to surprise him and capture the artillery which had remained in position. Preparations could have been made in six days.

The withdrawal of the German troops began on March 16th, as planned.³⁹ On March 7th Nivelle had decided not to attack. On March 11th the revolution broke out in Petrograd. On the 14th the Petrograd agency gave out the news. On that same day the Austrians informed us of it from the trenches. From the end of February there was clearly shown, in the Trentino enemy, activity in the preparation of a major operation. In March the enemy artillery was greatly increased on the Asiago and Tonezza Plateaus, and more war materials arrived. One noted the arrival of fresh Austrian troops and of German troops on the higher Adige. The French Intelligence Service must have confirmed to Nivelle these probable intentions of the enemy.⁴⁰

The pretence that Cadorna should not take into consideration the facts that the German withdrawal deeply modified the conditions of operations on the French front, that the Russian revolution checked, at least for the moment, the Russian offensive, that the enemy was making offensive preparations in Tyrol, proves that Nivelle had formed an inaccurate opinion of the Italian Commander. Cadorna did not need any spurring to give to the common cause the full and unconditional coöperation of the Italian forces. Nine offensive battles on the Isonzo, besides the 1916 operations in the Trentino, from the beginning of July, 1915, to the end of October, 1916, were there to show it.

And neither this time did he need any spurring on. On April 19th, as soon as the situation was clear in the Trentino, one day before receiving Nivelle's telegram, he had sent out the executive orders for the offensive on the Julian front, which was to begin on May 7th. Bad weather conditions obliged the operation to be postponed for about a week, to the extreme regret of the Italian commander.

It was not in the Entente's interest to expose the Italian Army to

³⁸Galli, page 57 and following; Painleve, page 23.

³⁹Ludendorff, page 323.

⁴⁰Henry Galli, page 83.

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great danger; and one does not begin an offensive on the Isonzo when there is a threat pending from the Trentino. "To keep the initiative of operations" is Nivelle's constant preoccupation, and to a certain point it can be explained. It is natural that in his mind should predominate the memory of Verdun, where he had reaped so much glory. Now at Verdun the initiative taken by the Germans in the middle of February, 1916, had broken up all plans of a Franco-British offensive. But the initiative of operations, too, is subordinate to the needs of strategy, that is to common sense applied to the leading of armies.

The initiative of operations, the imposing on the enemy one's own will, is an advantage. This, if one precedes the enemy in preparations, and delivers a blow in a vital point; in substance, when one attacks, as in February, 1916, at Verdun. But the case is different when these conditions are not present. What would a victorious offensive on the Carso have mattered if the enemy could have replied with a powerful push from the Tyrol, threatening to compromise the whole Italian Army and also the Entente, in that situation? Nivelle thought to insure for himself the initiative of operations by attacking, in April, 1917, in France, without perceiving that this was already gravely compromised. The withdrawal and the destructions accomplished in the evacuated zone, without any interference in February and March, had taken away from Nivelle, for a certain time, the possibility of carrying out an attack on the most vulnerable part of the front. It was not so much a rectifying of the front which, after all, as Nivelle told the War Committee, did not diminish to any amount the strength of the enemy in the line, as a real, though temporary, diminution for over one hundred kilometers of the front at disposal for a great attack. In this zone there could be sent into the line tired or inferior divisions, and artilleries could be withdrawn to all advantage of the remaining sector of attack. "The number of German batteries spotted in action had augmented to over one hundred per cent. from January to April."⁴¹

As a whole Nivelle's initiative had been reduced to being able to attack, certainly with a great numerical superiority, in the Laon sector, where the enemy, informed as to the intentions of the French Command, had cleverly prepared a terrain which, according to Foch,

⁴¹Galli, page 127. Report of Parliamentary Committee.

"is not adapted to artillery attacks."⁴² As a conclusion, the German move had completely changed the situation. As soon as the withdrawal was noticed, that is in February and at the beginning of March, if one did not want to attack at once the enemy in retreat, there would have been time to modify the French attack without causing an appreciable delay. The northern front had been put aside by Nivelle on account of the uncertainty of the climate; the eastern front, because there would not have been any liaison with the British.⁴³ Now the liaison had been annulled by the German retreat. And it was not even the case of fearing that the enemy would attack, because, undergoing himself a crisis through this vast movement of men and material, he would certainly not have undertaken a large offensive.

But Nivelle did not introduce any substantial modification. He limited himself, as a whole, to widen the attack to a certain amount in the Laon sector and went on rigidly, according to the plan he had fathered so long, and from which he hoped for the end of the war. Naturally the attack on the Eastern front was reduced to a reconnaissance on St. Quentin, immediately broken off.

There was no modification either at the beginning of April, when he knew that documents, showing the plan of attack of an army, carried to the front line, had fallen into the enemy's hands.⁴⁴ He attacked on April 16th, when the exceptional bad weather should have advised a short postponement—above all, for the colonial army corps. The motive which had eliminated the Northern front was held no more in consideration by him, though, among the conditions imposed on him by the Government for the execution of his plan, was that of attacking only with good weather.⁴⁵ "It seems," ends the report of the Parliamentary Committee, "that the Commander-in-Chief, without perhaps enough considering the experience of September, 1915, and fearing an intervention which he wished to avoid at any price, has shown a great impatience for action and for engaging himself to the limit, though he did not ignore the fresh difficulties which were arising."⁴⁶

With this the Committee lets us understand that Nivelle would have avoided any postponement for fear of the Minister deciding to

⁴²Galli, page 245.

⁴³Painlevé, page 30.

⁴⁴Galli, page 45.

⁴⁵Galli, page 115.

⁴⁶Galli, page 111.

withdraw his consent to the execution of his plan, as there was motive to believe.

(3) The French Conduct of the War in the Summer of 1917 According to de Civrieux—Italy's Effort to Prevent the Attack Against Rumania

To resume, the criticism against Italy for her delay in intervention does not stand on its feet. In the World War there is military glory for everyone, friends and foes; therefore no one must try to deprive Italy of the merits which are her due. No one can question the first place in sacrifices sustained by Italy in the spring and summer of 1917.

But what is stranger is that the criticism should come from de Civrieux, who tells us that in all that time France did not follow the energetic conduct of the war which he himself judges was necessary.⁴⁷ De Civrieux writes that "the only serious operation attempted by Pétain after his being raised to the Command (May 10, 1917) was the one called the battle of Malmaison, a tactical operation carried out on October 23, 1917."⁴⁸ Not only so, but de Civrieux himself insists, and with right, on the imprudent words spoken on July 7, 1917, by the Minister, Painlevé, at the French Chamber, "One must finish with these ambitious and reckless plans, which under magnificent appearances scarcely hide emptiness and unpreparedness," etc.

"Therefore," continues de Civrieux, "the Imperial General Staff rapidly and exactly informed, did not ignore the fact that the official words of the Minister of War did not hide any stratagem. These words of an impressive ingenuity expressed a war doctrine exposed for several months to the light of day and the appliance of which had become a reality of every moment. For this reason Hindenburg, reassured against any possibility of near changes in the French plans, and sure of not having to face anything more than local and limited offensives between the Oise and Switzerland, did not hesitate in withdrawing from the Western front a certain number of divisions and transporting them rapidly against Russia.

"On July 16th the Germans were then able to begin a powerful

⁴⁷De Civrieux, page 267.

⁴⁸De Civrieux, page 243.

counter-offensive from Tarnopol to the Dniester. On their side the Austrian armies, deployed on their left in direction of Lemberg, reoccupied Halicz; then, extending their movement offensively along the wooded Carpatian Mountains, completed the rout of the decisively wavering Russian armies. Galicia and Bukovina were lost, Bessarabia and Moldavia were threatened with invasion. All the faint hopes laid in the soldiers of the Russian revolution foundered.

"One month later the great city of Riga was taken, Livonia was invaded, the Baltic coast was taken as far as the Gulf of Finland, Petrograd was threatened. At the same time the only hope of salvation seemed lost."⁴⁹

It is difficult to establish whether Painlevé's words had weight or not in Hindenburg's and Ludendorff's decisions. The Nivelle-Pétain-Painlevé discussion has become a personal question.

If the synchronizing of efforts with Russia could not have been carried out in April, because the Russians were then powerless, the union of efforts could have been obtained if Pétain had attacked in France at the beginning of July, doing all that was possible to prevent the Germans from transporting against the Russians those seven divisions⁵⁰ which in the second half of July broke up the Russian offensive, so well begun in the first half of the month. Strategic coöperation must consist essentially in this: preventing the enemy from manoeuvring by internal lines; not allowing him, by massing his forces, to overpower one of the Allies.

But it is useless to throw "ifs" around. Let us remain with the facts. From May, 1917, on Pétain spared his army, while Cadorna lavished his in bloody offensives, conscious of doing all that was possible for great, dying Russia, and, at least, to save Rumania. In conclusion: either one of the two leaders operated in a way which did not correspond to the general situation; or the sparing at that time of the French Army, after the glorious and sanguinary trials of 1914, 1916 and April, 1917, was an unavoidable necessity, as Painlevé explicitly admits. In either case, do not let us take away from Italy the merit of having, in 1917, taken France's place in the martyrdom of the war.

In any case, Italy's sacrifice was not in vain for the general cause: besides the blows inflicted on the Austrian Army, it saved Moldavia

⁴⁹De Civiex, page 239.

⁵⁰Ludendorff, pages 345-348; six divisions and the Alpen-Krops.

from a new invasion, and prevented the enemy from laying his hands on that rich territory, which would have given new life to the famished empires.

VI

The True Valuation of the Italian Army

We have tried to rectify, by showing the inaccuracies of friends and ex-enemies, the synthesis of Italy's effort in the war. How many, and what useless, and—for some—what harmful discussions! And what can one say of those foreign libels, circulated under-hand, which for political purposes try to undervalue our army and its accomplishments?

Blind people! what is the use of a partisan depreciation on paper, when the exact valuation has already been shown on the field of battle by the enemy and has been confirmed by events?

In such a long war the valor of an army is measured by the enemy forces in front of it, taking in account the offensive or defensive purpose and the terrain.

Now the proportion between the Italian and the enemy forces, on the Alps and on the Carso, was not any greater than the Entente had on the other fronts. As to fighting spirit, no one can ignore that, from July 1st, 1915, to the end of August, 1917, in twenty-six months, there were on the Isonzo alone eleven battles, and one great action in the Trentino: one major operation every two months, without counting the bloody fights in the Alps.

Let there be an end, therefore, to vain comparisons and a more or less veiled work of defamation: truth opens easily its way.

Let us try to tell the events of the war, remembering that the main purpose of history is to know one's self.

Only one who knows himself completely is master of himself and can prevent himself being dragged away by events. From the Austrian defeat on the Piave to the present abasement of Germany, the first cause of insuccess was always the same: the despisal of the enemy, caused by excessive self-exaltation of one's own merits.



PLAN SHOWING THE SITUATION OF AMERICAN TROOPS IN FRANCE BEFORE THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN OF 1918, WHICH WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE GREAT WAR. THE FIGURES IN THE PLAN GIVE THE NUMBERS OF THE AMERICAN DIVISIONS

Used by the courtesy of the MacMillan Company, from their valuable publication, "The American Army in the European Conflict," by Colonel Chambrun and Captain de Mareches, whose work is the best on American operations in Europe by any European military authorities.

The First Republican-Democratic Presidential Campaign

BY

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES



DURING the thirty-three presidential elections in the United States, only five political parties have succeeded in electing their respective candidates. These five parties were the Federalists, Democratic-Republicans, Democrats, Whigs, and the present Republican party. The Federalist party was in power until the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, when the Democratic-Republican party elected Thomas Jefferson. This Democratic-Republican party became the Democratic party of Andrew Jackson, and under the latter name it exists today. The chief opponent of the Democratic party, during its earlier history, was the Whigs, and the Whig presidential candidates were elected in 1840 and 1848, the Democrats being successful in 1844 (Polk), in 1852 (Pierce), and in 1856 (Buchanan). The Whig party came to an end in 1852, when Franklin Pierce overwhelmingly defeated its candidate, Winfield Scott. In fact, for a while, the Democratic party was left in complete possession of our Country's political battlefield.

Nevertheless, a powerful though scattered opposition to the victorious Democratic party was present in this Nation, awaiting a proper stimulus to unite. This opposition consisted of several elements. One of these elements was, of course, the defeated Whig party; another element the so-called "Free Soilers," and there was still another element which was nicknamed the "Know Nothings." The Whigs were opposed to the Democrats on "general principles" and on economic problems, the "Free Soilers" on the slavery question, while the "Know Nothings," or American party, were interested in certain suffrage reforms. However, at first, this scattered opposition was rather

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feeble. It needed a proper stimulus to arouse it to full strength; and this proper stimulus was provided by the Democratic party itself.

The "Kansas-Nebraska Act" was the cause of the union of the several political elements opposed to the Democratic party. As is well known, this Congressional Act left to the people in the territories of Kansas and Nebraska the decision whether slavery should be forbidden or allowed there. The "Kansas-Nebraska Act" became a law in 1854, and awakened a tremendous excitement throughout the Northern states. The "Compromise of 1820" had forbidden slavery in these territorial regions, but, despite this positive prohibition, this "Kansas-Nebraska Act" would permit slavery in these territories, provided their people voted in favor of it. The result was that the North began to line up more strictly against the South, and the history of our country approached closer and closer to the terrible tragedy of the Civil War.

Out of this tremendous excitement in the Northern states, a new and powerful political party was rapidly created. Throughout the summer and autumn of 1854 the several political elements opposed to the "Kansas-Nebraska Act" and to the Democratic Party were coalescing energetically. Men like Lincoln, Sumner, Greeley, Hale, Seward, Chase and Garrison became members of this new party, and presently it was given its political name. It is not positively known who first suggested the name "Republican," although such a suggestion was made by Horace Greeley in a letter. It has been stated that the name, "Republican Party," was chosen at a meeting of some thirty members of the House of Representatives, upon the day following the passage of the "Kansas-Nebraska Act." However that may have been, this name was a natural one, for it had been used before in the political history of the United States. It is said that the first official adoption of this name was at a convention held in Jackson, Michigan, on July 6, 1854. The term, "Republican Party," was also adopted by state conventions in Maine, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa.

During the first year of its existence, this new Republican party had many successes, its popularity increasing as time went on. In the Thirty-third Congress the Republican party was absolutely unknown, whereas in the Thirty-fourth Congress, which met December 3, 1855, the Senate contained fifteen Republicans and the House one hundred

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and eight Republicans. That is to say, the Senate had about one-third as many Republicans as Democrats, and the House twenty-five more Republicans than Democrats. In this first congressional campaign of the Republican party, it won popular majorities in fifteen of the thirty-one states, its successes being mostly in what was then known as the "West." The new party was not as successful in the Eastern states, particularly in New England, where many of the voters continued to be "Whigs" and "Know Nothings." Unfortunately for the Republican party, this Eastern tendency to vote for the "Whig-Know Nothing-American party" continued until after the presidential election of 1856.

In December, 1855, the Republican state committees in Ohio, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Wisconsin and Michigan issued a call for a general convention at Pittsburgh, February 22, 1856, to perfect a national organization. The members of this convention chose a national committee and decided upon a national convention to be held at Philadelphia, on June 17th. This "call" for the first national Republican convention was addressed to "The people of the United States, without regard to past political differences or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to the policy of the present administration, to the extension of slavery into the Territories, in favor of the admission of Kansas as a free state, and of restoring the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson."

When this first national Republican convention assembled at Philadelphia, most of its delegates were in favor of the admission of Kansas as a free state, excepting certain delegates from Delaware, Maryland and Kentucky. It agreed upon a "Platform" which was opposed to the repeal of the "Missouri Compromise," to the extension of slavery to free territories, and to the refusal to admit Kansas as a free state. This "Platform" further declared, "Resolved, That the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the territories of the United States for their government and that in the exercise of this power it is both the right and the imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery." It denounced the "Ostend Manifesto," which announced that if Spain should refuse to sell Cuba to the United

States, self-preservation would compel the United States to "wrest it from her." It was in favor of a Pacific Railroad and of "appropriations by Congress for the improvement of rivers and harbors of a national character." However, this first "Platform" of the Republican party made no mention at all of what was afterwards one of its chief contentions, namely, the Tariff.

The Republican convention at Philadelphia having thus decided upon its "Platform," its delegates next turned their attention to the choice of presidential candidates. On the first ballot, John C. Frémont, of California, received three hundred and fifty-nine votes; McLean, one hundred and ninety-six; Sumner, two, and Seward, one vote. This necessitated a second ballot, and on this ballot Frémont was nominated unanimously. Afterwards, there was an informal ballot to choose a candidate for Vice-President. On this informal ballot, William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, received two hundred and fifty-nine votes; Lincoln, one hundred and ten; Banks, forty-six; Wilmot, forty-three, and Sumner, thirty-five, with fifty-three votes scattered. A formal vote was then taken, and Dayton was nominated unanimously. The first Republican presidential candidates were, therefore, Frémont and Dayton. Frémont's nomination was intended to attract the votes of certain Free Soilers and Democrats, as well as to provide a popular rallying phrase,—“Free soil, free speech, free men, and Frémont!” Dayton's nomination was made to please the Whig element in the new party.

The Democratic convention met at Cincinnati, Ohio, on June 2, 1856. Its delegates agreed upon a "Platform" which was a renewal of that of 1852, including the original "Platform of 1840," with additional resolutions approving the "Kansas-Nebraska Act" and the principle of popular sovereignty, and condemning the "Know Nothing" movement. This Democratic "Platform" of 1856 quoted "Resolution 7" from the "Platform of 1840," and declared, "That the foregoing proposition covers, and was intended to embrace, the whole subject of slavery agitation in Congress; and, therefore, the Democratic party of the Union, standing on this national platform, will abide by, and adhere to, a faithful execution of the acts known as the compromise measures settled by the Congress of 1850, 'the act for reclaiming fugitives from service labor' included; which act, being designed to

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carry out an express provision of the Constitution, cannot, with fidelity thereto, be repealed, or so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency; that the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing in Congress, or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made."

In choosing their presidential candidate at Cincinnati, the Democrats experienced much more difficulty than in making their "Platform." The delegation was divided among James Buchanan, Franklin Pierce and Stephen A. Douglas, and much excitement and bitterness resulted. Indeed, no nomination was made until the seventeenth ballot, when Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, was chosen. On the first ballot, Buchanan received one hundred and thirty-five votes; Pierce, one hundred and twenty-two, and Douglas, thirty-three. On the sixteenth ballot, Buchanan received one hundred and sixty-eight votes and Douglas one hundred and twenty-one. Buchanan was nominated on the following ballot, and J. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was afterwards chosen as the Democratic candidate for Vice-President.

There was, also, a third party in this presidential campaign, which was known as the "Know Nothing" or American party. The members of this party acted in so peculiar and mysterious a manner that members of the two other parties believed that the "Know Nothings" were more powerful than they proved to be. This American party nominated Millard Fillmore, of New York, for President, and Andrew J. Donelson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President. In the election, this third party polled a popular vote of 874,000, and won eight electoral votes.

The first Republican-Democratic campaign was conducted with great energy "up North," whereas "down South" there was practically no excitement. As would be expected, the citizens in the Southern states had very little interest in the new party. Throughout the North, however, there was great excitement, which was increased by parades, bonfires, public meetings, eloquent speeches, songs and catchwords. The subject of slavery was everywhere discussed, and, of course, this subject intensified the political excitement. It was an old-fashioned campaign, a pre-Civil War presidential campaign, and, although it was not equal in general enthusiasm to that of 1840, this presidential campaign of 1856 was by no means a dull one. The battle was between

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Buchanan and Breckinridge, Democrats, and Frémont and Dayton, Republicans; and James Buchanan, lawyer and statesman, was elected over John Charles Frémont, explorer and soldier. Buchanan was born in 1791, near Mercersburg, Pa.; Frémont in 1813, at Savannah, Ga. Buchanan was a well-meaning man, but he possessed a vacillating and not an energetic character. Frémont was a man of fine presence and very popular. Nevertheless, Buchanan defeated Frémont in this eighteenth presidential campaign by a national vote of 1,838,169 to 1,341,264, that is, by almost half a million votes.

In other words, Buchanan did not receive a plurality of the popular vote—about 4,000,000 votes—and he received 377,633 fewer votes than the Republican and American candidates together. When the electoral votes were counted at Washington, February 11, 1857, it was announced that James Buchanan had received one hundred and seventy-four such votes and John Charles Frémont one hundred and fourteen votes, and, accordingly, that Buchanan had been elected President by a plurality of fifty-two electoral votes over Frémont and Fillmore, or by sixty more votes than the Republican candidate had received. However, Buchanan was nearer defeat than his electoral vote indicated, for had Frémont received the electoral votes of Pennsylvania and Illinois, he would have beaten Buchanan by a national vote of one hundred and fifty-two to one hundred and thirty-six. Nevertheless, the citizens of our Republic elected the Democratic candidate, and James Buchanan became the fifteenth President of the United States.

At this point, it will be interesting to study and compare some statistics respecting the electoral votes in this eighteenth presidential campaign. Maryland, the thirty-first state, is not included, since it cast its eight votes for Fillmore.

<i>State</i>	<i>For President</i>		<i>For Vice-President</i>	
	<i>Buchanan</i>	<i>Frémont</i>	<i>Breckinridge</i>	<i>Dayton</i>
Maine	8	..	8
New Hampshire.....	..	5	..	5
Massachusetts	13	..	13
Rhode Island	4	..	4
Connecticut	6	..	6
Vermont	5	..	5

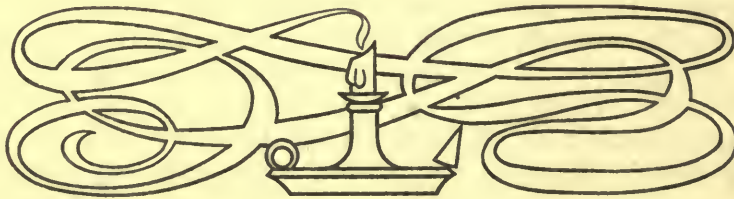
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New York ..	35	..	35
New Jersey ..	7	7	..
Pennsylvania ..	27	27	..
Delaware ..	3	3	..
Virginia ..	15	15	..
North Carolina ..	10	10	..
South Carolina ..	8	8	..
Georgia ..	10	10	..
Kentucky ..	12	12	..
Tennessee ..	12	12	..
Ohio ..	23	..	23
Louisiana ..	6	6	..
Mississippi ..	7	7	..
Indiana ..	13	13	..
Illinois ..	11	11	..
Alabama ..	9	9	..
Missouri ..	9	9	..
Arkansas ..	4	4	..
Michigan ..	6	..	6
Florida ..	3	3	..
Texas ..	4	4	..
Iowa ..	4	..	4
Wisconsin ..	5	..	5
California ..	4	4	..
<i>Total</i> ..	174	114	174
			114

From the above table it will be seen that, in 1856, there were, including Maryland, thirty-one states in our Republic, and that these states possessed two hundred and ninety-six presidential electors. Compared with this, our Nation consists at present of forty-eight states, which possess five hundred and thirty-one electoral votes. In 1856, New York had thirty-five such votes, Pennsylvania twenty-seven, Illinois eleven, and Ohio twenty-three. In 1920, New York has forty-five votes, Pennsylvania thirty-eight, Illinois twenty-nine, and Ohio twenty-four. In 1856, the Democrats carried nineteen states, the Republicans eleven states. In that year, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and New Jersey "went" Democratic. New York and Ohio

chose Republican electors. It should be noted that although Frémont was a resident of California, and a popular western hero, he did not receive the electoral votes of California, Texas, and Missouri. Owing to the free-state issue, he was handicapped by the Southern states voting against him—a total electoral vote of 72.

Thus began and ended the first Republican-Democratic presidential campaign. It occurred sixty-four years ago, and is now almost forgotten excepting by historical students. However, it was the initial presidential battle between the two great parties which still exist, after their sixteenth quadrennial combat. Since its birth, in 1828, the present Democratic party has won ten times, although it has been defeated by the present Republican party eleven times. And since its first victory over the Republican party in 1856, the Democratic party has vanquished the Republicans four times, that is, in 1884, 1892, 1912, and in the last election of 1916.



A Founder-Family of Pennsylvania

Studies in Meily Ancestry

BY

MABEL THACHER ROSEMARY WASHBURN

Secretary of The National Historical Society



SCAR KUHNS, in his "German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania," says: "From their first appearance in Switzerland in the early decades of the sixteenth century, the Mennonites were the victims of systematic persecution on the part of their Reformed brethren;

"From time to time single families and individuals had fled across the frontiers and sought refuge in the Palatinate, where Mennonite communities had existed since 1527. In 1671 the first considerable emigration took place, when seven hundred persons left their native land and settled on the Rhine These Palatine Swiss had to suffer the same trials as their neighbors, Poverty, floods, finally induced large numbers of them to join their brethren in Switzerland in the movement which resulted in the settlement on the Pequea in Lancaster County."

Among these emigrating Mennonite families was that of Meily, which is well entitled to the rank of a Founder-Family of Pennsylvania, since it was one of those who made the first European settlement of what is now Lancaster County, and, among these, was one of the most eminent.

The family of Meily, or Meili (the name being spelled in various other ways in the early Pennsylvania records), was of the Canton of Zurich, in Switzerland. It is said that they lived originally in Hedingen, in the said Canton; but one branch was of Winterthur, near which is a place called Meilen, perhaps an early home of the family.

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The Coat-of-Arms is blazoned as of Winterthur, where their chief estates may have been. This is described as follows:

"D'arg. à une tulipe de gu., accostée de deux rose du même, les fleurs alternant avec quatre feuilles de sin.; le tout soutenu d'un tertre de quatre coupeaux escarpés due mêmes. C.: les meubles de l'écu (moins le tertre). L.: à dextre d'or et de gu., à sen. d'arg. et de gu."

This blazon, heraldically Anglicized, may be rendered:

Arms: Argent, a tulip gules, between two roses gules, the flowers alternating with four leaves vert, the whole resting upon a mound of four terraces vert.

Crest: The flowers and leaves of the shield.

Mantling: Dexter side, or and gules; sinister side, argent and gules.

A valuable paper presented before the Lancaster County Historical Society in 1910 states that the Seventeenth Century opened with the efforts of Count Witgenstein, Lord of Hamburg, and a Calvinist, to exterminate from his domains Catholicism, and the various bodies of Lutherans and Anabaptists; and that, in 1601, a decree against the last was issued at Groningen, Switzerland, this followed by severe measures in Zurich and elsewhere. Among the Anabaptists were the Mennonites, followers of Simon Menno, born in 1505, and who died in 1561. The distinctive tenets of the Mennonites are opposition to infant baptism, to participation in government, and to war. Thus, they met with determined opposition in Switzerland, not only from the religious adherents of Zwingli and Calvin, but also from the Government. A number were put to torture and imprisoned, and among these was Hans Meily, of the Knownow district, in the Canton of Zurich, who thus suffered about 1638. His sons, Hans Meily, Junior, and Martin Meily, were imprisoned. This Martin Meily was a Mennonite minister and an historian of the Mennonite sufferings. It has been asserted that Martin Meily, who, as will be shown, came to Pennsylvania in 1710, was a nephew of Martin Meily, this Mennonite historian; and, if this be true, the brother of Martin, the historian, came here also. For Martin of Pennsylvania was accompanied by, or followed by, his father, Hans Meily.

During the latter half of the Seventeenth Century and the early years of the Eighteen Century, a number of Mennonite families set-

A FOUNDER-FAMILY OF PENNSYLVANIA

tled in Holland and in the Palatinate, or German Rhine provinces, these settlements being largely caused by Swiss edicts of banishment. It was from these exiled Swiss Mennonites, as well as from their German neighbors, and, in a far smaller degree, their Dutch neighbors, that many Pennsylvania colonists originated. Some went first to England, where they were generously aided by the Government, which assisted them also to come to America. Among those who went to England, apparently to arrange there for the transportation of a party to America, were the leaders of what became the first settlement of the present Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. These wrote to their co-religionists in Amsterdam, Holland, where their letter, it is said, still is extant. It was dated at London, June 27, 1710, and stated that they were soon to embark for America. The signers of this letter were Martin Oberholtzer, Martin Kundig, Christian Herr, Jacob Muller, Martin Meili, and Hans Herr. It is believed that these men, with others, arrived in Philadelphia in September, 1710, on the ship, *Mary Hope*.

On October 10, 1710, a warrant for the survey of ten thousand acres on Pequea Creek, then in Chester County, but now in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was issued, and it was patented October 23, 1710, to Hans Herr and Martin Kundig, evidently acting as agents for the little group of colonists. This tract was subdivided among the following: Martin Kundig, Martin Meily, Christian Herr, Hans Herr, Wendel Bowman, John Rudolph Bundely, Christopher Franciscus, Jacob Miller (or Muller), and John Funk.

While historians state that Hans Meily accompanied his sons, Martin and Hans (John) to America, in 1710, it has been thought that he did not do so, but died in Europe, perhaps in Switzerland, possibly in the Palatine, or elsewhere. He must have been very aged in 1710, for there is record that the wife of his son, Martin, was born in 1672, which indicates the approximate age of the said Martin. Martin was apparently the older of the two sons of the old Hans Meily, since he took the more active part in the Pequea settlement, and since he shared in the original division of the 1710 patent, as has been stated. If John Meily, Senior, came to Pennsylvania, he probably died soon thereafter. The name of his wife is unknown.

Martin Meily was probably twice married, and it may be that all

of his children were born of the first marriage. For on the gravestone of his wife, Barbara, in what is called now the old Tchantz or Musser graveyard (in West Lampeter Township, on Pequea Creek, in Lancaster County), it is stated that she was aged seventy at her death in 1742, and that she had lived in marriage with Martin Meily for twenty-four years. Thus their marriage took place about 1718, when she was forty-six years old.

Martin Meily made his will on March 17, 1747; added a codicil on April 8, 1749; and it was proved January 22, 1750 (Old Style, 1749). In it he mentioned only one child, his son, Martin. But it is apparently clear that Hans Meily, whose gravestone lies close to that of Barbara (wife of Martin), was a son of Martin, by the latter's first marriage. This Hans died December 26, 1733, aged nineteen years, and thus was born prior to the marriage of Martin and Barbara, which, as said, occurred in 1718.

From Martin Meily, Junior, son of Martin, the 1710 colonist, and grandson of Hans Meily, Senior,—probably a colonist of 1710,—descend the Meilys of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The present study, however, is especially concerned with the history of the Meily family of Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. This branch descends from John Meily, son of John (Hans) Meily, Senior, and thus brother of Martin Meily, the Lancaster County Meily's ancestor.

John Meily, brother of Martin (ancestor of the Lancaster County Meilys), appears, as has been said, to have been the younger of the two sons of Hans Meily. Not only was Martin's part in the early settlement far more conspicuous, but, in the aforesaid division made to the nine grantees, of the original 1710 patent of ten thousand acres (made to Hans Herr and Martin Kundig), these nine men are called "Swissers;" whereas, in the grant (described subsequently herein) to John Meily, in 1717, he is described as "late of the Palatinate of the Rhine in Germany." The indications are that Hans, the father, and his elder son, Martin, had been born in Switzerland; that they had gone to the Palatinate, as did so many of the Swiss Mennonites; that Hans' younger son, Hans, Junior, or John, had been born in the Palatinate; that all three had come to Pennsylvania in 1710; that Hans, Senior, died very soon after the settlement on Pequea Creek, or, at any rate, before 1717. In a deed, to be mentioned subsequently in

this present study, it is shown that, in 1730, there was living a John Meily, who was called "eldest son & heir at law of Hans Meilin, deceased," and that this "eldest son" had inherited the lands patented, in 1717, to his father. Therefore, since it appears that John (son of Hans, the 1710 colonist), was younger than his brother, Martin, the patentee of 1717 could not have been the elder Hans; for, in that case, the "eldest son" of the said 1730 deed would not have been John, but Martin.

Martin Meily, son of Hans, Senior, was probably born prior to 1672 (the birth-date of his second wife, Barbara). Therefore, since Martin's brother, John, was younger, in accordance with the theory of evidence set forth above, John Meily, son of Hans, Senior, was born probably after 1670, and in the Rhenish provinces of Germany, called the Palatinate. In 1671 there was a conspicuous migration of Swiss Mennonites to the Palatinate; and that may have been the year when the Meily family, Hans, his wife, and Martin, their son (probably a young child), settled on the Rhine, where, perhaps about 1672, John Meily was born.

On August 30, 1717, there was patented to John Meily a tract of seven hundred acres, located in what was then the Township of Strasburg, Chester County, Pennsylvania. Lancaster County was formed from Chester County in 1729. Warrant for survey of this tract had been issued to John Meily earlier in the same year. It may be that he had lived, up to that time, with his elder brother, Martin Meily, on the latter's subdivision of the original 1710 patent, and that the occasion of his (John's) activity in securing a tract for himself, as he did in 1717, was the death of his father, Hans Meily, the aged 1710 colonist. This 1717 patent describes the land granted to John Meily as follows:

"...a certain tract of land situated in Township of Strasbury [Strasburg] in County of Chester....Beginning at a marked white oak at a corner of Isaac Leffeires land and running by the same north by west 245 perches to a corner post then by land reputed vacant, west by south 485 perches to a corner black oak, then south by east by vacant land, the land of Benedictus Vengrift 245 perches to a corner white oak then east by north by the lands of Martin Kendig, Martin Mayley and Christian Herr 485 perches to the place of beginning,

containing Seven hundred acres." The document goes on to state that "Hans Mayley late of the Palatinate of the Rhine in Germany but now of the Township of Strasbury" desires a confirmation by patent of the grant of the described land.

On November 15, 1718, "Hans Meilen of the Township of Strasbury in the County of Chester" deeded to "Charles Christopher of Strasbury" one hundred and six acres, described in the deed as being part of the tract of seven hundred acres which the Commissioners of Pennsylvania had granted to the said "Hans Meilen" on August 30, 1717. On July 27, 1722, "Hans Meylin" deeded one hundred acres of the 1717 patent of seven hundred acres to Martin Meylin, perhaps the Martin, brother of John (and son of Hans, Senior), but possibly Martin, son of John Meily of the 1717 patent, who, as will be shown, had a son, Martin. This tract of one hundred acres was deeded, by Martin Meily, to Charles Christopher, July 21, 1747.

John Meily died before January 29, 1728 (1727, Old Style), for, on that date, "John Mylen & Martin Mylen and Joseph Lowe all of the County of Chester" were bound as sureties for the administration of the estate of "John Mylen," deceased, by "the above bounded John Mylen," whose signature to the bond is "Hans Miyli."

There is preserved in the Register's Office for Chester, dated January 16, 1717-1728, "An Inventory of all and singular of the goods and chattels of John Mylen late of Conastogo, deceased." In this is listed, with cattle, farm implements, "severall Kettles and potts," "some beding," "some books," etc., "the plantation 300 acres." This was apparently what remained of the 1717 patent of seven hundred acres (which may, of course, actually have consisted of less land), from which tract he had, as stated, deeded away two hundred and six acres.

The name of the wife of John Meily, son of Hans, Senior, and brother of Martin, is unknown. He appears to have had five sons: John, Martin, Jacob, Samuel, and George. These five had patents of land in about the same locality, receiving them at dates close together.

Of these five, Jacob Meily is the ancestor in the lineage of the present study; but some account of the others will be given, before his history is here recorded.

As has been said, John Meily was administrator of his father's

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estate in 1728. On December 10, 1730, "John Mealin of the County of Lancaster," "eldest son & heir at law of Hans Meilin, deceased, and Katharine his wife" deeded to John Howser two hundred acres of land, the instrument of grant stating that this tract was a part of that which "William Penn. . . . by Patent. . . . under hands of his late Commissioners to wit Richard Hill, Isaac Norris and James Logan. . . . the thirtieth day of August, Anno Domini one thousand seven hundred and seventeen. . . . did grant. . . . unto the said Hans Meilin in his life time. . . . in the Township of Strasburg now in the said County of Lancaster, containing seven hundred acres. . . ." The deed goes on to state that the said "Hans Meilin. . . . Since died intestate seized thereof" and is signed by John Meily and his wife, Katharine, as grantors to the aforesaid John Howser.

On March 19, 1736-1737, "John Meiley of Lebanon Township in the County of Lancaster yeoman & Catherine his wife" deeded to Durst Thomas, also of Lebanon Township, three hundred and forty-seven acres "on the head of Conestogoe Creek," the deed stating that the land granted was the same patented to the said John Meily "the seventeenth day of January past." This tract, thus patented on January 17, 1736-1737, was warranted for survey for John Meily on October 12, 1734. The land was partly bounded by "Philip Carpenters Settlement" and "Thomas Croyls Settlement."

Martin Meily, apparently the brother of the preceding John of Lebanon Township, and thence the son of John Meily, the 1717 patentee, (son of Hans Meily, the aged colonist of 1710), received, May 17, 1734, a patent for land situated "near Mill Creek a branch of Conestogoe by land of Hans Meilin." He is also listed twice as a warrantee of other land in Lebanon Township: June 7, 1738, for four hundred acres; and March 28, 1745, for two hundred acres.

Martin Meily of Lebanon Township married Anna Sabina ———. He made his will March 31, 1770, and it was proved November 7, 1770. It begins: "In the Name of God Amen I Martin Meylie Senior of the Township of Lebanon in the County of Lancaster & Province of Pennsylvania yeoman being weack in Body labouring under old age & Infirmities but of sound and disposing mind, perfect memory and understanding and considering that it is appointed for all men once to die do make this my last will and Testament." He recommends his

soul to God, and his body to the earth, provides for the payments of any debts on his estate, and goes on to bequeath household goods, furniture, etc., to "my beloved wife Anna Sabina." He then continues: "and be it further made known herewith that whereas I have in my Life time provided for my son George Meylie and Henry Meylie with land far under the value of half price, as Land is now generally valued & sold in the neighbourhood and among my other children Viz Martin, Samuel, Sabina and Elizabeth voluntarily and Freely of my own accord did divide and distribute my Bonds and Writings concerning my Estate in four equal shares to each of the four Before named the Sum of two Hundred Sixty eight pounds, Eighteen shillings and six pence." The testator then arranges that his wife, Anna Sabina, shall have the residue of the estate till her death, when it shall pass to the testator's "Children, Martin, Samuel, Sabina, Elizabeth, . . . but my Sons George and Henry are to have nothing of this said Remainder . . . because . . . they have been . . . provided in Lands." He appoints as executors of his will, his "Sons Martin Meylie and Samuel Meylie."

An interesting history could be compiled, from original documents, on the descendants of Martin and Anna Sabina Meily of Lebanon County; but space for this is lacking in the present study, which is especially concerned with the descendants of Jacob Meily, brother of Martin (husband of Anna Sabina), as placed in this lineage.

Samuel Meily, believed to have been a son of John, the 1717 patentee, received a warrant for three hundred acres, dated October 22, 1734. The conditions of the warrant not being fulfilled, the patent was granted to Christian Meily, May 16, 1744.

George Meily, also believed a son of John, the 1717 patentee, received a warrant for three hundred acres, dated March 8, 1734.

The direct ancestor, as stated, in the line here traced, Jacob Meily, placed as son of John Meily (the 1717 patentee, born probably in the German Rhine provinces, whence he came to America in 1710), the latter being the son of Hans Meily, Senior (born in Switzerland, but who probably lived in the German Rhine provinces, before coming to America in 1710, with his sons, Martin and John).

It should be borne in mind that the present Lebanon County,

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Pennsylvania, was a part of Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1710, when Hans Meily and his two sons, Martin and Hans (John) came over with the little company of Swiss Mennonites who formed the colony on Pequea Creek. In 1729, Lancaster County was formed from a part of Chester County. The Lancaster County Townships of Lebanon, Heidelberg, and Bethel were erected into the County of Lebanon in 1813. Doctor Egle, in his history of Dauphin and Lebanon Counties, writes: "It is not positively known when the first settlements were made within the present limits of the county of Lebanon. The earliest assessment extant of taxables which included this county is that of Conestogoe Township, Chester County, for . . . 1718. Among the names we recognize a number which a few years after appear on the tax-list of Lebanon Township, . . . especially among the first warrantees of land." Again, in the history of Lancaster County, published in 1883 by Ellis and Evans, it is said of Conestoga Township: "This township was formed as early as 1712, and originally embraced a territory much greater . . . than at the present time." In the Conestoga Township Assessment List for 1718, under "Dutch Inhabitants," "Martin Milan" and "John Milan" appear. J. I. Mombert, D. D., in his history of Lancaster County, published in 1869, describes the boundaries of Conestogoe Township, in 1729,—when Lancaster County was erected,—as follows: "The township of Conestogoe, beginning at the mouth of Pequea, thence up Susquehanah, thence to said mouth of Conestogoe creek, thence up the said creek to the mouth of Mill creek, then by a direct line to Pequea at the mouth of Beaver creek, thence down Pequea to the place of beginning." The statement is made in Volume 2 of the Lebanon County Historical Society Papers and Addresses: "Lebanon county holds two streams. . . . that may be said to be exclusively its own from source to mouth. The one . . . is the Mill Creek; the other the Quittapahilla."

In the inventory, mentioned above, of the estate of John Meily (son of Hans Meily, Senior, the 1710 colonist), the decedent is called "John Mylen late of Conastogo, deceased." Some of the early Meily patents (of those believed the sons of this John) refer to Mill Creek in describing their lands, and, as has been shown, there is clear proof that John Meily (eldest son of "John Mylen late of Conestogo,

deceased) and Martin Meily also, lived in what was then Lebanon Township. Thus, there is a chain of many links connecting the John Meily of the 1717 patent (the same "John Mylen late of Conestogo, deceased," and son of Hans Meily, the 1710 colonist), with the Meily family which has borne so eminent a part in the history of Lebanon County, Pennsylvania.

In May, 1739, Lebanon Township (then a part of Lancaster County), was divided, and its northern part was named Bethel Township. It was in Bethel Township that Jacob Meily lived.

Jacob Meily is said to have been born in 1700 or before that date. Thus, it is probable that he was born in the Palatinate, and brought to Pennsylvania as a child, in 1710.

On February 19, 1734, a warrant for survey of two hundred acres was issued to him. He did not fulfil the conditions of the warrant, however, perhaps not actually settling on the tract in a given time), and the patent was granted to Hugh Thompson, April 20, 1749, its extent then stated as two hundred and seventy-six acres, and described as "a certain tract of land situated on Mill Creek, within the County of Lancaster."

In 1735 Jacob Meily signed a petition, also signed by John and Martin Meily (probably his brothers), which was submitted by "sundry the Inhabitants of the Counties of Chester and Lancaster," and which petition "Humbly Showeth That your Petitioners being seated for the most part at a great Distance from the City of Philadelphia in a part of the said Counties where no Public Road is as yet established and having long laboured under many inconveniences through the want of such a Road whereby they might have free access to the Market to their very great loss and Detriment." They desired that a road be laid out from John Harris' Ferry on the Susquehanna River (the present Harrisburg), "to join with the Road lately confirmed from Lancaster town to Philadelphia near the now dwelling Plantation of Edward Penn commonly known by name of Edward Kennisons in the great Valley or thereabouts," etc. The Council authorized the said road, January 23, 1736 (Old Style dating, 1735).

On June 11, 1759, Jacob Meily of Bethel Township (now, as stated, in Lebanon County, but then in Lancaster County), purchased, for forty-nine pounds, four shillings, and three pence, from Peter

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Wolf of Hanover Township, Lancaster County, a tract of about one hundred and fifty acres.

He signed a Power of Attorney to his son-in-law, Isaac Groe, in connection with indebtedness to Jacob Meily by Henry Miller, July 3, 1771, and on the 26th day of the same month he made his will, which was proved August 27, 1771. This follows:

"In the name of God Amen, The 26th of July in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy one, I Jacob Meily of Bethel Township in the County of Lancaster and Province of Pennsylvania, yeoman being a sound mind and memory and understanding and in perfect health, blessed be God, considering that all men are mortal and the hour of death uncertain therefore I make and ordain this my last will and testament in the following manner and form.

"First of all I give & bequeath to my beloved wife Ann out of my estate the sum of twelve pounds & ten shillings of good and lawful money of said Province to be paid to her or to my hereafter named Executor, yearly & every year during her natural life according to a bond of performance given to me by Henry Miller dated the third day of July in the year 1771, . . . moreover my wife shall have of household goods as follows, my new bedstead and the curtains to it, and the best of my beds, and my chest and my little table and half dozen pewter spoons and two pewter plates, a pewter beason and a pewter dish and an iron pott and a iron pann & a copper leadle & an iron leadel & a pewter tankart and the best tin quart tea kittle and a little pewter tea pott, and the tea cups and the smoothing iron and the looking glass & spinning wheel and the big and little chairs and the big copper kettle and all the yarn in the house woolen linen or cotten and also four sheep and a cow and twenty four pounds lawful money of the said Province to be paid her in one month after my death. And all the above mentioned articles shall be put into the care and trust of Isaac Groe to whom I will that my wife shall live with him after my decease and all the above mentioned shall be to her proper use, benefit and behoof forever. And for the better encouragement to my daughter Susanna and Isaac Groe my son-in-law to give my said wife sufficient and decent maintainance during her natural life suitable to her age I will and order that all the whole estate which my wife shall dye possessed of, that which is willed and bequeathed to her by me shall descend unto my said daughter Susanna, but if in case my said daughter should happen to dye before my said wife, then my wife shall have free liberty and choice to remove to wheresoever she shall think proper with all her effects which I have willed and bequeathd unto her.

"And as concerning my eldest Son Henry shall have but one shilling sterling or the value thereof for his whole shear and portion out of my whole estate, if he will demand it, and no more. And as my daughter-in-law Fronica, wife of my said son Henry, which he left behind him, being married contrary to the statutes and laws of the land,* therefore it is my will and I order it so that she shall be debarred of any right thereunto. And I will and bequeath to my son Henry's four lawful children, Martin, Henry, Mary & Catharina a single shear only instead of their father, to be divided equally Amongst the four for their shear and no more.

"And I will and bequeath to my daughter Ann, the Sum of eight pounds lawful money of the said Province, besides what she has received already to be paid to her in one year after my decease. And I will and bequeath to my son Jacob, and Elizabeth my daughter and my daughter Susanna, & my daughter Barbara and my daughter Catharine, and my daughter Magdalena, they shall have all Equeal Sheare, one with another But my son Jacob shall have the house clock according to the valuation of it for part of his shear.

"And as concerning my daughter Mary she shall have an Equal shear with the rest of the above six children, and then it shall be divided amongst her children, every one an

*This means merely, as will be shown, that his son, Henry, was married to the said Veronica by a Lutheran minister.

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Equal Shear. And likewise I constitute make and ordain my beloved son-in-law Isaac Groe Executor of this my last will and Testament and to Execute this written will according to the true intent and meaning of this my last will and testament.

"Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal the day and year first above written. Jacob Meily (Seal)"

The wife of Jacob Meily was Anna Cassell. Their children were:

- I Henry Meily, of whom subsequently.
- II Elizabeth Meily; born November 18, 1723; died December 1, 1773; married, first, John Spitler, who was born September 24, 1718, and killed by Indians May 10, 1757, on which occasion she escaped, and fled to her father's home; married, second, Adam Faber.
- III Ann Meily.
- IV Jacob Meily; perhaps the Jacob Meily of Bethel Township (now in Lebanon County), where his father resided, whose wife was named Catherine; and perhaps the Jacob Meily of Bethel who died in 1807, leaving children: Jacob, Magdalena (who married Jacob Kettle), Martin, and Anna (who married Abraham Seebolt.* In the list of taxables for Bethel Township for 1782, Jacob Meily is listed as having two mills and two hundred and sixty acres of land. This was perhaps the Jacob Meily in 1783 Captain of the Third Company, Second Battalion, Lancaster County Militia, this Battalion being composed of men from the Townships of Heidelberg, Lebanon, and part of Bethel.
- V Susanna Meily; wife of Isaac Groe, who was executor of the will of his father-in-law, Jacob Meily.
- VI Barbara Meily.
- VII Catherine Meily.
- VIII Magdalena Meily.
- IX Mary Meily, whose children were mentioned, though not named, in her father's will, 1771.

Henry Meily was the eldest son of Jacob and Anna (Cassel) Meily of Bethel Township, in the present Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. He was born probably in 1721 or 1722, as his father, Jacob Meily, was born about 1700, Henry was called in his father's will the eldest son, and Henry's sister, Elizabeth, was described as the second child and first daughter of Jacob Meily in the Hebron Moravian church records. Jacob Meily, the father, and his children appear to have left the Mennonite people and to have been connected with the Moravian denomination.

*Egle's history of the county places Jacob Meily, father of these children, otherwise.

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In 1779 he was taxed for two hundred acres of land and for cattle. In 1782 the tax-lists show that he was possessed then of two hundred and fifty acres.

On July 31, 1743, he married Veronica Spitler, the ceremony being performed by the Reverend John Casper Stoever, first minister of the Evangelical Lutheran Congregation, located about three miles northwest of the town of Lebanon, known as the Hill Church and erected in 1733. It was this marriage which Henry Meily's father, Jacob Meily, as has been noted above in the stern wording of his will, regarded as being "without the law," though, in the same document, he was careful to refer to the children of that marriage as "my son Henry's four lawful children."

Veronica Meily was baptized December 13, 1753, as recorded in the Moravian Register of Hebron. Her family appears to have been of Moravian religion, as was that of her husband, Henry Meily; but, from some cause or circumstance of which no record has come down, or been discovered, these two, at the time of their marriage, chose a Lutheran ceremony. But, since the Veronica Meily of the 1753 baptism appears to have been the wife of Henry Meily, she doubtless had, by that date, returned to the denomination of her parents; and probably her husband took the same step, although no definite record of this has been located.

Her father was John Spitler of Bethel Township, whose will was dated May 26, 1756, and proved June 12, 1758. His wife was named Catherine, and he referred in his will to his son, Jacob Spitler, whom he appointed his executor; to his "eldest son," John Spitler, (the John Spitler mentioned above as husband of Henry Meily's sister, Elizabeth, and who was killed by Indians in 1757); to his "daughter Barbara the wife of Jacob Hantschi;" and to his "daughter Veronica Meile the wife of Henry Meile." He was born December 7, 1690, died October 9, 1757, and was buried in the Moravian cemetery, about a mile and a quarter from Lebanon (the borough), which ancient resting-place was laid out as early as 1748.

Henry Meily's wife, Veronica, died, according to family records, before 1770. These records state that he married, second, January 3, 1770, Sarah (?) Zanders, and that he died in 1804.

The children of Henry and Veronica (Spitler) Meily were the following:

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- i Martin Meily; named in the will of his grandfather, Jacob Meily.
- ii Henry Meily, of whom subsequently.
- iii Mary Meily; named in the will of her grandfather, Jacob Meily; probably born about 1746, and the "Anna Maria, born Meilin now wife of Caspian Kohrs," who was baptized January 18, 1765, aged nineteen, in the Bethel Moravian Church.
- iv Catherine Meily; named in the will of her grandfather, Jacob Meily.

Henry Meily, son of Henry and Veronica (Spitler) Meily, was born in 1748. At the age of seventeen, on March 20, 1765, he was baptized, according to the Bethel Moravian church records, receiving the name of Christian Henry. He does not seem, however, to have used the name Christian, and will thus here be recorded as Henry Meily.

In the will of his grandfather, Jacob Meily, in 1771, he is named second among the children of Henry and Veronica Meily.

In 1782 he was listed as a taxable for fifty acres of land and for cattle.

Henry Meily fought for American independence in the War of the Revolution, serving as a Private in the First Company, Fifth Class, of the Second Battalion of the Lancaster County Militia, 1782. Family records state that he died in 1796.

His wife was Magdalena Kroh, and they were married, August 23, 1778, by the Reverend John Casper Stoevers, the minister of the Evangelical Lutheran church near Lebanon, who had performed the marriage ceremony for Henry Meily's parents, Henry Meily, Senior, and Veronica Spitler.

It has been thought that the maiden surname of Henry Meily's wife was misspelled in the marriage record, and that she was Magdalena Kohr, daughter of Michael and Anna Margaretha Kohr, who came to Pennsylvania in 1727. Michael Kohr took the required oath of allegiance to the English government of Pennsylvania on September 11, 1728. They settled in Bethel Township, now in Lebanon County, and their children were as follows:

- i George Casper Kohr; born October 7, 1724; came to Pennsylvania with his parents at the age of three years; was a farmer, miller, and blacksmith in the present Lebanon County; died May 28, 1801; in his will appointed, as one of its executors, his brother-in-law, Henry Meily; married Anna Maria Meily; had children: Christian, Casper, Michael, Ludwig, Jacob, John, Barbara, Magdalena.

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- ii Michael Kohr; born September 29, 1732, at Bethel.
- iii Margaretha Kohr; married Daniel Born (eldest son of Ludwig and Anna Maria Born), February 11, 1755.
- iv A twin child, name and birthdate unknown.
- v A twin child, name and birthdate unknown.
- vi Magdalena Kohr, who, as stated, has been considered as identical with Magdalena Kroh, the wife of Henry Meily, Junior.

Henry and Magdalena (Kroh or Kohr) Meily doubtless had other children, but the only one of record was John Meily. The following is the gist of statements made in November, 1919, by his granddaughter.

"John Meily, son of Henry Meily, died ninety-three years ago, when his grandson, John Meily (son of Martin), was but a tiny babe. John Meily was not a member of any church, but some of his children joined the Lutherans, and some the Reformed church, while others were United Brethren. He was a farmer, and lived south of Fredericksburg, in Lebanon County, where the house he occupied has only recently been replaced by a modern structure. He married Barbara Oberholtzer, the daughter of Martin Oberholtzer. John Meily and his wife are both buried in the old Grove burying-ground. This is not a church cemetery, but simply a place out in the country in which the people in that locality buried. It is off the main road that runs from Shirkstown and Fredericksburg and is near Grove's Mills, and is accessible by private conveyance."

Since the marriage of John Meily's parents, Henry Meily and Veronica Spitler, took place, as stated above, August 23, 1778, it may be assumed that John Meily was born about 1779.

About 1800, he was married to Barbara Oberholtzer.

It is thought that the Oberholtzer family originated in a village of the name, in the Canton of Zurich, Switzerland. The names of Martin and Jacob Oberholtzer appear as Swiss members of a Mennonite congregation in the Upper Palatinate. Possibly this Martin was a son of Jacob, and may have been the same Martin Oberholtzer who emigrated to Pennsylvania. The latter was born in 1709, in Germany, thirty miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main. He died April 5, 1744, aged thirty-eight.

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The wife of Martin Oberholtzer, the Colonist, was Agnes ———, and they were married November 2, 1736. She was born April 18, 1713, and died February 15, 1786. Her husband died, aged thirty-eight, April 5, 1744. Both were buried in the Mennonite cemetery at Deep Run, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

The children of Martin and Agnes Oberholtzer were:

- I Barbara Oberholtzer.
- II Henry Oberholtzer.
- III Maria Oberholtzer.
- IV John Oberholtzer.
- V Martin Oberholtzer, of whom below.

Martin Oberholtzer of Bethel Township in the present Lebanon County is believed to have been the son of the aforesaid Martin and Agnes Oberholtzer, and, from comparison of names and dates, there appears cause to accept this conclusion. Martin, son of Martin and Agnes, is said to have died after 1815. The will of Martin of Bethel Township was proved in 1815. Again, Martin, son of Martin and Agnes, had children: Jacob, William, Agnes, Joseph, Mary, Elizabeth, Magdalena, Abraham, Barbara, Anna, Sarah, Jacob. / Martin of Bethel names in his will, as his children: Christian, Mary, Jacob, Barbara, Anna. The wife of Martin, son of Martin and Agnes, was Elizabeth Nash, born August 3, 1751. She was the daughter of William Nash and his first wife. This William Nash was three times married, and his last wife was Agnes, widow of Martin Oberholtzer, the Colonist.

Martin Oberholtzer of Bethel Township made his will November 12, 1801, and it was proved May 5, 1815. In it he mentioned his children: Christian, Mary, the wife of John Meyers, Jacob, "Barbara now the wife of John Meily," and Anna. He also refers to "My son-in-law John Meily," and makes his son, Christian Oberholtzer, executor of his will.

On November 12, 1801, Jacob Oberholtzer and his wife, Barbara, sold to John Meily of Bethel Township a tract of one hundred and sixty acres in Bethel Township. The history of this land was as follows: On July 21, 1773, it was patented to Martin Oberholtzer. On

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August 13, 1800, the said Martin deeded it to his son, the aforesaid Jacob Oberholtzer, and the latter, as stated, sold it to John Meily.

On January 12, 1822, John Meily and his wife, Barbara, in a document noting that a milldam "upon certain streams of water (called a branch of Swatara Creek) overflowed part of land of John Meily," granted unto John Grove "liberty and privilege of raising the water of said run."

John Meily died in 1826,—ninety-three years ago from 1919, according to the statement of his granddaughter mentioned above. He made his will August 5, 1822, and it was proved October 16, 1826. The following is an abstract of this document:

"...This fifth....August....on Towsend Eight Hundred and Twenty two I John Meily of Bethel Township Lebanon County....Pennsylvania yeoman....Sick and weak.... Do make....this My last will....I....Give....my beloved Wife Barbara all my Estate.... till My youngest child have arrived the ach of twenty one year....and aftere, My Estate Shall be sold....and all the Money....devidet My Children....alick, And My wife Barbara Shol have the Intrest of the thirth Porte....dureing....life....When My wife Shall Marry againe....My Estate Shall be Salt....the Hous and Two Lots of Ground....in Stumpstown Bethel Township Lebanon....County....

My Son Martin Meily Shall Pay for....and the factory Tools for the Porter Trate.... three hunderd Pounds....as fowllows....One Hundert Pounds Shall Stand in the Hands of My Son Martin Meily....as a Shear of his Share....and for the Other Two hunerd Pounds the said Martin Meily Shall Give....Bands Poble....first....april one Towsent Eight hundred and Twenty fore and the Secont the First....April one Towsent Eight hundred Twenty fine, and So on till the Tow hundred Pounds paid, an the Said Bands Shall be given to My Herein name Gaurdain of My Minor Children and the many....to Poing My Debt....my herejn Named Gardain over my Minor Children and My....Executors Shall....Consider....to gether what is baste when My wife Barbara Gib haus if Shee Dinck to Gib up before My yunkest Chil have....Twenty one year....I du Apind My beloved Brotherin Low Christian Oberholser My Soll Gairdoin ober My Miner Children and Imbowser him To Give Sefischent Deeds....of all My Reall Estate to My Son Martin Meily....on The House and two Lots....in Stumpstown and When my Plantation Shal be Solt Shall Give....deed....to the Purcha....I do appoint My Beloved wife Borbara My Duly Excutrux and My Son Martin Meily My Sall Excutors....in the presents of

Jacob Bagner
John Hantz

his
John X Meily (Seal)
mark

As stated above, John Meily's will,—which was evidently transcribed or prepared for him by a clerk unfamiliar with the English language,—was proved October 16, 1826.

The children of John and Barbara (Oberholtzer) Meily were:

- I Martin Meily, of whom subsequently.
- II Henry Meily; born February 9, 1806; married ——— Hickinger; had children, George, Henry, Richard, and Emma.

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- III Samuel Meily; married Catherine Boyer; had children, John and George, the latter of whom is a resident of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and has a son, Charles Meily, of Harrisburg.
- IV Jacob Meily; said to have left home in his youth.
- V A child, who died young; name unknown.
- VI Christian Meily; married ——— Seltzer; had children, Jacob, Israel, Uriah, Cornelius, and Mary.
- VII Elizabeth Meily; married ——— Gettle.
- VIII "Polly" (Mary?) Meily; married ——— Yegar.
- IX Barbara Meily; married ——— Fells.

Martin Meily, eldest son of John and Barbara (Oberholtzer) Meily, was born in Bethel Township, the present Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, September 30, 1801. He lived in a house, still standing and well preserved (in 1919), at Mt. Nebo, a little way off the main road to Jonestown. He was by occupation a farmer and a potter, and, as noted above, received, through provision in his father's will, the tools used by the latter also in the potter's trade.

About 1823, or soon after, Martin Meily removed to Mechanicsburg, in Cumberland County; but afterwards returned to Lebanon County, where he held eminent place in the community. For ten years he served as Justice of the Peace, and was for three years a Notary Public. He made a study of law relating to land titles, and was thrice elected Surveyor of Lebanon County.

His high sense of duty and patriotic devotion are attested by his enlistment for service in the Civil War at a period when he was a middle-aged man. He was assigned to duty to preserve order at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Martin Meily died September 11, 1883.

In June, 1823, at Jonestown, Lebanon County, he was married to Mary Magdalena Groh. This was doubtless her baptismal name, for she is recorded in documents as Magdalena, while her father, in his will, as will be shown, refers to her as "Molly." She was the daughter of the Reverend John Groh, a Mennonite minister of Fredericksburg, Bethel Township, Lebanon County, and the latter's wife, Barbara Smutz. John Groh died between February 13, 1849, the date

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of a codicil to his will (made July 20, 1847), and April 30, 1850, when the will was proved. This document follows:

"...I John Groh Senior of Bethel Township Lebanon County...Pennsylvania being weak in Body and of sound mind memory and understanding but Considering this my last Will...my household Stuff and loose property shall...be divided...one equeal share to my son John one...to my son Abraham one...to my son Jacob one...to my son Samuel one...to the Children of my son Isaac deceased one...to my Daughter Barbara the Wife of Daniel Wenner one...to my Daughter Molly the wife of Martin Meily one ...to my Daughter Catharine the wife of Jacob Hunsicker One...to the children of my Daughter Mary late the Wife of George Miller one...to my Daughter Elisabeth & one.... to my daughter Susanna the wife of George Light...My Son Abraham is to have...Mill and plantation which I...sold to him containing about one hundred and fifty eight Acres ...also...Wood land Containing About one hundred and Seventeen acres...Situete both in Bethel Township Berks County Pa on...Condition, Two thousand dollars...said Son Abraham may have for A legacy...the Residue...to be paid...to my...Executors.... then...the Deeds for the said Mill and...Land to my said Son Abraham Groh...I give ...my Daughter Molly the Wife of Martin Meily all the use...and possession of three tracts...two of them which I...purchased of Jacob Pinkeypill one...contains twenty acres & twenty four and the other Containing ten Acres and Sixteen perches...and the other which I...purchased of William Reider Containing twenty Acres and one hundred and fifty four perches the said three tracts...in East Hanover Township Lebanon County ...to my said daughter Molly for...her life time...and...after her...death my... Executors shall sell...the...tracts...and divide...the Monies arising...amongst all the Children of my said Daughter Molly...Whereas I have...sold to my son John Groh ...Land and two thousand dollars of the purchase Money...I did...give to him...as a legacy...and whereas I...sold unto my Son Jacob Groh...land and two thousand Dollars of the purchase money...I did...give to him...as a legacy...and whereas I... sold to my Son Isaac Groh now deceased...Land and two thousand dollars of the purchase money...did give to him...as a legacy which shall be...Charged against my said Son Isaac Groh his children as a legacy...and whereas I...sold unto my Son Samuel Groh... land and two thousand dollars...I did...give to him...as a legacy...and whereas I did heretofore give to my Daughter Barbara...One thousand dollars...for A Legacy...Item it is my Will that my Daughter Elisabeth shall have my plantation...Adjoining lands of John Gring Jacob Groh the heir of John Grove deceased and others...during her lifetime or as long as...single...said plantation situete in Bethel Township Lebanon County and State aforesaid and...Elizabeth shall...live in the half part of the House of the said Jacob Groh...my...Executor shall Collect...Bonds notes...Money...and...divide the same...to my son John...my Son Abraham...my son Jacob...my Son Samuel... the children of my said Daughter Molly...the Children of my son Isaac deceased and... the Children of my daughter Mary late the Wife of George Miller and my said Daughter Elisabeth Shall draw nothing...I do...Appoint My Said Son Abraham Groh of Bethel Township Berks County...Pennsylvania and George Light the husband of my said Daughter Susanna...Executors...the twentyeth...July...one thousand eight hundred and forty seven.

.....

 in the presence
 of us
 Jacob Groh
 Jacob Shnotterly

John Groh (seal)"

The signature of the will is written in German script, and is followed by a codicil in which the testator withdraws from his legacy

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to his daughter, Molly, one of the three tracts bequeathed to her in the will,—that described as containing twenty acres and one hundred and fifty-four perches. This codicil is dated February 13, 1849, and the probate of the will and codicil was April 30, 1850.

From the foregoing document the children of John and Barbara (Smutz) Groh may be listed as follows:

- I John Groh.
- II Abraham Groh.
- III Jacob Groh.
- IV Samuel Groh.
- V Isaac Groh; died before February 13, 1849 (the date of his father's will), leaving children.
- VI Barbara Groh; married Daniel Wenner.
- VII "Molly" (Magdalena, and probably christened Mary Magdalena); the wife of Martin Meily.
- VIII Catherine Groh; married Jacob Hunsicker.
- IX Mary Groh; married George Miller; apparently the latter's widow in 1849, when her father made his will.
- X Elizabeth Groh; unmarried in 1849.
- XI Susanna Groh; married George Light.

A daughter of Martin and Magdalena (Groh) Meily, and hence a granddaughter of the aforesaid John Groh, stated in 1919 that John Groh and his wife had, besides the children above listed, two other children, who died young, one of these twin to Catharine, mentioned eighth in John Groh's will.

Magdalena (Groh) Meily, wife of Martin Meily, and daughter of John and Barbara (Smutz) Groh, was born October 14, 1798. She died March 22, 1883. Her will, dated January 22, 1879, and proved March 31, 1883, describes the testatrix as "I Magdalena Meily wife of Martin Meily of East Hanover Township. . . . County of Lebanon and State of Pennsylvania." She directed therein that her "body be decently interred in the cemetery at or near Groves Mill in Bethel Township." Her husband, Martin Meily, and her son, John Meily, were appointed executors, and the will provided for the sale of her

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real estate, "within one year after my death and the death of my husband Martin Meily," the proceeds to be divided between her children and grandchildren, named as follows: "My Son John Meily....my Second Son Jacob Meily....if he be dead then to his children....the children of my daughter Elizabeth, deceased, who had been intermarried with Abraham Moyer....my daughter Mary now intermarried with Milton Cooper....My daughter Susan now intermarried with Solomon Hoke...."

Her husband, Martin Meily, did not long survive her. He died September 15, 1883.

The children of Martin and Magdalena (Groh) Meily were:

- I Benjamin Meily; born in 1824; fought in the Mexican War; was buried at Mt. Nebo, Pennsylvania.
- II The Honorable John Meily, of whom subsequently.
- III The Honorable Jacob Meily; born April 22, 1828; a soldier, and wounded, in the Civil War; a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature; was buried at Mt. Nebo, Pennsylvania.
- IV Elizabeth Meily, who was first named Barbara, as recorded in her father's family Bible; born March 18, 1830; married Abraham Moyer, March 18, 1852.
- V Maria Meily (called Mary); born April 6, 1834; married Milton Cooper; was buried at Mt. Nebo, Pennsylvania.
- VI Susanna Meily (called Susan); born in June, 1838; married, 1857, Solomon Hoke, who died in September, 1911; had three children, James, Joseph, and Mary Hoke; living, 1919, at Mt. Nebo, Pennsylvania.

The Honorable John Meily, son of Martin and Magdalena (Groh) Meily, was born at Mechanicsburg, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, his parents, as has been mentioned above, having gone there soon after their marriage in 1823, though they later returned to Lebanon County to reside. He was born on June 9, 1826, and was his parents' second child, as recorded in their family Bible.

He was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, was active in many business enterprises in Lebanon County, and held a place of eminence and esteem in the community. He was a member of the Reformed Church at Lebanon, in which city he resided. He died on April 3, 1902.

Mr. Meily was twice married. His first wife was Miss Helen Halter, who died February 25, 1873. He married, second, Miss Katherine De Hoff, who survived him.

The children of The Honorable John and Helen (Halter) Meily were:

- I James Meily.
- II John Meily.
- III Helen Meily.
- IV Mary Meily.

It may clarify some of the descriptions of Meily lands and residences mentioned in the foregoing study, to note the following.

The original Pennsylvania Counties were three, Philadelphia, Bucks, and Chester. In 1729 Lancaster County was formed from part of Chester. In 1875 Dauphin County was formed from part of Lancaster. In 1813 Lebanon County was formed from Dauphin and Lancaster Counties.

The Meily colonists, Hans Meily and his two sons, Martin and John, lived in what is now Lancaster County, settling first on Pequea Creek, in 1710. Hans, the father, evidently died soon after coming to Pennsylvania. Martin, the elder of his sons, born in Switzerland, as was his father, lived and died in the present Lancaster County. His descendants lived there during the early generations and many are still in Lancaster County.

John Meily, brother of Martin, and son of Hans, was probably born during his father's residence in the German Palatinate. He received a patent of land in the present Lancaster County, in 1717. So far as it has been possible to learn, all of his sons settled in what is now Lebanon County, but what was at the time Lancaster County, and later was Dauphin County.

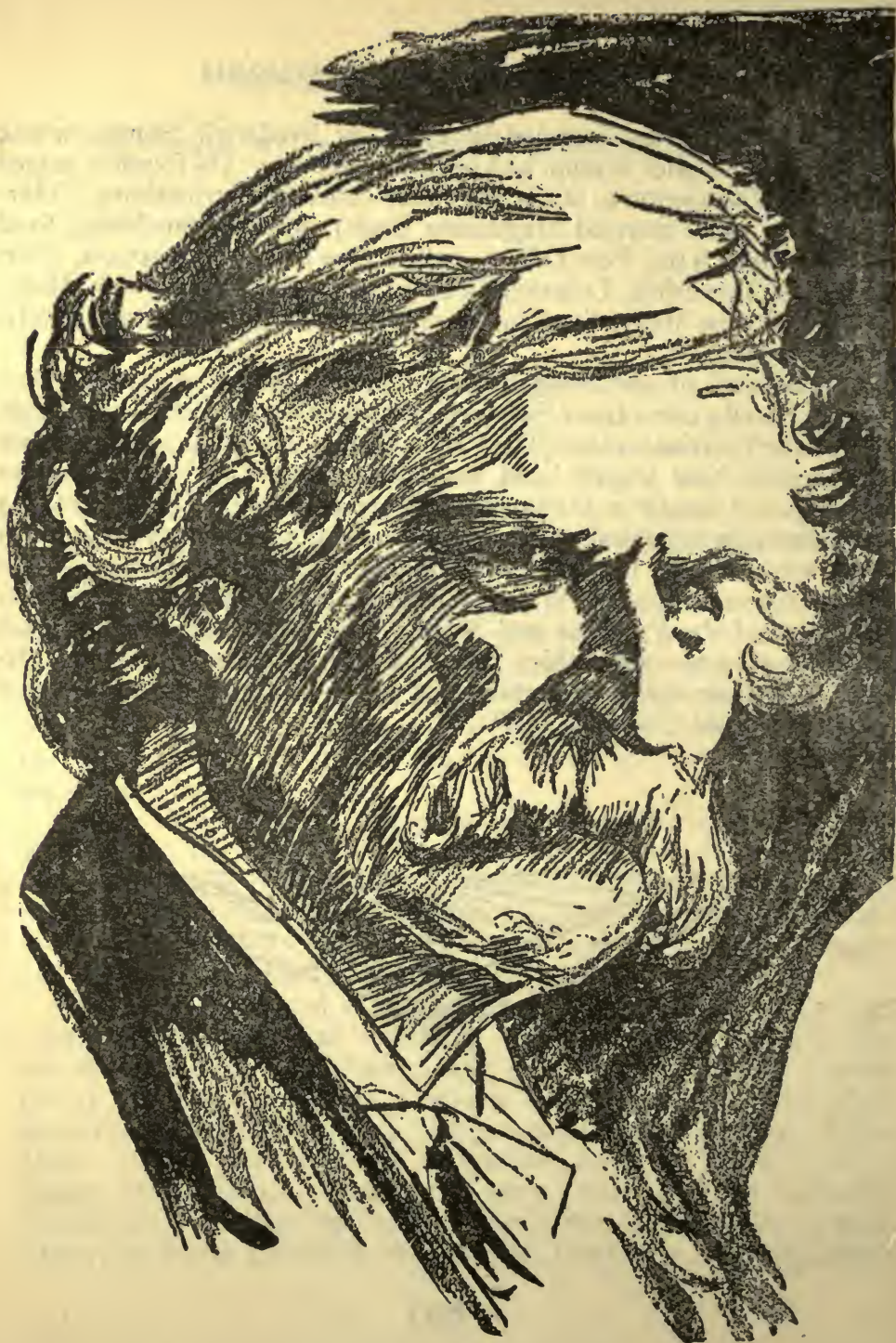
Jacob Meily, placed as son of this John (son of Hans, the aged colonist), lived in Bethel Township, now in Lebanon County, which was then in Lancaster County, and later was in Dauphin County. Henry Meily (who married Veronica Spitler), son of Jacob Meily, lived also in Bethel Township, the present Lebanon County. Henry Meily, Junior (who married Magdalena Kroh, or Kohr), son of Henry Meily, Senior, lived in the same locality, Bethel Township. John Meily (who married Barbara Oberholtzer), son of Henry Meily, Junior, lived near Fredericksburg, Bethel Township, Lebanon County.

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Fredericksburg was founded in 1754, by Frederick Stump, whose father, Christopher Stump, had settled on the site. Its founder named the place Stumpstown, but it was later called Fredericksburg. Martin Meily (who married Magdalena Groh), son of John Meily, lived at Mt. Nebo (the Post-Office, called Ono), near Jonestown, East Hanover Township, Lebanon County. The Honorable John Meily, son of Martin Meily, lived in the city of Lebanon, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania.

The trail of the Meily lineage thus has led through more than two hundred years: from Switzerland to the German Rhine provinces, called the Palatinate; thence to Pennsylvania, where the land on which the family here traced lived was, first, in the present Lancaster County, and finally in the present Lebanon County. The Meilys may accurately be described as "A Founder-Family of Pennsylvania," for they were among the earliest colonists of Lancaster County,—that great Ancestor-County from which sprang so many of the later Counties of the Province and State. They have held eminent place in their several communities from the date of their coming in 1710, and have been esteemed as men and women of high character, civic excellence, and Christian faith.





PORTRAIT OF MARK TWAIN



LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER HAYS IN 1845,
WHEN THEY WERE STARTING FOR THE MEXICAN WAR

The original picture, owned by Mrs. Agnes M. Hays Gormly, was taken at Camp Salubrity, Louisiana, in 1845. Beside Grant (the figure in the background) is his racing pony, Dandy, and beside Lieutenant Hays is his pony, Sunshine. The two men had been fellow-cadets at West Point, and served in the same regiment in the Mexican War. Afterward Hays, like Grant, retired from the Army to re-enter it at the breaking out of the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers. He became a brigadier-general and was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness. Reproduced through the courtesy of the MacMillan Company, from Hamlin Garland's, "Ulysses S. Grant, His Life and Character," page 66.



HIRAM ULYSSES, LATER KNOWN AS ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

From a photograph by Fredericks, taken at the age of sixty, in 1882. Reproduced through the courtesy of the MacMillan Company, from Hamlin Garland's "Ulysses S. Grant, His Life and Character." A very interesting work of 524 pages.

"The news was flashed round the world that General Grant was attacked by cancer, and was fighting his last battle. The Nation awoke to sympathy. All criticism of the great General was for the time laid aside, and the Christian public offered daily prayers for his recovery. But the General grew daily weaker. He could not sleep without morphia, and yet he fought against its use. He feared becoming a victim to its power, and endured to the utmost the agonies of sleeplessness before asking for relief. He was the most docile of patients. 'You are in command here,' he would say to Doctor Shrady.

"In order to take even liquid food he was forced to fling the contents of the bowl down his throat at one gulp, before the spasm closed his throat. It required his utmost resolution to do this. It was terrible to see his effort. And yet he seldom uttered a word of complaint. He never forgot to be courteous and mindful of others. He obeyed his nurses like a child, at the same time that his great brain pondered upon questions national in scope."—Garland's "Ulysses S. Grant, His Life and Character," pages 509-10.

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How Grant and Sherman Shocked the Diplomats

*Amusing Episodes at the Embassy Ball for Prince Arthur, Duke of
Connaught, in the Washington of the Sixties*

BY

MRS. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN CHURCH

Vice-President of the National Historical Society



IT WAS early in the first presidential term of General Grant when Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught and son of Queen Victoria, visited this country. Before his arrival in Washington invitations had been issued for a ball to be given him by the English Ambassador, Sir Edward Thornton, with Lady Thornton, which festivity was to usher in many others. The embassy was not large enough for all the officials and residents that had to be asked, so the ball was to take place in the great hall of a building which had been especially fitted up for such occasions.

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We were invited for nine o'clock and word was given "that it meant nine" and that under no circumstances were we to be late, for it was "de rigueur" to be there before His Royal Highness arrived. This gentle reminder came from the lesser attachés of the legations and was opportune, although there were many who knew court etiquette, despite the belief that Americans were an untutored lot.

I was one of the "younger set" in that far-off time, and well do I remember our eager interest in the new gowns we were to have and the discussions as to who would probably dance with the Prince. But the moment arrived. We were on our way, and soon in the line of carriages, waiting our turn to alight. The Prince was already beside Lady Thornton, near the door of the ball room, at the head of the stairway up which we passed to be presented. A stream of people were pouring in. The official world did well and, with the army and navy, were on time. It was a brilliant array—diplomats in full regalia and blazing with decorations, along with our most distinguished officers, Admirals Farragut and Porter, Generals Sherman and Sheridan, cabinet ministers and justices of the Supreme Court, and many others who figured in the history of that notable period.

We remained not far from Lady Thornton, watching people enter the room. It was amusing to notice how awkward some were, with little nods and sidelong movements which one frequently sees on similar occasions at the present day, for none are taught now how to enter and leave a room. "Manners" are no longer a part of education. However, the low courtesy and finished bow predominated and bespoke the standards of European life. Finally every one appeared to have arrived, and all were standing about rather inately, I thought.

It had been pleasant to see so many one knew amid this host of strangers, and I had not noticed how the time was passing. The naval attaché of the English legation was talking to me, but he seemed curiously distraught and unlike the cheery, delightful spirit that had made him so great a favorite in Washington. Stopping short in something I was about to say, I became aware he was no longer Captain Ward. His eyes were flashing and he was gazing up and down the length of the room, then off to the stairway and entrance hall, to the wide door where stood Lady Thornton, the Prince with his suite back of him, Sir Edward and the other dignitaries back of him. The Prince

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was as impassive as a wax figure. Lady Thornton looked strained and was evidently doing her best to entertain him. Then I noticed how people remained standing quietly, with little movement, while there was no music.

At last I perceived that things were going amiss. Captain Ward looked more "dour" than ever, and was now pulling his mustache, a somewhat formidable one, first on one side and then on the other. To my amazement I saw other men doing the same. In response to an exclamation, "What is the matter!" "Why!" he said, "you do not realize what the hour is! Nearly—half-past—ten—o'clock!"—tragically uttered with a pause between each word. I am sure he was swearing inwardly, this exact man of times and seasons and the sacred obligations of punctuality. But I understood: the President and Mrs. Grant were an hour and a half late.

I felt scared, as if some national calamity had happened. But what nonsense! I rebelled and exclaimed, "Perhaps no one told them about being here at nine o'clock. Many did not know until today." But that I should try to extenuate was too much. The irate captain went off to condole with Sir Edward. Voices seemed to grow hushed and a sense of depression began to dampen even my young heart. Again I looked at the fixed but somewhat stony smile upon the usually amiable countenance of our hostess, and though the Prince retained immaculate composure I saw him glance more frequently at the stairway.

Just then a charming old diplomat came up. He was "dean" of the corps, the minister from Denmark, General de Raaslof, who was for years in this country, beloved and respected by everyone. He fairly bubbled with suppressed but decorous merriment when I asked him, "What is the use of keeping everything back—why not dispense with part of the program?"

"Ah, my fair young American, how the free spirit of your land cuts the Gordian knot that our old-world ways have fastened upon us! It is near eleven o'clock, but all must wait for the great General and Madame. I think they will soon be here. He has not understood."

The judgment was generous and reasonable, and I felt comforted, especially as at that moment we caught sight of a broad white forehead, with waving hair, and the square shoulders of General Grant,

leisurely ascending the stairs, with Mrs. Grant at his side. They came forward like two innocent children, quite unconscious, with no word of apology. She always leaned upon him with unquestioning devotion, so simple and unaffected that one could not but feel the genial atmosphere of a sweet and womanly nature. Quite alone, crossing the intervening space, all eyes upon them, they approached Lady Thornton and the Prince with direct and democratic bearing—no bow, heads erect, with only a little bend as they took the Prince's outstretched hand.

Immediately the music burst forth into a veritable triumphant march; faces cleared or broke into smiles. People fell back, leaving a broad aisle to the upper end of the room, where a high dais had been erected with draped flags and gilded chairs for the official dignitaries and his Royal Highness. The Prince offered his arm to Mrs. Grant, and the arm of General Grant was taken by Lady Thornton. The Secretary of State, Mr. Hamilton Fish, was assigned to the beautiful Mrs. Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, daughter of the Chief Justice, Salmon P. Chase, who gave his arm to Mrs. Hamilton Fish. They passed along in stately fashion, and imposing array, until, near the dais, a court quadrille was formed, which they proceeded to dance with exceeding difficulty and many wanderings afield. The assemblage looked on, much entertained, enjoying their efforts to acquit themselves creditably. But for the ready wit of Mrs. Sprague, her youthful knowledge of how a quadrille should go, and her matchless skill in steering things generally, I fear the distinguished dignitaries would have made a hopeless mess of it.

Prince Arthur twice broke into an irresistible smile and looked as if he longed to set General Grant right, but he had been too well brought up to assume any such initiative. Secretary Fish always turned the wrong way, but somehow was rescued just at the crucial moment. However, they went through it beautifully and seemed to enjoy the unwonted pastime, though evidently relieved when seated comfortably on the dais and the general dancing began.

Just before the cotillion, as the last square dance of the evening was forming, I found myself standing beside Admiral Farragut for my partner. He had seized my hand and led me forward in his gay animated way. "Come, you are to dance this set with me. General

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Sherman is to be our vis-a-vis, with Miss Lee," naming one of my girl friends. Soon they stood opposite. Then came rollicking General Phil Sheridan, with another young girl, and then Admiral Porter—"Dave Porter," as they called him, with still another to complete the set. Then began altogether the most charming, memorable dance of my life. These heroes were all "in a gale," and the girls were quick to catch the contagion. How often have I recalled it with delight. Admiral Farragut was noted, as his son Mr. Loyd Farragut is now, for marvelous agility and accomplishment in dancing and knowledge of all manner of wonderful steps. Every now and then he would spring from the floor, carried away by the mere impulse of rythmical movement; then his feet would flash to and fro and twitter in the air with inconceivable rapidity, in alighting, only to bound up again.

Some man standing near cried out, "Brava, Admiral! That is the best pigeon wing I ever saw!" The Admiral laughed back, "Oh, that's nothing—a mere preliminary! You know it wouldn't do to let go here. It would shock the Prince and my Lady Thornton." He scowled at the thought, and then we all laughed. Little cared we for shocking any one. We were all in the air—buoyant and uplifted with youth and happiness.

General Sheridan was a bit rough and almost whirled the girls off their feet, when it came to "swinging corners." It was part of the life and jollity and exuberant enjoyment which possessed us all. It seemed to open up an inner vision of these men of fame. Their larger atmosphere enveloped us. They were so hearty and so whole-souled, so self-unconscious, strong, simple and spontaneous. How natural are great deeds to such men! The dance became almost a romp; but the music ceased and it was ended. General Sherman called over, "Well Admiral, you have distinguished yourself in other lines than naval warfare tonight! I haven't had such fun since I was a boy." They were all beaming and breathless.

The sets were now broken and people were walking about or gathered in groups, the floor rather crowded. Suddenly I heard the clear rough tones of General Sherman. He was standing not very far off, talking with some men. "I don't know; I'll ask him," he exclaimed. Turning, he made straight for the Prince, who was halfway across the room with Miss Lee, one of our beautiful girls—the third generation

of "Mary Lee's" who since Revolutionary days had been well known belles and beauties in Washington society. They were making their way toward the dais. The tall figure of General Sherman strode after them, coming up from behind. He raised his hand and down it came in emphatic fashion on the Royal Scion, as the General called out, "Prince!"

The startled, amazed look, the questioning, dumbfounded expression of Prince Arthur is beyond the power of words. Probably never before had he so vividly experienced the realism of the land of Democracy. But a volley of friendly questions soon involved him in dates and engagements, and the General smilingly retracted his steps and rejoined his party.

After the ball Miss Lee told me that Prince Arthur had said to her, "Will you not come with me on the dais? I am very tired and cannot sit down anywhere else." He had had a busy day. After he had described to her the places he had visited, she asked, "Among all the things you have seen, what has interested you most?" He did not reply at once, but sat thinking, as if the son of Queen Victoria had been too well brought up to decline seriously and conscientiously to answer questions. He looked up at the ceiling for a moment and then said, "What interested me most? General Sherman's sword!"

Already the chairs were placed around the room for the cotillion. Many were already, and others were rapidly, being appropriated. I suddenly remembered that I had no partner. Never mind; the last dance had been enough; and I was about to find refuge among the dowagers, when the deep friendly voice of Mr. Fane, one of the English legation, called to me. Fane was a dear angel on all occasions, such a kind heart, so thoughtful and ready to do a good turn. That night he seemed ubiquitous. Every one was looked after. If he saw two people, evidently strangers, he would go up to them with his pleasant voice and accent: "How do you do? Ah, you have forgotten me?" Of course he did not in the least know them, but that was of no consequence. "I am one of the floor committee tonight. Let me introduce you to ————" here a smothered dropping of the voice, no name audible. "You surely ought to know each other. Won't you dance this set? Oh, I see it is nearly over! Well another begins soon. Do come with me; I will find you a place." The two strangers were

soon in animated discussion, and off Fane would flit to minister elsewhere.

He said to me in his hasty way, "I want to introduce to you one of the Prince's suite, who has no partner for the cotillion. Permit me to present Lord Elfinstone." Thereupon a lovely-looking young man was asking if he might hope for the pleasure of dancing with me; and it was a very happy and relieved girl who gave consent. Lord Elfinstone was Prince Arthur's special chum. These royal highnesses always have some particular friend, and the two did not look unlike.

After awhile Mr. Fane came back and said, "You must have a turn with the Prince," and later I was led forward. He now seemed quite like other young men, and presently I was being whirled and whirled, all one way, and so rapidly around the great ball room that it was difficult to keep pace. Evidently royal scions were not taught to "reverse" as our own men did. He made the extreme circumference and we spun at a furious rate. It seemed as if we were traversing miles; but there sat the young laird, guarding our places, and at length I was deposited beside him. The Prince actually smiled as he bowed and said, "Thank you; very delighted!" I made my best courtesy, and he bowed again and was gone. He did not seem pleased by those rapid evolutions, and soon I was talking to my partner about England and America and their journeyings in our "wonderful country."

The officers and older people were gone, save the array of mothers and chaperones who always patiently abided to the end. They were very ornamental and looked imposing in their velvets and laces, their diamonds and the plumes that waved on their heads. In those days it was not the fashion for young girls ever to wear heavy fabrics or many jewels; and as for feathers in the hair—impossible. That belonged to gray-haired matrons.

The dais was now filled with young people—even the steps were crowded. But the night was wearing on. The chaperones were gathering their charges. "Just one more turn before you go," the young laird said, and I was more than willing. We are young but once—that joyous season that finds the world so full of sunshine.

As we recall the scene and remember how many of that brilliant throng have passed into the unknown realm, every gentle, gracious act of the evening seems invested with living qualities. They linger per-

sistently in the memory, suggesting tender thoughts of those vanished ones, and it is a question whether such courtesies on social occasions do not deserve to rank among the highest philanthropies of life. If it is true, as some claim, that "thoughts are things," surely these winged memories, born of kindly consideration for others, are imperishable, and must continually react beneficially, making the charm of the high art of human intercourse.





WAR VESSELS AT ANCHOR IN THE HUDSON RIVER

Drawn in October, 1912, when one hundred and two war vessels of the United States Navy cast anchor in the historic Hudson off New York City.



THE MAYFLOWER PASSING THE UNITED STATES WARSHIPS IN HUDSON'S RIVER,
OFF NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1912

Tablets That Talk

The Story of the Fighting Days of '77 Told by the Tombstones
of Old Bennington, Vermont

BY

DAVID C. GALE



FEW YEARS prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, a man by the name of Samuel Robinson, Captain in the English Army, set out with his soldiers on the trail which led from the shores of Lake George to the somewhat more civilized wilds of Massachusetts. He had served with the King's forces during the French War, and was then on the way home. Had he kept to the trail, there would now be nothing to write, but, as was quite excusable in those days when there were no signs at the cross roads, he lost his way. In short, he mistook the Walloomsac River for the Hoosick, and when he came to strike camp his fires were bedded on the very soil that was later molded into the streets of Old Bennington.

No sooner had Robinson driven his stakes and taken time to look about him, than he decided that the Walloomsac Valley was every bit as good if not better than any of the open sections of New England. So he lost no time in applying to the Colonial Governor of New Hampshire, Benning Wentworth, for the township charter which in due season was turned over to him. As a token of appreciation as well as a matter of diplomacy, for governors, then as now, were not unmindful of the little niceties that tend to brighten official life, Robinson named his new town Bennington.

All this and more is set forth on a plain, marble tablet just within the gates of the Old Bennington cemetery. It tells how other settlers found their way into the valley, and how Captain Robinson became one of those masterful leaders, under whose direction the Grants fought their way upward to a position of security and permanency.

It was while he was in London, pleading the cause of the settlers before the Crown, that the sturdy old warrior received his summons from the Great Beyond; and that is how it happens that his bones rest in an English churchyard, far away from the land where the adventurous chapters of his life were unfolded.

Only the other day the good people of Bennington re-enacted some of the impressive scenes in the town's history, taking as their stage one of those forest-banked amphitheatres which may be found almost anywhere in the Green Mountain state. The spectators who gathered there saw the first settlers arrive and the coach of Governor Wentworth roll by; and then the departure of Samuel Robinson for England to present his message of warning from an aggrieved people; and after that the Council Room of Catamount Tavern and the riding away of Ethan Allen's men—a little rescue party which aimed to punish the New York officials for arresting Remember Baker. They beheld also an animated picture of the battle for which the modest hamlet is best known to the outside world—on the one side the "Bennington Mob" as the Green Mountain Boys were dubbed in royal circles, on the other side Captain Baum's Redcoats and Indians, all thrown together under the realistic glare of red fire and the persistent popping of make-believe musketry.

Such pageantry is entirely commendable and nothing should be said or done which in ever so slight a degree may rob the promoters of their just credit. There is always the danger that the generations which now occupy the foreground may come to see only the glamour and romance of the earlier periods, and think very little of the danger, the hardship and the uncertainty which so often clouded the skies of the first settlers. But there is no need for the Bennington resident to wait for the pageant to get an inspirational view of the past. Let him step inside the quaint village churchyard and digest some of the inscriptions he finds there and he will have as complete a panorama as anyone might wish to see.

There in one corner almost hidden by an unrestrained hedge is carved the name of Bennington's "first pastor who after a laborious life in the Gospel ministry, resigned his office in God's temple for the sublime employment of immortality, December 21, 1778." The language is rather stilted it is true but the life story is there if one is

TABLETS THAT TALK

willing to look for it. Consider for a moment the lot of that backwoods preacher! It could hardly have been other than laborious. And with the labor must have been mixed a liberal amount of peril.

Across the driveway is a long flat slab which bears the name of the landlord of Catamount Tavern. It lies only a few rods from the site of that once famous hostelry where gathered so many of the King's arch enemies. It presents no eulogy. It simply avers that the passing of the valorous inn-keeper took place on the morning of May 17, 1781. No other word is needed. The name itself is enough to conjure from the past a long train of heroic figures.

Farther down towards the centre is a long brick box, cut low on one side so that the marble slab which covers it may catch the full light of the setting sun. Thereon is preserved the name and achievements of "Anthony Haswell, a patriot of the Revolution. Printer and Founder of the *Vermont Gazette*, 1783. A sufferer in the cause of freedom under the Sedition Act of 1798." It was this man Haswell who brought into Bennington the historic Daye press, a printing machine which had already gained renown as the oldest press in the country. Under his direction, it attained further distinction, sending forth from week to week the cramped, labor-marked forms of the *Gazette*, Vermont's first newspaper. Who can say that Haswell and his paper may not have been the magnet which drew William Lloyd Garrison to Bennington? The older man had been gone but a few years when Garrison took up his work there and, from the drudgery and limitations of that unpretentious newspaper office, he emerged as from a training school to take up the larger career that was to be his portion.

A bronze-paneled marker in the parkway west of the churchyard bears a likeness of Garrison's clumsy press; and in the space below are these words of explanation:

"Fifty feet west of this spot William Lloyd Garrison, edited *The Journal of the Times* Oct. 3, 1828—March 27, 1829. Hither came Benjamin Lundy, Dec. 6, 1828, to enlist him in the cause of the slave. Garrison departed hence to lift up in Baltimore the banner of immediate emancipation."

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Throughout the entire town, the air is electric with memories of General Stark's eventful battle. They centre naturally about the stately shaft of blue dolomite that overtops the town. Thirty-seven feet square at the base and three hundred and six feet high, the Bennington spire raises its head among the mountains to be heralded afar as the tallest battle-monument in the world. From its lofty lookout-floor, one may almost breathe again the smoke of the conflict and hear the voice of the cannon speaking in the valley. Under its tapering shadow is the ground on which Stark's men rested on the eve of the battle. The inscription on the rough stone marker is brief yet comprehensive.

"General John Stark's campaign ground August 14-15-16, 1777. 'There are the Redcoats and they are ours or this night Molly Stark sleeps a widow.'"

Another slab not far from the base of the monument records the passing of the Continental Storehouse which was a rallying point for the Green Mountain Boys and a building which Burgoyne expected his Hessians to capture. Their failure to plant the British flag on the ridgepole of this Colonial arsenal was the first of a series of disasters, the end of which was the surrender of their commander.

Within the churchyard, the Bennington Historical Society has reared this tribute, dedicating it to the valiant fighters of both sides whose names are past reclaiming.

"Around this stone lie buried many patriots who fell in the Battle of Bennington. Here also rest British soldiers, Hessians who died from wounds after the battle. As captives, they were confined in the first meeting house built in Vermont which stood on the green west of this burying ground."

In like manner, many of the single marble slabs reflect the battle light of Revolutionary days. Perhaps it may be only a line down near the ground, worded after this fashion, "Born on the eve of Bennington Battle." Or again it may remind us that the one whose name we behold "fell fighting for the freedom of his country in the battle fought between General Stark and Colonel Baum, called Bennington Battle."

Other tablets there are which tell of the less spectacular struggle

TABLETS THAT TALK

which went on outside the battle lines. Let us forget the grim humor of the verse and think only of the character it depicts.

"A husband tender, a parent dear,
For human woes dispensing virtues tears:
With useful toil he filled his narrow span,
A pleasant neighbor and an honest man."

No doubt this eulogy, as was usually the case on eighteenth century headstones, is somewhat too large for the subject, but after all allowances have been set aside, we still feel like making obeisance over the narrow mound. Any man who could fill his life with arduous, commonplace work and yet find time to be a good neighbor, and an honest one withal, is entitled to the homage of every passer-by. All hats off to the lowly open-hearted pioneer! Though his life may have been unpolished and restricted, it was charged with a real love for the human kind.

After a thoughtful inspection of the various inscriptions, one comes inevitably to the conclusion that good neighbors were everywhere in those days. There is no dearth of kindly sentiment among those weird and aged testimonials. Sometimes the words get to running wild, leaving the thought far behind, but always underneath them all is the steady glow of loyalty and brotherhood. Here is a case in point:

"Lo! where the silent marble weeps,
A friend sincere and a father sleeps;
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues love to dwell."

The first line sounds well but it rather grates on some of our unpoetical theories. It is the more common idea that marble was intended by nature as medium for preserving records and handing them down to posterity. At least, that has been its chief function in the old Bennington Cemetery. There is nothing about the rough rudely-finished slabs that is in any way suggestive of weeping.

The other three lines are better and they frame the kind of pic-

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ture that lies half hidden on many another of the nearby stones—the picture of a simple industrious life carried through to a close under exacting conditions. Life in Colonial times was never easy; usually it was the bitterest kind of a fight. And yet Duty seldom had to speak twice to those men. Possibly her voice was stronger then than it is today. However that may be, the present generation can do no better than emulate their example and keep one ear open for the call.





BUST OF ETHEN ALLEN

The famous leader of "The Green Mountain Boys" and capturer of Ticonderoga at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Reproduced for The Journal of American History from a photograph of the original bust, by H. F. Perkins, in the hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Washington, District of Columbia.



COMMODORE OLIVER HAZZARD PERRY

Reproduced for The Journal of American History from the Gilbert Stuart painting, owned by Mr. Oliver Hazzard Perry, of Lowell, Massachusetts.



AN AMERICAN RED CROSS OPERATOR SHOWING MOVING PICTURES IN A SICK WARD
AT THE WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL IN WASHINGTON

This interesting picture is used through the courtesy of the MacMillan Company. Reproduced from their valuable publication, "The American Red Cross in the Great War," by Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross.

"Couple with a shattered nervous system weeks of inactivity, with the idea of helplessness, with the idea of life abnormal; outside the pleasures of the world. It is wonderful that all cripples are not helpless. You must kill the idea of helplessness almost as soon as it is born, for in a few weeks it becomes very strong. You must show moving pictures of men who are crippled enjoying themselves in normal ways, dancing, skating, paddling a canoe, swimming, playing billiards and hundreds of things they cannot or do not know about. I could multiply these things a thousand-fold, things which you would refuse to believe. But they must be 'put across' to the men early, and it must be done by men who have had experience first hand."—Letter from a crippled soldier to the Surgeon General, quoted in Davison's "American Red Cross in the Great War," page 127.



MONUMENT AT GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Erected as a memorial to the Revolutionary heroes who, on October 7, 1780, triumphed in one of the most decisive battles for American Independence, at King's Mountain, Cleveland County, North Carolina, near the South Carolina line. Here 910 of the American "Backwoods" Militia, under Colonels Shelby, Campbell, Sevier and Cleveland, annihilated in one hour 1,016 British Regulars, under Colonel Ferguson, British commander, who was killed, with 157 of his officers and men, while another 153 officers and men were wounded and the remaining 706 taken prisoners. The conquerors, American frontier riflemen, lost only twenty-eight killed with sixty-two wounded. This victory broke the back of Cornwallis in the South.

What Shall We Do to Preserve the Old Burial Grounds?

A Plea for the Protection of the Abandoned Private Graveyards
of Our Country

BY

JAMES WOODBURN HAMILTON



DO WE not owe it to the memories of the men and women whose bodies lie in these little burying spots, many of which are totally abandoned and neglected to the elements, to take steps to rescue them and protect them in the future?

Scattered throughout the country, principally in the South and East, are little burial places, pathetic in their loneliness, containing the graves of people whose names are often synonymous with the development of their states, people whose lives were devoted to the public service, who helped lay the foundation of the very liberties and culture which we enjoy today, but whose last resting places have been too often sold with the old estates and are now almost unrecognizable, trodden under foot by the beasts of the field, and some of them merged into the farms surrounding them.

Fortunately many of these people left behind them enduring monuments, not made with hands, for otherwise their earthly monuments would long ago have ceased to remind the passer-by that their ashes lie buried in these lonely spots.

May I suggest that the Historical Society of each state has the proper organization to take over this work, which will appeal strongly to every right-thinking man and woman.

Every county, no doubt has some one person, or society, who now works with the State Historical Association, and who would without any salary expense, and perhaps without any expense, arrange to inspect these private graveyards twice a year, making a photograph of the condition on their first visit and reporting regularly to headquarters.

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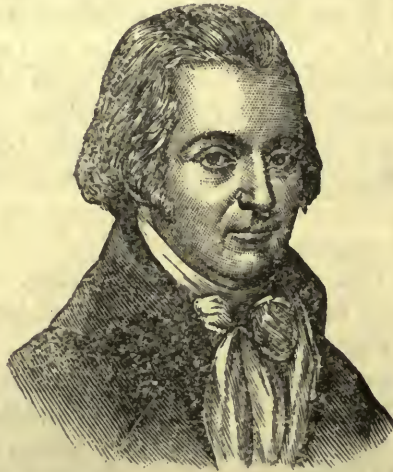
State Historical Societies should be interested, as much of great historical value is connected with these neglected places where so many of the leading men and women of the South and the North, as well, are buried.

Surely the state itself from that point of view, would make a grant sufficient to start the movement and a yearly grant for the small necessary expenses.

Members of every family connected with these people would no doubt gladly make a yearly contribution to the expenses, and wealthy people might endow such a movement with sufficient funds; at least it will do no harm to ventilate the idea as fully as its merit warrants.

It is my thought that every state would divide the work by counties and then by townships, having a large folder for each such burying ground in each township, with a photograph to show the condition and a record of the names of those buried, with dates, etc., and the addresses of the descendants.

It might well investigate the best means of protecting these lonely little places for the benefit of the families who might themselves bear the cost.



SIR JOHN JOHNSON

Fitting the Waters of the Great Plains for Industrial Use

BY

C. HERSCHEL KOYL, PH. D.

Fellow, 1881-1883, Johns Hopkins University



THIS is a long way from the Patapsco to the Yellowstone and from the pure science of the Johns Hopkins to its application to the water of the west, and one hesitates to place beside the stately papers of the *Alumni Magazine* a simple tale of the development of an art which makes life more enjoyable in this new land; but then it is still farther in time and place from Athens, Greece, to Baltimore, U. S. A., and when I recall the interest with which the scholars of the Old World watched the development of the young Johns Hopkins University I am emboldened to put this account of my work in the west before the readers of the *Alumni Magazine*.

This country in itself is most interesting. Here are the evidences of the earth's contortions, the towering lines of the Rocky Mountains with the isolated peaks of the Sweetgrass Hills in Montana and the Turtle Mountains in North Dakota, and here also their complement, the innumerable deep wrinkles in the earth's surface now filled to a depth of several hundred feet with mud from the adjoining hills. Here lived and died and are lightly buried the great animals of earlier days; here several glaciers have left their stories written on the lowland and on the hillside; here are beautiful agates by the million and semi-precious stones by the hundred thousand, petrified trees, beds of coal, the Mesabi iron deposits, marble quarries, all on the surface or near it; here roamed the herds of bison; here chinooks (narrow warm winds) blow in midwinter; and here I have witnessed the temperature drop 60° F. in one hour. Here are the headwaters of the Mississippi and the Missouri; this is the land of Hiawatha; here adventured Lewis

and Clark; here are the wonders of the Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. The country from the Mississippi to the Rockies, say eight hundred miles east and west and many more miles north and south, constitutes The Great Plains of early American history where today would be a vast agricultural country if only it had enough rainfall; and this brings me to my story.

On the east coast of America there are no high mountains between the Atlantic and the interior, and the wet winds deposit their moisture in rain across half the continent. Rainfall along the Atlantic coast is some forty-five inches per year, gradually diminishing toward the west until in Minnesota it averages twenty-seven inches per year. From the Pacific Ocean warm wet winds blow in, but they must cross mountain ranges where it is so cold that they lose their moisture in great depositions of rain and snow on the western slopes, so that by the time they reach the plains to the east of the Rockies there is little moisture left, and the rainfall in northern Montana and western North Dakota is often not more than nine inches per year.

With the ground packed hard by generations of buffalo, with a small rainfall, and with evaporation at the rate of one vertical inch per week, it is easy to understand that soluble matters have not been washed off the ground, much less out of it, and that wells, springs, ponds, and slow moving streams are apt to contain water with more than its share of mineral salts—carbonates and sulphates of lime, magnesia, and soda. But the reputation is often worse than the water. One disgruntled chap said to me on my arrival: "In the east you analyze water to determine its mineral content, here you assay it to determine its moisture." As a matter of fact the water is no worse than many waters in the east; but in the east there is such an abundance of comparatively clean soft fresh water that it is not necessary to use the hard or dirty water, while on the Great Plains there is no other water but that of the few sluggish streams or the highly mineralized water of the wells. In the east an objectionable water is either dirty or hard, or (from the mines) acid; but on the plains all water troubles are ascribed to alkali. There are alkali waters (containing sodium salts), also hard waters (containing calcium or magnesium salts), also pond or slough waters containing the products of organic decomposition, but in the old west any water less than perfect was "alkali water."

The ideal water for drinking, for washing, for boiler, and for all industrial purposes is clean and soft, practically pure water, and it is astonishing how small a proportion of foreign matter will ruin it for one or another purpose. Omitting poisons and bacteria and considering only the common ingredient, limestone, it is a fact that one part in three thousand will render water unsuitable for industrial use. For drinking, reasonably hard water containing, say, twenty grains per gallon (or one part in three thousand) of dissolved limestone, if taken from the gravel of wells or springs is excellent, because it is cool, clear, and of good flavor; but for washing it is not suitable, because limestone combines with soap very readily to form a useless bothersome curd, and, to get a lather in hard water, one must use enough soap to neutralize the limestone and then enough more to wash with. The process is wasteful of three-quarters of the soap and very disagreeable because the curd sticks on the wash basin, on your hair, on the clothes of the laundry, and on anything it touches.

When hard water is used in a steam boiler, the heating of the water precipitates the limestone as a hard scale on the boiler flues and shell—the carbonates of calcium and magnesium at about 212° F. and the sulphates at about 300° —and since this scale retards the flow of heat from the flues to the water, more coal is burned, the flues get much hotter, and in four or five months burn out and must be renewed. In New England, where there is plenty of clean soft water, boiler flues last in good condition from twelve to twenty years as compared with the continuous repairs and the few months of life in a hard water country; and when you know that there are, say, two hundred and seventy-five flues in a locomotive boiler, and that they cost, say, \$6.00 each, you will see one of the reasons why it is expensive to use hard water in a boiler. Another reason is that with locomotives costing \$20,000 each and supposed to be earning interest on their value, a week in hospital every little while is just so much lost; and the worst of all is that the boiler may, and often does, give way and begin to leak on the road and then the train must wait until another engine and crew come, often fifty to seventy-five miles, to haul it in. I have seen divisions of one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles where five dead engines per day was the average during winter.

In a country of such distances rapid settlement or development

is impossible without the railroad; and in a country still sparsely settled a railroad must be operated very carefully if its expenses are to be kept within its income. Clean soft water is of prime importance to any railroad; and in 1910 I came over here to prove it, and to prove that it could be made from the water of the plains. It took me two years to make the demonstration conclusive; but in 1912 I began to build, and today on the Great Northern Railroad, for more than eleven hundred miles over The Great Plains, every water station has a water treating plant and trains move with as much safety and certainty as they do anywhere.

The art of water treatment requires a certain knowledge of chemistry for the precipitation or conversion of harmful matters which are in solution; a certain knowledge of physics to accelerate the settling of precipitates, mud, and organic slimes; a certain facility in practical mechanics for the design and construction of appliances which will as easily handle one thousand gallons per minute as ten gallons, that will automatically feed to the raw water, in continuous streams as it is being pumped, the proper amount of each of the two or three chemicals necessary for the treatment of that water, and which mechanism must all be so simple that it can be operated by the ordinary railroad pumper, about the poorest paid man in the railroad service. A gallon of water weighs fifty-eight thousand grains; and when I tell you that the water in any track tank seldom varies two grains per gallon from standard quality, no matter what the quality of the raw water, and barring only times of sudden changes due to freshets, you will know that we have achieved what we sought.

The chemistry of water treatment is very simple nowadays, but its beginning in 1840 by Dr. Clark of Mareschal College, Aberdeen, Scotland, made one of the romances of the science. The hardness of water was known to be due to carbonate of lime dissolved in the water and sometimes amounted to as much as forty grains of limestone per gallon of water. But carbonate of lime, that is, marble, ordinary limestone, chalk, sea shell, cannot be dissolved in water beyond about three grains per gallon. So how did that spring or well water get so hard?

Doctor Clark had been a practising physician and had noted the roughened hands, the much scrubbed clothes, the gummy hair, and the many discomforts of hard water for washing, and when he became

professor of chemistry at Mareschal College, he immediately set the analysis and cure of hard water as one of his problems. Soon he discovered that the limestone dissolved in water is not a simple carbonate of lime—a union of one molecule of calcium oxide with one molecule of carbonic acid, but a bi-carbonate—a union of one molecule of calcium oxide with two molecules of carbonic acid. Now the bi-carbonate of calcium does not exist in the dry state; it exists only in solution in water, and therefore the water in the ground must have carried the extra molecule of carbonic acid when it flowed over the molecule of mono-carbonate of lime, and was thus able to pick up the molecule of limestone or chalk or marble in its passage.

Then Doctor Clark's reasoning was something like this:—if that limestone, that mono-carbonate of calcium, is not soluble in water unless the water carries an equivalent amount of carbonic acid, then if I can steal away the extra carbonic acid from the water the limestone will fall to the bottom and the water will be soft. Now how can I do that? Well, in the first place, the atom of calcium has a tremendous chemical affinity. When it is combined with an atom of oxygen to form a molecule of calcium oxide (CaO), the union is practically inseparable, and the chemical affinity is not yet satisfied. When it also picks up and combines with a molecule of carbonic acid to form a molecule of calcium mono-carbonate (CaO, CO_2), the grasp is still strong, for it requires high temperature or strong acid to tear away the molecule of carbonic acid; but when it picks up a second molecule of carbonic acid and becomes a bi-carbonate ($\text{CaO}, \text{CO}_2, \text{CO}_2$), it must be getting overloaded for we know that the heat of boiling water in a tea kettle will chase away this last molecule and let down the mono-carbonate as scale in the tea kettle. If the molecule of CaO holds the first molecule of CO_2 more strongly than it does the second, then another molecule of CaO introduced into the water ought to steal away that second molecule of CO_2 , and we will have two molecules of limestone (CaO, CO_2), both insoluble in water and both bound to settle to the bottom like little snowflakes! And sure enough, the addition of the proper amount of CaO —freshly burned lime—effected just this reaction, precipitated the old limestone *and* the new, and left soft water.

Can you imagine a more beautiful operation, a chemical combina-

tion more nearly theoretically perfect? Limestone makes water hard and in turn lime makes it soft. To this day, to the ordinary man who considers lime merely baked limestone this is the most marvelous thing in the world. But this was the beginning of the science of water softening.

The process was put in effect in a large way by the use of two tanks alternately, one to be filled with water, treated with fresh lime stirred in and given time to settle, while the other was being used. Soon they learned to destroy the hardness due to sulphate of lime by the use of carbonate of soda, and that practically the same methods can be used to get rid of the magnesium salts which also make water hard. Then the process was made continuous by appliances which fed properly proportioned streams of the two chemicals into a steady stream of water flowing to the bottom of a settling tank, where the precipitated limestone remained while the clear soft water rose slowly to the overflow near the top.

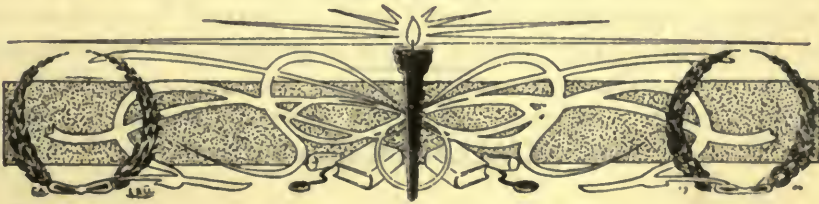
At this stage, simply as a process for softening water for industrial use, the apparatus and method came to this country in 1898, and here have been made the studies and improvements which have developed the process into one suitable for treating water of any kind, hard, alkaline, or muddy, in any quantity, say, two or three million gallons an hour, for any purpose, including drinking. The old plants mixed chemicals and water merely by confluence, but the mixing was very far from complete and there was much after-precipitation and clogging of pipes and mysterious "growing" of said grains in filters. Nowadays the water and the reagents are mixed for half an hour and in some cases for two hours by mechanical stirring with power furnished by a wheel operated by the inflowing water; nowadays properly treated water will flow through a pipe for years and leave the pipe cleaner than when new; and as for sand filters, they are not needed, for the settling of precipitate is so complete that no sand filter can improve the water.

Most striking of all since adequate mixing has been accomplished is the cleaning effect of the great snowstorm of precipitate. It makes no matter how many germs are in the raw water, say fifty thousand per cubic centimeter, you never find ten per cubic centimeter in treated and settled water. And the process is most illuminative of the condi-

FITTING THE WATERS OF THE GREAT PLAINS FOR INDUSTRIAL USE

tion of ordinary coloring matters dissolved in water—the colors from woods, fallen leaves, and peat bogs—for they all go down with the precipitate. From one well in North Dakota the water looks like black ink, but the treated water is crystal clear. Not only does the railroad profit from the water softening, working one locomotive where two worked before, but towns are getting clean soft water for everybody's use. Formerly I talked of the "Science of Water Softening," now I call it the "Art of Water Purification."

There is not space to tell you of half the interesting things to be found here, but one I must not forget—a continental divide in the middle of prairies. Everyone knows of the north and south mountain ridge in the Rockies where a drop of rain falling an inch to the west flows to the Pacific, or an inch to the east to the Atlantic; but very few know that in North Dakota is an east and west ridge only a few feet high, which separates the waters flowing to Hudson Bay from those flowing to the Gulf of Mexico, and that to the north of the ridge as also in most of Montana, you do not go down east or up north, but "up south." Come to Glacier Park this summer, call for me, and I'll show you glaciers in the melting.



A History of the Origin and De-
velopment of Banks and Banking
and of Banks and Banking in the
City of New York :: :: ::

BY
W. Harrison Bayles
and
Frank Allaben

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CHAPTER I

Banking in Antiquity

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Banking in Antiquity



THE institution of a bank presupposes the existence of some medium of exchange, or money. At the present day, in all civilized countries, this is gold or silver or its representative. It has been almost an invariable rule that every race or community of people, at all removed from a savage state, has adopted some medium of exchange to facilitate trade, and almost invariably the commodity known to them to have the most stable value, it being at the same time desirable and durable, has been selected for that purpose.

The earliest commerce was a simple exchange of goods, as boys "trade" knives, marbles, and other trinkets. But trade grew complex, and as each man desired to secure many things, from different sources, in exchange for the few things he produced, it became indispensable to adopt some one thing as a standard of value in the terms of which all other values could be stated, and thus all values measured and compared. The standard of value adopted would thus become a "medium of exchange" or money; and if a man traded the few things he had to barter for this medium of exchange he would then hold something acceptable to all traders alike and thus exchangeable for any commodity.

Among a people advanced in the arts and sciences of civilization there are no articles so well suited for such a medium of exchange as the precious metals, gold and silver. But in ancient times, when communication between nations was slow and imperfect, it was not every nation that had within its borders sufficient gold or silver to make it practical to use either as money, and thus some more abundant material had to be used for that purpose. Articles that have been so employed at different times by different peoples are numerous, and the facts presented to us in history seem very curious at the present day.

In a community of people supporting themselves by hunting, the proceeds of the chase are very likely to be used for trade. The skins of wild animals, suitable for clothing, are well adapted to the purpose; and there is abundant evidence that in many ancient nations furs or skins were used as money. Jevons claims that this is indicated in the

passage in Job ii. 4, which reads: "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." We have recent illustration of this use of skins among the Indians of North America.

Among a people of pastoral life, sheep and cattle naturally would be used to perform some of the functions of money, and there is evidence that this was the case among the ancient people of the East. There are several passages in the Iliad of Homer where oxen are spoken of as a measure of value, the worth of articles being named in oxen.¹

Among people supporting themselves by agriculture, different kinds of grain were used as a medium of exchange from the most remote antiquity down to the present day. In the same way olive oil was employed in those countries of the East where it was produced. Articles of ornament have also been used as money, as the wampum of the North American Indians and the cowry shells of the East Indies.

When any commodity becomes desirable, not merely from its use to the person who owns or desires it, but because it is readily exchangeable for other things, that article easily becomes money in the community in which it is held, and will be used as such unless another material better adapted to the purpose, is at hand.

The first instance in Biblical history of a purchase of property for money was that made by Abraham of the cave of Macphelah. On the death of Sarah, Abraham sought to buy a field and cave for a burying place. The owner of the property was Ephron, the Hittite, and of him Abraham asked the price. Ephron, in a spirit of friendship, offered to present it to Abraham. "The land," said he, "is worth four hundred shekels of silver: what is that betwixt me and thee? bury therefore thy dead." Abraham, however, preferred to pay the price and weighed out to Ephron four hundred shekels of silver, "current money of the merchants." This is the story as related by Moses.

The land of Canaan, at that time, appears to have been an open grazing ground, something like our western country of some years

¹In the pastoral lands of the East the lamb naturally became a medium of exchange and a standard of valuation, other things being measured as worth so many lambs. When silver began to displace the lamb as a standard, it was almost inevitable for a certain definite weight of silver to be accepted as the exact equivalent of the value of a lamb; and it would be the most natural thing in the world, at the outset, to describe this fixed weight of silver as "a lamb of silver." This explains certain curious passages in the Bible (Gen. xxxiii. 19; Josh. xxiv. 32; Job xlii. 11), where in place of the text, "an hundred pieces of silver," for example, in Gen. xxxiii. 19, the reader will find in the margin the more literal translation, "an hundred lambs of silver."—F. A.

ago. Abraham was a herder or raiser of cattle. He did not produce silver, and the only way that he was likely to obtain it was in exchange for cattle. Ephron, also, it seems, was not ignorant of its value, and the inference is that silver was a current medium of exchange. It was the money of that time and country. If silver was then the money among the cattlemen of the land of Canaan, it is more than likely that it was such in the neighboring cities; and we are confirmed in this by all we can gather from the history of those ancient lands. Skins or grain or cattle may have performed some of the functions of money in limited districts, but there is no doubt that silver very early came to be relied upon when trade was extensive.

Some years later, it is recorded, Jacob pitched his tent before the city of Shalem and purchased a part of the field on which he had spread his tent for a hundred *kesitahs*. This is translated in the accepted version as "pieces of money," but scholars believe the *kesitah* to have been a weight.

In the time of famine, when Joseph's brethren came down to Egypt to buy corn, their money is spoken of as being returned to them in their sacks, "in its full weight." It was, no doubt, silver or some other metal. Although silver was extensively used as money in the time of Joseph, it was apparently not abundant, for in a short time all the money of Egypt and Canaan had been paid into the treasury of Pharaoh for grain. Silver, by weight, appears to have been the current money of the nations of the East, dating back beyond the dawn of history. The weighing of the precious metals is represented on the Egyptian monuments, where gold and silver are shown to have been kept in rings. There is no doubt that the Assyrians and Babylonians, rivals of Egypt in civilization, had a similar custom, as clay tablets have been found in the ruins of their cities showing grants of money by weight.

The oldest code of laws in existence—the laws of Hammurabi, King of Babylonia, a contemporary of Abraham—indicates as early as 2700 B. C., an advanced state of civilization in trade and all transactions incident thereto. Among the statutes of this antique code are many laws in regard to merchants, agents, landlords, interest, rent, mortgage, etc. A few samples will show us that surprisingly well-developed business methods existed even in that ancient period.

"If a merchant gives to an agent grain, wool, oil or goods of any kind with which to trade, the agent shall write down the value and return (the money) to the merchant. The agent shall take a sealed receipt for the money which he gives to the merchant."

"If a man shall give silver, gold, or anything whatever to a man on deposit, all whatever he shall give he shall shew to witnesses and shall fix bonds and shall give on deposit.

"If without witness and bonds he has given on deposit, and where he has deposited they keep disputing him, this case has no remedy."²

In Babylonia contracts, or instruments of credit, were drawn up in the presence of a proper legal official, on clay tablets. The original, inclosed in a clay envelope or case, was deposited for safety in a temple, or in the chamber of records provided by law or custom, while copies were taken by one or both of the contracting parties. Columbia University is the owner of Babylonian clay tablets, dating as far back as 2700 B. C., showing varied commercial transactions.

Many such documents, preserved in the British Museum, are records of deeds and the partition of real estate. Some record loans of silver at interest, and these become numerous in the reigns of Nebuchadnezzar and Nabopolassar (625-604 B. C.). Records of loans secured by mortgage on land, and guarantee bonds, are also among the curious commercial documents taken from the ruins of the ancient city of Babylon. One of the tablets found is very clearly a promissory note, wherein one man promises to pay another a certain sum at the end of a fixed time. When the time drew near for him to pay the note he renewed it; there are several renewals written upon the tablets. For many generations, before and after the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, members of the family of Egibi did an extensive business as bankers, or financiers, for the people of Babylon.

In the time of Moses, and much later, the money spoken of as in ordinary use was principally silver money. Gold is referred to as

²Other provisions of this extraordinary codification of the civil and criminal law of primitive times indicate that the temples of Babylonia had even then developed the functions of savings institutions and banks of deposit; that the temple deposits were invested and loaned out at interest, like the funds of modern banks; and that with the temple bankers could be arranged permanent investments of principal, yielding fixed annuities, which could be bought, sold, and inherited, like those of mediæval and modern times. Such conditions bespeak a high development of trade and industry, with capital constantly in demand through never-ending opportunities for remunerative investment. Indeed, the Babylon of Hammurabi's day, like that of Nebuchadnezzar two millenniums later, held commerce with the whole ancient world, and anticipated the industrial cities of Europe in the Middle Ages in elaboration of trades and organization of trade-guilds. A number of provisions in Hammurabi's code regulated conditions of trade-apprenticeship.—F. A.

valuable and as used for ornamental purposes, but less frequently as money. Among the spoils taken from the Canaanitish city of Jericho, however, we find (Joshua vii. 21), "a goodly Babylonish garment, two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight." Early metallic money was in the form of bars, spikes, rings, etc., and, whether silver or other metal, being a commodity which every one was willing to receive in exchange for his property, was just as much money as the stamped coins of a later period.

Although there probably was no coined money in his time, Solomon knew the value of ready cash, for in Ecclesiastes x. 9, he says: "A feast is made for laughter and wine maketh merry; but money answereth all things." Hiram, King of Tyre, was the fast friend of David and Solomon and greatly assisted Solomon in building the first great temple at Jerusalem. Sidon was also under Hiram's dominion. These two Phoenician cities, on the coast, were then at the height of their glory and prosperity. They sent out colonies to the islands and shores of the Mediterranean, and their maritime trade extended not only to all the coasts of this sea, but even beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The metal rings, supposed to be money, found in Celtic ruins, are thought to have been introduced among the Celts by Phoenician merchants or traders.³

³Although money had been in use for centuries and even milleniums before the days of Solomon and Hiram, the transactions of these kings illustrated, on a truly royal scale, the primitive method of direct barter of goods. Solomon suggested to Hiram an exchange of products of Palestine for timber from Lebanon, to which Hiram replied: "I have considered the things which thou sendest to me for, and I will do all thy desire concerning timber of cedar and concerning timber of fir. Thy servants shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea; and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive them; and thou shalt accomplish my desire, in giving food for my household." Thus "Hiram gave Solomon cedar trees and fir trees according to all his desire, and Solomon gave Hiram twenty thousand measures of wheat for food to his household and twenty measures of pure oil. Thus gave Solomon to Hiram year by year." I Kings v. 8-11).

We also learn that from Hiram Solomon received a great store of gold, which he got also, together with silver, copper and iron, from the kings and princes all about him, the governors, the merchants and the Queen of Sheba. He joined the Phoenician king on the high seas, establishing merchant fleets on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, and also on the Mediterranean, manned by Hiram's sailors. "The servants also of Hiram and the servants of Solomon, which brought gold from Ophir, brought" also "the algaum trees and precious stones." This was the traffic of "the navy of ships"—the fleet or merchant marine—which "King Solomon made * * * * 'on the lip of the Red Sea'" (I Kings ix. 26); while also "the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory ['elephants' teeth'], and apes and peacocks" (I Kings x. 22).

Caravans also plied overland from Egypt, and from Babylonia, Assyria, and other marts in the East. "All the earth sought to Solomon and brought every man his present—vessels of silver, and vessels of gold, and garments, and armour, and spices, horses, and mules, a rate year by year." Solomon "had horses brought out of Egypt, and linen yarn. The king's merchants received the linen yarn at a price."

Was the traffic in linen merely a carrying trade, or did Solomon encourage a guild of weavers at Jerusalem, like those in Ancient Babylon and mediaeval Florence and Flanders? As for horses and chariots, Solomon supplied other kingdoms as well as his own; for "a chariot came up and went out of Egypt for six hundred of silver, and a horse for an hundred and fifty; and so for all the kings of the Hittites, and for the kings of Syria, did they bring them out by their hands." Solomon had fourteen hundred chariots and twelve thousand horsemen, whom he "bestowed in the cities for chariots." He had "four thousand stalls for horses and chariots." The vessels of his house were all pure gold,—none of

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One step forward from the irregular pieces of silver, or other metal, which were weighed out in making purchases, was the adoption of a uniform size, or weight, in the pieces or rings, as is shown to be the case by the Egyptian monuments, where the rings appear to be of the same size. From this to a stamped coin, whose value or weight was warranted by the stamp of authority, would be a natural step, yet it took a long time to accomplish it.

In very early times seals were employed to signify possession, to ratify contracts, and to indicate authority. Thus, when a ruler certified the weights of pieces of metal, he naturally employed his seal, or some distinctive mark, to make it known, just as a goldsmith stamps his plate. The earliest coins were stamped on only one side, and no attempt was made to so shape them that they could not be altered without destroying the stamp or design. Coinage was in its rudimentary stages.

The stamping of a piece of metal with a mark, guaranteeing its weight, which made of it a coin, naturally much increased its usefulness as money, and the invention, if it may be so called, soon spread throughout the countries of the East and was of great importance to trade and commerce. In the course of time, not long after this, men came forward who made it their exclusive business to care for the money of other people and to act as agents in all financial transactions. These were the bankers and brokers of the ancient.

It is not within the province of this work to go into the details of the history of coins and coinage. It would be too tedious. We shall therefore accept as money the coins we shall meet with in dealing with the history of banks and bankers, giving them attention only when of special interest. Silver was first coined, it is alleged, in the ninth century B. C., more than a thousand years after the time of Abraham. The invention is ascribed to Pheidon, King of Argos.⁴

silver, for silver "was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon," he having made "silver in Jerusalem as stones, and cedars as the sycamore trees that are in the vale, for abundance" (1 Kings x., II Chron. ix., x.).

Can we doubt our astonishment, at the perfection of ancient methods and their approach to our own, could we discover some treatise setting forth in detail the business, financial, and banking expedients behind a world-commerce which heaped up such magnificence?—F. A.

⁴It is well to emphasize the fact, therefore, that the necessity of trade had mothered the invention of our machinery of credit long before precious metals were cast into the convenient form of coin. If details of the credit system and instruments employed in ancient Babylonia have not yet, perhaps, fully been brought to light, we at least know that in Assyria as early as the ninth century before Christ, and probably much earlier, as well as in the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar, commerce was carried on, as now, by means of promissory notes, bills of exchange, and transfer checks like those of the modern bank of deposit, although the values dealt in through these commercial instruments were not coin, but gold and silver designated by weight.—F. A.

The first coins of Greece were of silver, and no other metal was used to any great extent until after the time of Alexander the Great. The loaning of money for interest was practiced long before coins were used. Interest or "usury" is spoken of in the Book of Exodus, in Leviticus, and also in Deuteronomy (xxiii. 19, 20), where the Jews were allowed to take usury from strangers, but not from their own people. In all probability the introduction of coinage made the use of money more general and the loaning of money more extensive. Solon, among other reforms at Athens, abolished the law by which a creditor could sell or enslave a debtor, and prohibited the lending of money on a person's own body. The rate of interest on loans was left to the discretion of the lender.

Whether there existed at Athens a class of professed money-lenders in the time of Solon is uncertain, but in the time of Demosthenes there were many of them. This kind of business was then chiefly carried on by resident aliens or freedmen. The ancient usurers and money-lenders, by the exaction of exorbitant rates, and the bankers of antiquity in general, from the great profits gained by them and the severity with which they exacted what was due, made themselves as unpopular as the Jewish money-lenders became in more modern times. In return for their large profits, Greek lenders, like the Jews, had to accept a position of social inferiority and even to endure ill-treatment. Demosthenes intimates that among the Athenians the fact that a man was a money-lender was sufficient to prejudice him even in a court of law.

In Greece, bankers were called *trapezitai*, because they sat at tables in the market-places. They acted as money-changers and money-lenders, received money on deposit, and made payments as directed by depositors. For a commission they exchanged money of large denominations for smaller, and the money of one system for that of another, the difference in standards and the uncertainty of the stamped coin creating a considerable trade of this kind.⁵

⁵We can gather a picture of the important functions discharged by the Athenian money-changers if we recollect that the trade-center of the world, passing in turn from Babylonia, Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, and Phoenicia, had established itself in the market-place of the Greek metropolis, where the fleets of the world discharged their cargoes and the currency of every nation appeared on exchange. The commercial paper of the merchants of Egypt and Phoenicia was bought and sold in the Athenian market, and here transfers of credit were affected. Here also the foreign traders from every shore, flocking to this central depot of world-goods to purchase cargoes for their galleys,—each with the currency of his own city in his hands,—resorted to the money-changers to get the equivalent of his money in the coin of Athens, which he could pass without question among the Athenian merchants, and in the terms of which all their goods were appraised.—F. A.

Money was placed with the Greek bankers, partly for safekeeping and partly to benefit from their skilful management of it, the depositor engaging the bankers to make all payments. As in modern times, Greek bankers received money on deposit at what they considered a low rate of interest, and loaned it at a higher one. From the public character of their business, the bankers naturally gained considerable experience, became proficient at accounts and in finance, and were often consulted in the ordinary affairs of life and business, and as experts in connection with the finances of the cities. They became, too, an unofficial sort of notaries public. They were not always successful in business. There are recorded instances of bankers who lost everything they possessed, becoming utterly bankrupt.

While not altogether escaping the common prejudice against their calling, some bankers of the higher class were held in much esteem, great confidence being placed in them. Their credit enabled them promptly to raise money in distant cities at any time. Pasion was a wealthy and well-known banker of Athens. About 380 B. C. he set up a banking concern by which, together with a shield manufactory, he amassed enormous riches, at the same time establishing a character for integrity which gave him credit throughout all Greece. With his money, on several occasions, he rendered great services to Athens, and was rewarded with the freedom of the city and enrolled in the *demos* of Acharnæ.

About this time money was loaned at Athens at the rate of from twelve to eighteen per cent. This high rate is attributed to the lack of protection given by the law to creditors, or rather to the lack of the proper administration of the law. In cases of bottomry, an early form of marine insurance, the rate was much higher, sometimes as high as thirty-six per cent.

Before bankers as a special class came into existence, the function of the bank was to some extent supplied, among the Greeks as in ancient Babylonia, by the great temple sanctuaries, such as Delphi, Delos, Ephesus, and Samos. These were used as safe places for the

The money of the Greek cities alone would have insured a thriving business, for each city had its own currency, which no one cared to take outside the city bounds, with the honorable exception of the Athenian silver drachmas, which were accepted far and near.

Thus the Athenian banker conducted an exchange bank, where the world's traders of his day could deposit their diverse currencies and receive an equivalent, less commission, in the standard coin of Athens,—a service, as we shall see, precisely analagous to that which constituted the chief function of the famous Bank of Amsterdam three centuries ago.—F. A.

deposit of treasures, and, having large funds of their own, they employed productively both these and the sums confided to them by means of loans at interest. They had dealings both with individuals and states.

The arrangement of a loan depended on the relation between the borrower and lender and their confidence in each other. Sometimes no security was given, but a simple acknowledgment was made by the borrower, or a formal instrument was drawn up, executed by both parties to the transaction, attested by witnesses, and deposited with a third party, usually a banker. Witnesses were also present when the loan was paid. At Athens, when land was mortgaged or given as security, pillars were set up on it, on which were inscribed the amount of the debt and the mortgagee's name. In other parts of Greece there were public registers of debts, but they are not known to have existed at Athens.

The most ancient coins of Rome and the old Italian states were bronze. No other metal was used in the Roman coins till 269 B. C., five years before the first Punic War, when silver was first coined. Gold was coined in Rome sixty-two years after silver. Here, as elsewhere, in earliest times, cattle were the medium of exchange, one ox being reckoned as equal to ten sheep. It is supposed that copper or bronze took the place of cattle as the standard of value between the years 450 and 430 B. C.

The unit of value in the early Roman coinage was the *as*, which was of bronze, at first equal in weight to a Roman pound of twelve ounces. This gigantic piece was oblong like a brick and bore the figure of an ox or other animal, whence the word *pecunia*, from *pecus*, cattle. The next and most common form was circular, having the two-faced head of Janus on one side and the prow of a ship on the other, whence the expression of the Roman boys in tossing up—*capita aut navim*. This coin was not struck with the punch, but cast. In most cases the edges of the coins show where they have been cut from the casting. In the British Museum are four *ases*, joined together, as they were taken from the mould.

According to ancient writers, in order to meet the expenses of the state in the first Punic War, 264-241 B. C., the *as* was reduced in weight from one pound to two ounces, or one-sixth of the old

weight, and the Republic, with coins so reduced, paid its debts, thus gaining five parts in six. In the second Punic War *ases* were made of one ounce, the Republic thus gaining one-half. This, of course, was a form of repudiation, and the example has been abundantly followed. Some writers, however, state that the reduction of the *as* was gradual, and that when the circular form first appeared the weight had been reduced to nine ounces. This reduction in the weight of the *as* took place not alone at Rome, but in the neighboring Italian states, and was not uniform, so that it became usual to pay out the *ases* according to weight, and not by tale, thus reverting to the original method, as is sometimes done at the present day.

The Roman Forum, in the early history of Rome, was set apart as a place for the administration of justice, for holding assemblies of the people, and for other public business; but near the end of the Republic it seems to have been chiefly used for judicial proceedings and as a money-market. Here were found both public and private bankers. The public banker of the highest class was a sort of extraordinary magistrate, or commissioner, appointed by the state to assist the people in times of great depression, the office being generally filled by men of high rank. He sat in the portico or cloister of the Forum, almost in the shadow of the temple of Saturn, where the treasures of the state were kept, at a table (*mensa*), whence he was called *mensarius*.⁶

Such public bankers were first appointed by the state in the year 352 B. C., at a time of great financial distress among the people of Rome, when many were so deeply involved in debt that they were obliged to borrow from new creditors in order to pay the old ones. Laws had been passed to redress the debtors' grievances and to prohibit excessive interest, but the relief was only partial. In this extremity it was thought necessary for the government to interfere, and accordingly five commissioners, or public bankers, were appointed for this purpose, whose duty it was to loan on proper security money from the public treasury to those in need in order to stem the tide of depres-

⁶If the bankers at Rome did not carry their tables well into the courts of the temple, in some of the provincial capitals the dealers in exchange did so. Thus in the Roman province of Judaea, in the courts of the sanctuary at Jerusalem, we get a striking picture, when Jesus "found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting. And when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, 'Take these things hence; make not My Father's house an house of merchandise'" (John ii. 14-16).—F. A.

sion. They were also authorized to persuade or compel creditors to receive cattle or land in payment of debts at a fair valuation, and in various other ways to assist the people in bringing about a normal and healthy condition. By these means, Livy tells us, a great amount of debt was satisfactorily liquidated, but success was not complete. As at Athens in the time of Solon, there was at Rome a rude state of society, and the distress was in some respects similar.

The Roman law as to the payment of borrowed money was very severe. Gellius gives us the ancient mode of procedure in the case of debt, as fixed by the Twelve Tables. If the debtor admitted the debt, or if judgment had been obtained against him by legal process for the amount of the debt, he had thirty days allowed him for payment. At the expiration of this time, if payment had not been made, he was liable to be assigned over to the creditor by the sentence of the prætor. The creditor was required to keep him in chains for sixty days, publicly exposing him on certain days and proclaiming the amount of his debt. If no one released him by paying the debt, the creditor might sell him as a slave.

According to the letter of the law a creditor could put the condemned debtor to death, and if there were several creditors, they could cut the debtor in pieces and each take his share of his body in proportion to his debt; but it is said that there was no instance of a creditor ever having adopted this extreme measure. The creditor, however, might treat the condemned debtor as a slave and compel him to work out his debt, and in many such cases the treatment was very severe.

Five years after the great depression of 352 B. C., to further relieve the distress of the people, which still continued, the legal rate of interest was reduced to five per cent. We read of several usurers, in 346 B. C., being punished for a violation of the law and subjected to a penalty of forfeiture of four times the amount of the loan made. Some years later the Genucian laws were passed, which cancelled all debts and forbade the taking of any interest whatever. This was absurd, for no one will lend without some profit. It was the same as forbidding any loans at all, and was, of course, successfully evaded. The attempt to abolish the rate of interest by law utterly failed and was abandoned. Ten per cent., as prescribed by the Twelve Tables, then became the legal and recognized rate. This was the legal rate towards the close of the Republic and also under the Emperors.

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Unfortunately, no alteration was made in the law of debt. The small farmers, by the ravages of war and the burden of taxes, were driven into debt as a desperate and last resort, and debt ended practically, if not technically, in slavery. This had a remarkable influence on the economic history of Rome. In ancient times lending for a profit or interest was so much associated with cruelty and hardship that all usury was branded as unjust, and debt and famine in the minds of many were classed together. Cato is said to have ranked usury with the crime of murder.

Public bankers, such as have been spoken of, were appointed at Rome whenever debts weighed heavily upon the people, but with the exception of the first time the number appointed in any emergency appears to have been three. The business of these bankers was of great importance, but there were two other kinds of public bankers, of a lower grade, whose offices were permanent and whose duties were of an inferior order. They assayed new coin, and through them the newly coined money was put into circulation. They examined all kinds of coins and decided whether they were of the proper metal or not, and, for a certain percentage, exchanged for strangers all kinds of foreign money for the coinage of Rome. Thus they combined, along with their public duties, business on their own account.

Private bankers also, as well as the public bankers, had their shops or tables in the cloisters of the Forum, especially under the three-arched buildings called Jani, and were called *argentarii* (from *argentum*, silver). Such bankers were found at Rome as early as 309 B. C., long before silver was coined at Rome, but the name can be explained from the fact that they received foreign, especially Southern Italian and Etruscan, silver, in exchange for the bronze coinage of Rome.

The *argentarii*, in the time of the Republic, were strictly bankers. They were money-changers and did all kinds of commission and agency business for their customers. They not only received money on deposit, but as their customers' agents attended public sales, got in outstanding claims, and made payments in liquidation of debts. Almost all money transactions were made through their intervention, and they kept the account books of their customers. In receiving deposits, if the deposit was not to draw interest it was called *depositum*, or *vacua pecunia*; if it was to draw interest it was called *creditum*.

The ancient Roman bankers' books of account are said to have given rise to the modern Italian system of bookkeeping by double entry. The *codex accepti et expensi*, or cash book of the banker, was a book in which all receipts and payments were entered, with the date, the person's name to whom credited or debited, and the details of the transaction. The *liber rationum*, in which each client had a special page, with the debit and credit accounts, correspond to the modern ledger. Another book, called the *adversaria*, was used for the entry of memoranda of unfinished business. During the time of the Empire the public and private bankers were alike under the control of the *praefectus urbi*. In the provinces they were responsible to the governors. They were legally bound to keep their books with strict accuracy, and, in case of dispute, to produce them in court as evidence.

An *argentarius* never paid out any person's money without receiving a check, which was called *praescriptio*. The payment was made either in cash, or, if the person to be paid kept an account with the same banker, simply by a transfer of credit, no cash entering into the transaction. In case of failure, the law declared that the claims of depositors should be satisfied before those of persons who had money at interest in the bank; thus the *depositum* was paid before the *creditum*.

When the Romans became acquainted with the Greek custom of using bills of exchange, the bankers of Rome made payments for their clients at Athens, or other distant cities, by drawing bills payable by a banker in the place where payment was to be made. This made it necessary for bankers to know the value of the same coins in different places and at different times. Bankers also made payments for persons who had not deposited money with them, which was the same as a loan. Money paid through a banker was called *per mensam*, or *de mensa*, while a payment made by a debtor in person was called *ex arca*, or *de domo*.

The *arca* was a chest or coffer in which the Romans were accustomed to keep valuables, especially money. It stood in the *atrium* of the house, and was made of iron, or of wood bound with either iron or bronze. It was generally in the care of the porter, or, in the houses of the very wealthy, of a special officer (*arcarius*), who made disbursements. Some of these strong boxes were adorned with reliefs, as in

the case of one taken from the ruins of Pompeii and now in the Naples Museum. It stood on a heavy block of stone, or low foundation of masonry, to which it was attached by an iron rod passing through the bottom.

As regards the respect in which bankers were held at Rome, evidence is contradictory, but we are forced to the conclusion that the wealthy banker, who carried on business on a large scale and in an honorable manner, was as much respected as a banker of modern times, but that those who degraded their calling by acting as usurers were not held in esteem. The feeling at Rome was about the same as it still is in all countries.

Some claim that we should make no distinction between public bankers and private bankers; that those termed public bankers, the *numularii* and the *mensularii*, carried on their business on their own account, and that those termed private bankers, the *argentarii*, were under the supervision of the state. It is at least true that the three terms seem to have been, at times, used indiscriminately, and that all three were applied to the grandfather of Augustus.

Up to the time of the conquest of Southern Italy the Romans had only copper or bronze money of a most clumsy kind. From the conquered cities, which were colonies of Greece, thousands of statues and works of art were sent to decorate the temples and public buildings of the then barbaric city on the Tiber. The silver coinage of these conquered cities furnished beautiful models, and the coins struck at that time by the Romans show the first evidence of the influence of Greek art. The first *denarius*, or silver piece of ten *ases*, struck in the year 269 B. C., is evidently an imitation of the coins of the Greek cities. As trade increased, with increasing dominion, Rome became the political and commercial center of a vast empire and was visited by strangers from all the surrounding countries.

In the second Punic War the Roman people were heavily taxed, but even then the taxes were not sufficient to meet expenses, and therefore a call was made on wealthy individuals to furnish seamen and to advance money by way of loans. In payment of accounts for stores and clothing for the army, orders on the treasury were given, payable at some future time. Thus national debt came into existence.

The practice of ancient warfare made it certain that the wealthy

citizen, if Rome fell, would lose all he had, and perhaps his life. Every man had thus an interest in success or failure, and loaning money to the state was an act of self-preservation, the payment of the loan being certain if Rome prevailed. Rome did prevail, and we find that the first installment of this government loan was paid in the year 204 B. C., immediately after the submission of Carthage, and the second and third installments subsequently at intervals of four years.

The contractors advanced their property to the state and received in exchange tickets promising payment at some future time. In the same manner the owners of eight thousand slaves, who were enlisted in the army, gave them up to the state and awaited payment for them. The fortunes of minors and widows, which were in the hands of guardians, were also turned over to the state as loans. For all these, treasury bills were issued, which, it is supposed, circulated among tradesmen and others pretty much the same as do our bank notes and treasury notes of today.

The comparative value of gold and silver varied considerably at different periods of Greek and Roman history. Herodotus states it as 1 to 13; Plato as 1 to 12; Minander as 1 to 10; and Livy, about 189 B. C., as 1 to 10; thus showing if these statements are correct, a gradual increase in the value of silver as compared with gold. Julius Caesar, according to Suetonius, on one occasion exchanged gold for silver at the rate of 1 to 9. The most usual proportion, under the early Roman emperors, was 1 to 12. Jevons states that "in the time of the Romans gold was about ten times as valuable as silver, and silver about ten times as valuable as copper, so that there would then have been no difficulty in constructing a perfect decimal system of money." Both in the time of the Republic and of the Empire there was great difficulty experienced in regulating the circulation of silver and copper together, and the difficulty was much increased when gold was introduced.

In ancient Greece every free and independent city coined its own money. Sparta and Byzantium are said to have coined iron money, but no ancient iron coin has ever been found. Iron at that time is said by Gladstone to have been a more valuable metal than copper. It has been supposed that the government of Athens only watched over the weight and purity of the metal, and that the people in their assembly

regulated everything relating to the coinage of money. Individuals who coined bad money were punished with death.

Juno was the Roman deity who presided over and was the guardian of finance, and under the name of Moneta, or Juno Moneta, she had a temple on the Capitoline Hill, in which was the mint, even as the aerarium, or treasury, by a similar arrangement, was located in the temple of Saturn. Thus this temple of Juno was where the Roman money was coined, although the regulation and management of the Roman mint during the period of the Republic is involved in obscurity. The coining of money at Rome does not appear to have been an exclusive privilege of the state, and it has been inferred from coins still extant that probably every Roman citizen had the right to have his own gold and silver coined in the public mint and under the superintendence of its officers. None, however, had the right to put his own image upon a coin. Julius Caesar was the first to whom this privilege was granted, and his example was followed by his royal successors.

So long as only pure silver and gold were used by the state in its coinage, bad money does not seem to have been coined by any one; but when, in 90 B. C., the expedient was resorted to of mixing with the silver one-eighth of its weight of copper, an example was given, and temptation to counterfeit was offered to the people. Counterfeiting appears henceforth to have occurred frequently. As early as 86 B. C. the making of counterfeit money was carried to such an extent that no one was sure whether the money he possessed was genuine or false. A means of testing money, and of distinguishing the good from the bad, is said to have been discovered at this time. What this was is not made clear, but some method of examining silver coins must have been known to the Romans long before this. Heavy punishment was inflicted on the coiners of false money.

Roman money was generally coined at Rome, but in some cases the mints of other Italian cities were used. During the Republic, subject countries and provinces were not deprived of the right of coining their own money, which they retained even under the Empire for a long time. When all Italy received the Roman franchise, they henceforth used the Roman money and consequently lost the right to coin their own. From the time of Augustus the emperors assumed the exclusive privilege of coining gold and silver, and some time later

the right to coin all money. As, however, the vast extent of the empire made it necessary to use more than one mint, in several provinces, such as Gaul and Spain, Roman money was coined under the superintendence of quæsters or proconsuls. Roman money gradually came into use throughout the whole extent of the empire, at first more completely in the western part, but eventually also in the East.

Rome, in her career of conquest, became the center of all kinds of business. Conquered people were sent to Rome as slaves and thence were transferred the treasures of the conquered cities. The revenue of the state was derived from custom duties, levied on certain kinds of goods, both export and import, rents of public property, tolls for passengers and goods carried across bridges or ferries, etc. The manufacture of salt was a government monopoly, and mines and fisheries were public property.

In Rome's palmy days, the Provincial land-tax formed the chief revenue of the Republic. The Romans served as soldiers and were lightly taxed, while there was no land-tax in Italy itself. We find that in 167 B. C. the payments exacted from the provinces had become so great that extraordinary taxes were dispensed with altogether, and the ordinary revenues were sufficient for all future wars, as well as for the civil administration. The provincial land-taxes were, every five years, put up to public auction, and the highest bidder received the contract. The "farmers" of the taxes paid a certain sum for the right of collecting the taxes, and made what profit they could.

There were many wealthy men in Rome, and there was continuous intercourse between Rome and her provinces. Moreover, stock-companies, organized with wealthy Romans as shareholders, enjoyed a high degree of development and engaged in great enterprises. From all this it can be readily seen that Rome, about the end of the Republic, afforded an immense field for banking, and we may safely conclude that any prominent banker of that ancient city was ready to furnish to his client almost any service or accommodation that a banker of New York would today render under similar circumstances.



AMERICAN SLEDGES ON THE ICE AT CAPE GEORGE RUSSELL.

Arctic scene, from an engraving made in 1854 from the original drawing by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of the United States Navy, who accompanied the first Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin in 1850-51, and commanded the second expedition.





AMERICAN SHIP PARTING HAWSERS OFF GODSEND LEDGE

Arctic scene, from an engraving made in 1854 from the original drawing by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of the United States Navy, who accompanied the first Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin in 1850-51, and commanded the second Grinnell Expedition of 1853-55.

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An Episode of North American History

The Conquest of Canada by the Kirke Brothers, 1627-1632

BY

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DURING the wane of the Sixteenth Century, and through that troublous period of history when Henry of Navarre and his son, Louis XIII, reigned over France, there resided near the chalk cliffs of the Normandy seaport of Dieppe, a certain Gervaise Kertk with his wife, Elizabeth, and their four stalwart sons. The times were strenuous, Guise and Condé, Huguenot and Catholic, contending for religious supremacy and the soil of France. Five wars had already been the result of these conditions, wars that were carried on with great cruelty on either side, but all had ended in giving the Huguenots greater and greater liberty, with increased political

power to conduct themselves and their religion according to the dictates of their own conscience and faith. Nevertheless, the Catholic party continued to dominate France, especially Paris, while the strength of the Huguenots lay in the South and along the ocean borders of the kingdom.

The Bourbons, under the Prince of Condé, afterwards under Henry IV, supported the Calvinists; those of the party of the Duc du Guise, the Catholics. Later, after the assassination of Condé, Henry of Navarre, a character unique in the history of France, became the champion of the Protestants, fought successfully numerous battles, and finally emerged from the tempest as the ruler of the kingdom; a brave, wise, generous and sane ruler, devoted to the welfare of his people, eventually to fall by the hand of the insane assassin, Ravillac.

The House of Valois was sovereign over the realm for two hundred and sixty years, and had given it thirteen kings, of which Henry III was the last, none of whom had been of more than mediocre ability, but had talents to plunge the country into a succession of wars, both internal and foreign, to the almost complete undoing of the realm. Henry IV of Navarre saw far beyond his time and beyond the boundaries of his kingdom. It is recorded of him that he suggested, in order to put an end to the eternal wars that rent Europe from one end to the other, that the nations should send a number of delegates to a Supreme Council, which was to regulate all matters of warfare by arbitration. The history of the Seventeenth Century will doubtless be repeated in the Twentieth, though the times are better prepared for this Supreme Council for the welfare of future years than they were in his day. The attempt to gain a permanent peace fell through, as all the nations would not ratify the proposals, and the net result was that wars went on as from all time, and will through all coming time, until the millennium arrives.

Henry was also a great colonizer. During his reign Canada was founded, and as the Jesuits were in control of the project, it was stipulated in the charter that no Huguenot should settle there.

After the assassination of Henry IV, affairs of state progressed badly for the French people. His son, Louis XIII, was a child of nine years. Under the circumstances a regency was necessary, and the Queen Mother, Marie de Medici, a niece of the famous Catherine,

immediately seized the reins of government and Parliament was ordered to be assembled. This Parliament, or States General, deliberated a great deal but accomplished little. The main result coming out of its meetings was that, in the debates, Cardinal Richelieu, before an unknown person, immediately became a marked man on account of his eloquence and abilities. He there made such masterful addresses "that the people began to perceive that he was a man of unusual ability" and to voice his rise as a leader.

Richelieu's chief aim was to suppress the Protestant religion, and he called forth all the power of the realm to this end. Under his direction the siege of La Rochelle, the Calvinist stronghold of the West, was undertaken and prosecuted to a victorious conclusion. Dieppe also suffered but was not besieged. Shortly after the successful termination of the siege of La Rochelle (1624), the Huguenots were finally subdued, and his "red Eminence" was master of the religions of France as well as lord of the subjects and policies of the country.

It was during these struggles that Gervase Kertk with his wife, Elizabeth, his sons, and a number of relatives, abandoned their homes in Dieppe, and fled the kingdom. Nowhere was there a refuge for Protestants, except in England; all other countries were barred except Holland, and the Netherlandic States had hardly recovered from the rule of the Spaniard. Virginia had not been settled sufficiently long to admit of the presence of a numerous colony of foreigners; besides, many of these people were unsuited to the rigors of a new settlement among desolate forests and savages. Not a few overrode these barriers, and ended their lives on the soil of the English colony, and some rose to positions of eminence there.

The change to a London atmosphere, its air of freedom and personal liberty, compared to that of the continent, must have been great. Nevertheless, memories of the expulsion from their homes lingered, and were embittered by reports of more recent refugees who told their tales of the final downfall of the Calvinist party in France. Their own, as well as the struggle of other members of their faith, called for vengeance upon their enemies, and events were quickly coming that allowed an opportunity for the use of the spear.

The power of the Huguenots had been broken for all time by the strength of Richelieu, who had united all the Catholic interests of

the kingdom behind him, something that no one had been able to accomplish before. In 1629 by the peace of Alais, the Huguenots were granted civil equality and liberty to practice their religion, but thereafter ceased to be a separate political party in France, and were forbidden to emigrate to the New World. This last clause was the direct result of the entrance of Richelieu and the Jesuits into the affairs of New France. Religion had, since the earliest days of the colony, been supreme there, but his Eminence added commercial to ecclesiastic influence.

After their landing in London, the British Colonial Papers and the minutes of the Lords of Trade and Plantations enable one to gather glimpses of the later life of the Kertks. Gervase was well versed in the lore of the sea and we soon find him engaged in trading with foreign countries. He possessed sterling qualities, as well as a high character, and soon was allowed to join some of the Merchant Companies. Gradually he became a man of substance, wielding a considerable influence in the affairs of the commercial world, trading in Africa and America. In 1622-23 we find Kertk associated with William Alexander, Earl of Sterling, and Robert Charlton, also a Scotsman, in a plan for the colonization of Nova Scotia. Alexander obtained patents from King James, and sent a colony, largely composed of his countrymen, to settle somewhere in the region of Port Royal on the Bay of Fundy. Alexander remained there two years, until the marriage of the Princess Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis XIII of France to Charles I of England (1624-25), which was fathered by Richelieu, took place, and in the subsequent adjustments Nova Scotia was returned to the French.

To make clear the after part of this story, it is necessary to enter shortly into the history of the maritime provinces of Canada, Acadia as it was then called. After the discovery of the northern part of the American Continent by Cabot, the English Government under Queen Elizabeth claimed proprietorship of the entire region from Newfoundland to Florida. The first grant made under these claims was in the reign of Elizabeth, to Sir Humphrey Gilbert. It was dated 1578, and included Newfoundland and the neighboring regions. The wording was sufficiently vague to induce disputes of all kinds in after years. This patent does not appear to have been made use of, as Sir

Humphrey was shortly lost at sea. Long before this date, French and Basque fishermen had made voyages to the Banks of Newfoundland and the adjacent land, but did not establish themselves there. In 1534-5 Jacques Cartier made two voyages of discovery, ascending the river Hochelaga, or Canada, to the rapids. The claims of the English Crown were antedated many years by the erection of the arms of France on the shores of the St. Lawrence River by Cartier, as was the custom with European nations. About 1600 Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, and the Baron de Potrin-court, sailed on voyages of discovery to Newfoundland and the St. Lawrence regions, and, finding them unoccupied, established a trading post and again erected the Arms of France. In 1603, Champlain and Pontgravé sailed for the St. Lawrence, intent upon discovery and the conversion of the Indians to the Christian faith. It was shortly after the beginning of the Seventeenth Century that de Potrin-court established a fort at Port Royal on Frenchman's Bay (Bay of Fundy), La Cadia. Next, Claude de la Tour, sieur d'Etienne, a Protestant gentleman, founded a fort near what is now St. Johns, New Brunswick. None of these stations seem to have been in the nature of permanent settlements, but rather to promote traffic with the Indians, obtaining the skins of sea and forest animals, as well as other products, to be sent to Europe and sold; or it was for the purpose of Christianizing the natives, an object on which the French, first with the Recollet friars, later with the Jesuits, were especially bent. The first aim for Canada, under their ruling, was of this nature, and for nearly one hundred years afterwards trade and religion contended for the supremacy of this northern region, sometimes commerce being foremost, sometimes religion.

The grant of James I to Sir William Alexander, though in harmony with the discoveries of Cabot, conflicted with the later establishments of the French, and a century of warfare resulted. "First one right was respected and then the other." Baron de Potrin-court returned home only to be killed on the battle fields of France, and the sieur de Monts, going back, received important commands that absorbed his entire time. These effectually prevented him from taking an active part in the various projects for the colonization of the new country. Claude de la Tour and his son, Charles, who had come over to assist him in managing the affairs of the new State, were

therefore the only ones of the originators of the enterprise that remained in charge.

The grants to Alexander and de la Tour were amicably adjusted by a fusion of their several interests, and after the former was recalled to Scotland, de la Tour remained in charge of the plantations and forts.

In 1627 war was declared between France and England; the Canadian and Nova Scotian provinces thereby becoming a fair mark for any adventurer strong enough to overpower and control these comparatively weak outposts of European civilization. Soon after the declaration of war, Sir William Alexander entered into a compact with Gervase Kirke (the name had become anglicised by this time) and his sons to recover Nova Scotia, and incidentally conquer Canada with it. They enlisted the services of William Barkeley, Alderman of London, and his brother, Francis Barkeley, of Shropshire, wealthy merchants of London, who were deeply interested in the East Indian and Levant Mercantile Companies, the facilities of these brothers with shipping and money being an immediate and necessary aid.

A Company of Merchant Adventurers was formed, a Royal Charter obtained, and an expedition fitted out without delay, consisting of nine vessels of all sizes. Port Royal, Cape Breton, St. Johns and the places along the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence River were surprised and reduced, and the whole of New France, with the exception of Quebec and Hochelaga, fell into their hands. Alexander and la Tour recovered Acadia, and, until the peace of 1632, remained in full possession. After this treaty, the whole of Nova Scotia fell anew into French hands. Charles de la Tour, who still remained in the country, then found himself in an anomalous situation, his father, Claude, whom he had sent to France for succour, having been captured on his way back by the Kirkes, now engaged on the English side. Nevertheless, Charles remained at his post, compromised with the French, and embraced the new order of affairs. After the declaration of peace, Claude found himself in the position of a traitor to his country, but with the assistance of Alexander managed to convey his interest in Acadia to his son.

This restoration of Acadia forced the la Tours back to their first allegiance, and through influence at court, Charles swung the pendulum toward himself, obtaining a grant of land and a command under the ruling of the French Court.

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In the meantime another dominant power had entered into the affairs of Acadia. After the peace of St. Germain, Isaac de Razilly was sent over to receive the surrender of the country from the agents of Sir William Alexander. In due course of time he obtained grants of territory in conflict with those of the la Tours. After his death his interest was claimed by his heir, D'Aunay Charnisay, and a rivalry began between these petty chieftains that shook Acadian life to its centre. Richelieu favored Charnisay, and la Tour was driven to desperate straits. Neither would acknowledge the authority of the other. Charnisay commanded at Port Royal, while la Tour built a stronghold at Cape Sable. They sent forays into each other's territory, killing and capturing each other's retainers, then united against the English, then again cut each other's throats. After a time Charnisay's influence in France prevailed, la Tour's commission was recalled, and his rival was ordered to take possession of his forts and plantations. La Tour, in turn, declared himself independent of the Crown and became a rebel. He then made overtures to Boston for assistance, which at first was granted, and then withdrawn. Finally, Charnisay in 1645 captured his last stronghold, St. Johns, and put to death his captives. In 1650 he was drowned, and la Tour again obtained possession of the wrecks of the province. He fortified himself in its possession by marrying the widow of Charnisay, and incidentally becoming the foster father of a numerous brood of children.

Acting under orders from Cromwell, Major Robert Sedgwick, of Charlestown, in the year 1655 attacked Acadia, overcame some slight resistance, and reduced the entire province to submission. The Protector granted it to Sir Thomas Temple and Sir William Crowne, with instructions to enlarge its trade and protect its fisheries. Charles la Tour was again obliged to trim his sails, and he entered into a compact with the new grantees of the territory, whereby his possessions were insured. The course of affairs under the new administration did not suit him, and within a few months he withdrew. As there was nowhere else for him to go, he sailed for England, leaving a son to administer and care for what remained of his property.

Temple and Crowne do not seem to have had a pleasant sojourn in their new possession. Their right to the province was disputed by the widow of Sir William Alexander, and also by the Kirkes and their

backers, the Barkeley brothers, together and separately. The affair, being brought to the notice of the Lords of Trade and Foreign Plantations, a Committee decided that the right of Acadia lay with the Barkeleyes and Kirkes, but despite the defection of his London agent, Temple managed to retain a hold on the province until 1667, when, under a new treaty, Acadia was again restored to France. Thereafter there were numerous suits in the common courts, as well as before the Crown, which lasted until the year 1685, in which the Alexander heirs, the Barkeleyes, the Kirkes, as well as a number of other persons, participated; but the legal proceedings ended in the air. King Charles did not abide by his father's Commission to the brave men who were the founders of these English North American colonies, but rather helped them to an eclipse of their rights under his patents. When the King had aught to gain, they were encouraged to undertake expeditions; if, for any reason failure attended them, they were in all likelihood degraded. His patents were as writing upon running waters. Doubtless the Alexanders and Kirkes were shortsighted and narrow, after the manner of the time, but nevertheless they belonged to the nobility of mankind.

The Jesuits of France, during the reign of Henry IV, obtained but slight recognition of rights in the New World. Notwithstanding this, an alliance was formed among the Queen, Marie de Medici, Henrietta D'Estrange, and Antoinette, Marquis de Guercheville, for the promotion of Christianity among the American savages, under the care of the Company of Jesus. Madame de Guercheville bought out the interests of Mr. de Monts, a first grantee and settler of Acadia, and obtained from the minor King, Louis XIII, letters patent for all the territory of North American between the St. Lawrence and Florida. This writ sufficed to bring the English and French interests into direct conflict, the former nation having already colonized Virginia in 1606-7. At the time of the grant, Sir Thomas Dale was Governor of the settlement. During his administration he despatched Sir Samuel Argal in an armed brig on a combined trip for cod fishing and determining if the French were intruding on the soil of the northern part of the continent, in detriment to the claims of King James.

At Frenchman's Bay, on Mt. Desert Island, he discovered the newly founded settlement of Saint Sauveur, with la Saussaye and

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Briand de Messé in command. He promptly attacked their ship, and, being unprepared, the Frenchmen fled to the woods. Soon the pangs of hunger compelled them to beg Argal for mercy. A number of the party were carried to Virginia. The balance, including the Jesuit priests belonging to it, were turned adrift, to make their way as best they could to a refuge. Soon thereafter Argal, returning to Acadia, completely destroyed the town of Port Royal, with all the crops and animals, leaving Biencourt, then in command, completely stranded until the arrival of succour from home. Not entirely discouraged, the following year Biencourt came back and rebuilt Port Royal and its fort. This event ends the story of Acadia to the year 1614.

In 1621 King James, "looking upon the possession of France as an invasion," granted Acadia to Sir William Alexander, under the name of New Scotland, and in 1622, as narrated, he planted a colony of Scotch there.

In the years following their emigration to London, the Kirkes appear to have prospered. The sons grew up and, with the exception of Lewis, who remained with his father, became Masters and Captains of merchant vessels, and were also in the Royal service. The father, as already noted, established lucrative mercantile connections and sent ships of his own out of port, besides having warehouses for the storage of over-sea products. It was during this time that they established business relations with the East India and Levant Companies, with Alderman William and Francis Barkeley, whose close relations made them of much service in the furtherance of their commercial interests, and whom they afterwards affiliated with them in their plans for the conquest of New France.

With the opening of the war of 1627, the Kirkes found the long wished for opportunity to retaliate for their mistreatment at the hands of France and Richelieu. With the assistance of the Barkeleyes, they fitted out an expedition of nine ships, brigs and barkentines, armed with suitable artillery. This flotilla sailed with the Royal Commission and consent of King Charles, and was especially organized to expel the French from the River of Canada and the Arcadian maritime provinces. Incidentally they were to gain as much booty as possible, and established themselves in the fur trade and fisheries, and hold them forever afterward. The personnel of the men forming this naval

force is interesting, bearing as it does upon its ultimate motive, revenge. The brothers, David, John and James, were commanders of units of the fleet. David was Admiral, and under him was Captain Michel of Sant Malo, an ardent Calvinist, and noted pilot of his day, whose high temper induced many a wrangle with his commander. The names of the other captains have not come down to us, but they were probably English, representing the Barkeley interest. The crews had but few sailors of English nationality, the larger number being French and Basque refugees, all animated by two common purposes,—gain and revenge.

Sailing from London, very early in the spring, they steered a course for Newfoundland, and on its Banks captured a considerable number of French fishing barques, among them some from the Basque province. Weather conditions appear to have been favorable, and they next set their course for Cape Breton, where the ships soon reduced the forts, incidentally capturing a large French convoy laden with cannon and ammunition, destined for the relief of Port Royal and Quebec. This loss was a serious one to their enemies, as it left them without supplies of ammunition and food for at least a year, their stocks being already depleted to the zero mark. At Cape Breton, the Kirkes divided their forces; a part proceeded to reduce Port Royal and the scattered Nova Scotian settlements, while the other entered the Gulf of the St. Lawrence River. The French nowhere appear to have been warned in advance of the approach of an enemy, and seem to have fallen an easy prey. Altogether the Kirkes captured eighteen ships, some only fishermen's barks, but others laden with munitions and supplies of all kinds that were valuable. These were sent back to the port of London as prizes to be sold, and included, among other war material, one hundred and thirty-five pieces of heavy ordnance. Flushed with victory, they neglected to pursue their advantage to the uttermost and bring the conquest of the provinces to an end that season.

The remaining French posts were reduced to a desperate state by the loss of their supplies. Charle de la Tour found means to send his father back to France, to ask that relief might be sent, together with sufficient armament to overcome the English forces. There he arrived, late in the Autumn; but for Champlain, the Commandant at Quebec, there was no possible relief without assistance from home.

The Northern division of the Kirkes' expedition, under Sir David and James Kirke, entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence and proceeded to St. Anne and Tadusac, which they reduced. There they hauled down the Arms of France and erected those of England. In addition they began, at the latter fort, to develop the fur-trade and protect the fisheries, the ultimate object of the expedition being to encourage trade, from which they hoped to derive large profits. They expected to govern the country under Royal patents for the Company of Adventurers. There does not appear to have been any serious resistance at any of the river plantations or forts. The places were weak, and the forts, designed to resist the Indians, were of little value against the cannon of ships, being largely loop-holed palisades of wooden construction.

The accounts of the later doings of the expedition differ somewhat in detail. David Kirke, with several of the ships of his squadron, remained at Tadusac for the combined purpose of trading and over-awing the country, while two barques proceeded toward the upper reaches of the St. Lawrence, to reduce the settlements on its banks. To these new comers the deep river with its densely wooded and high banks, with the outline of gloomy mountains in the remote distance, must have been anything but pleasing. The utter air of desolation that even today pervades this country must have been aught but appealing. Stopping at Cape Tourmente, they went ashore for forage, and after remaining a few hours proceeded on their way towards Quebec. Finally, passing with the tide the Isle de Bacchus, now Orleans, they anchored on a late September evening in the lower part of the bason of Quebec, out of reach of the cannon of the citadel. The red pennant of England was raised to the masthead, a gun was fired, awakening the echoes of Point Levi; thence the thunder rolled back to the headland of Quebec, from there to distant Cape Tourmente, to be repeated again and again.

Rumours of their approach had been heralded by swift Indian runners, and the town was filled with consternation. Champlain and his men had through the summer months been awaiting a convoy of French ships with guns, ammunition and provisions, especially the last, as their supplies were at a low ebb, and here were the English at their gates. The inhabitants crowded the wall of the citadel, eager for yet fearful of the news. Champlain and his second in command,

M. le Pont, held council as to what should be done on the morrow, and agreed that they should make the best resistance possible with their limited means. Even their fort was in a state of dilapidation, a part of its walls having recently fallen down, but the decision was to uphold the honor of their country, and every means of defense was made ready.

While the town was in a ferment, the English remained quietly at anchor awaiting the morning light, secure of their tomorrow. Quebec was sleepless. On the ships they could hear the distant drums and imagine the consternation that reigned within the walls.

During the night a great wind storm arose, a late September gale, that even today is frequent at this season of the year. The ships were buffeted and bruised in the blasts and waves of the St. Lawrence, and as soon as the daylight was sufficient to allow of departure, they slipped their cables and, with the strong northwest winds favoring, dropped down the river, not to return again that season. Quebec was saved for the time, though with the destruction of the relief convoy, the inhabitants were reduced before long to a state of extreme misery and distress for food.

The second account narrates that Captain David Kirke and his squadron remained at Tadusac, trading and celebrating their exploits, while he despatched a small captured barque, filled with Basque fishermen, to summon Champlain to surrender. On their way up stream they stopped at Cape Tourmente, and, being Frenchmen, were hospitably received; but no sooner were they landed than they began to abuse the inhabitants, kill the cattle, and fire the houses. In the struggle that followed the commander, Foucher, escaped. Though wounded, with two Indians, in a canoe, he made his way to Champlain, to whom he gave the first news of the approach of a hostile force. The Basques, after destroying the houses of Cape Tourmente, advanced to Quebec and sent a party ashore with a white flag. There they delivered Kirke's message to the commander, retired to their vessel, and soon droppd down the river, disappearing in the mists.

Passing the long reaches of the desolate river they at length arrived at Port Tadusac, on the shores of the even more solitary Saguinay, only to learn that their commander had met with misfortune. While lying at anchor in the St. Lawrence, he had been

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assailed in the early dawn of a September morning by Emery de Caen, commanding a heavily armed pinnace laden with French and Indians. The watch of his ships, who was either drowsy or asleep, was immediately overpowered, but managed to give an alarm. For a moment the French had possession of the deck, then the Englishmen, headed by David Kirke, rallied and a fierce fight ensued. Kirke and his men fought valiantly and, being a stronger force than the enemy, at length succeeded in driving to their boat all but their captain and a few others who still kept up the combat. Caen and Kirke engaged in a personal duel, out of which the latter came victorious, and his followers carried de Caen off to the pinnace. Eighteen of the English crew lay on the deck, by the side of a number of the French forces, and of these, two were dead. Kirke was bruised and wounded, but not severely, and held his command, giving orders until his rule was restored. The incident seems to have made an unhappy impression on Kirke, who ever after nourished rancour in his heart against de Caen, and after-events made this hatred even more bitter. Perhaps, also, this hatred was embittered by the circumstances that, while both were Huguenots, de Caen held posts high in the honor of France, while he was a refugee, and from Kirke's viewpoint a traitor to his country.

Not long after this incident, the Commanders gathered their forces together to make preparations for the return voyage. They again overawed the inhabitants of the lower river reaches, returned to the Saguenay, to leave the post in order for their coming the next spring, and then towns in Cape Breton and Acadia were called upon and consolidated. The long voyage home seems to have been made, like their coming, without delay or accident. The home port of London received them, along with the numerous captured vessels and booty of all kinds they brought with them with rejoicing. Now came the day of refitting and preparation for the campaign of 1628, during which they hoped to consolidate all they had gained the previous year.

In one short season the Merchant Adventurers had overthrown the entire power and treasure that France had expended on its new Empire since the days of Jacques Cartier, almost a hundred years before. To the Mother Country only remained Quebec and the small settlements on the upper St. Lawrence, and these in a most deplorable condition.

During that winter in London, the Company of Adventurers again enlisted the assistance of Sir William Alexander in their venture for the coming spring. They had reduced the Nova Scotian and Cape Breton provinces, in which Alexander was directly interested and of which he had been despoiled. An agreement was entered into whereby he should be repossessed of his colony, and should in return furnish certain moneys and political assistance.

A considerable force of land and seamen were gathered, organized and consolidated into an efficient body, and after this was completed, they sailed for Cape Breton as soon as navigation and ice conditions permitted. Sir William Alexander went with the squadron, and shortly thereafter we find him in the post of Governor-General of all the country south of the St. Lawrence River. With William Barkeley he was appointed, in addition, "Commissioners of the Gulf and River of Canada."

La Tour had arrived in France, and had stirred Richelieu to action by his story of the conquest of Canada and the Maritime Provinces by the English. Richelieu dismissed the de Caens from his service, as representatives of trade in the New France, organized a "Company of an Hundred Associates," a body formed to control the trade of this region and, with the assistance of the Jesuits, to Christianize the Indians. A squadron of four ships under the Admiral of the Company, de Roquemond, was assembled at Dieppe and sailed in the early spring for the relief of Quebec. Claude de la Tour accompanied it. Early as they were in departing, the English were ahead of them and in superior force, under the command of David, John and James Kirke, with Michel as pilot.

On arriving at the Road of Gaspé, de Rochemond despatched a barque to advise Champlain that supplies were at hand, also to carry to him a Commission from the King as Governor of New France. This convoy also carried orders to procure an inventory of all the effects of the de Caens in Canada, and expel them. It would appear that they had abused their authority; besides, they were Calvinists and therefore objectionable to Richelieu. This vessel was captured. Not many days thereafter, de Roquemont learned that the English squadron was not far distant, and with more valor than discretion, he immediately weighed anchor and set forth in search of them. Unfortunately,

his heavily laden vessels were not only incapable of manœuvring as well as those of the Kirkes, but were inferior in force.

As soon as the English flotilla sighted the squadron under de Rochemond, they cleared for action. For a while there was a fierce conflict with considerable carnage on both sides, but by superior manœuvring the English soon disabled the rigging of their opponents, compelling them to strike. De Rochemond and de la Tour were made prisoners, and at the first opportunity sent to England.

An interesting echo of this combat is found in the annals of the Recollet Friars of Canada. It appears that in the vanquished squadron were a considerable number of this order. Neither the Kirkes nor their Protestant sailors looked upon the members of any monastic order with eyes of favor. As soon as possible after the battle, they packed them into a small merchant ship, which they had seized, and sent them back to Europe. The poor friars, returning after a lost voyage, experienced not only the rigors of a second one in confined quarters, but when they neared the coast of Spain, were captured by Moroccan pirates. Then their new masters were in turn attacked by some Spanish frigates, and vanquished; and finally they were landed at "Bayonne en Espagne," whence they were allowed to return to their former homes. It would seem more than doubtful, after all these hardships, if any of them ever wished to see the billows of the ocean again. In return for the insults they received, the narrative refers to the Kirkes and the English as "Basque pirates."

In 1631 the Kirke brothers, with the exception of Lewis, who accompanied the squadron in the capacity of civilian, were knighted, and were granted the "Coat-armour of Mons. Rockmond to them and to their issue forever, for valor in vanquishing the French fleet under the command of Mons. de Rockmond and bringing him prisoner to England."

With the total defeat of their succouring ships, the hopes of the French in Canada vanished. Nowhere in Nova Scotia or Canada was there sufficient force to oppose their enemies, and those that survived were stricken by famine and disease. One small hope remained for the commander of Quebec, but of that he was unaware. A single barkentine had followed the squadron of de Rochemont, laden with provisions and war material. It passed into the St. Lawrence, then

past Tadusac, where the English lay, in a dense fog, and those on board were rejoicing in their escape when the bark of John Kirke bore down upon them. A sharp cannonade ensued, the echoes reverberating from one hill to another on the north bank of the stream, where the noise of civilized warfare had never resounded before, and drew all the natives within hearing to its banks. Again, by more adroit manœuvering, Kirke won the advantage of position and the fight was soon over, the barkentine surrendering with its complement.

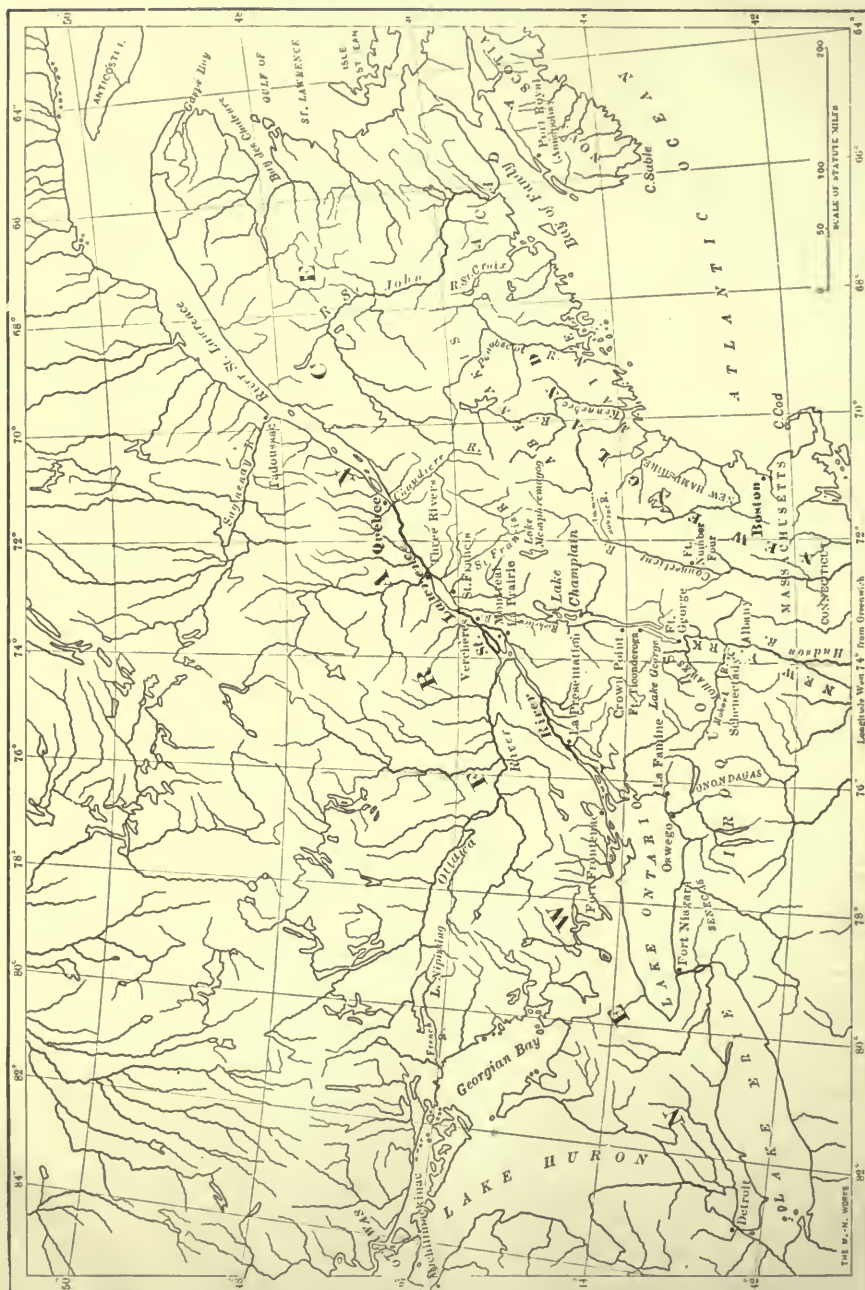
John, James and Lewis Kirke sailed up the river on the tide to Quebec. Again the thunders of the main were awakened and re-echoed from the headland to Cape Tourmente. Again the red pennant of England floated at the mast head. Landing at Point Levi, Thomas Kirke sent an officer with a flag of truce to summon Champlain and the Citadel to surrender. Champlain, reduced to dire necessity, welcomed them in his heart rather as friends than enemies, but resolved to put up the best bluff possible and obtain the best terms for himself and his men. The past months had been difficult ones for the commander and his garrison. He had contemplated a foray into the Iroquois country for food, but was obliged to give the project up on account of lack of a proper supply of ammunition. For weeks the garrison had been reduced to roots and scanty supplies of fish. So extreme had their state become that it is said that the English sailors found only a single barrel of sour roots in the fortress, the total supply of provender for the entire garrison.

To the demands of the officer sent by Captain Kirke, Champlain required (1) "that he show his commission from the King of Great Britain, and his powers to treat from his brother, David, who remained at Tadusac," a demand that seems to have been observed rather in the breach than in the observance; (2) that he be allowed "a ship to take all his Company back to France, friars, Jesuits, two savages, also weapons, baggage;" (3) "to have sufficient victuals in exchange for skins to provision the people of Quebec;" (4) "to be allowed favorable treatment for all;" (5) "to allow the ship a stay of three days at Tadusac to permit the assemblage of all who desired to return to their own country." The final terms allowed by the English Commander-in-Chief were so favorable that, in place of a wholesale eviction, practically all elected to remain, and were allowed



SIEUR DE LA SALLE

The famous French-American pathfinder who did so much to blaze the way through Canada and the Mississippi Valley, which afterwards became part of the United States. Heroic statue designed by Louis Gudebrod, sculptor.



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to pursue their avocations unhampered. They were further given the assurance that if they did not like the English rule, after the lapse of a year, all were free to return to France, and that passage would be afforded them. Furthermore, most of the plebiscite of the town fraternized freely with the sailors of the squadron, many being compatriots. It is a notable comment on English rule, the rule even of those days, that practically none of them eventually returned. Had they done so there would have been little more open to them in France than the lives of mendicants and dependents. War does not seem to have been prosecuted in the days of the early Seventeenth Century on the same basis as it is today, and the rights of the individual were respected in every possible way by the English after the heat of combat had subsided.

Champlain and a few of his principals were sent, first to Tadusac, where he was royally entertained by Sir David Kirke, and afterwards to England. There he was hospitably received and means were soon afforded him to continue his journey to his own country. He remained under the patronage of Richelieu until the treaty of St. Germain afforded him an opportunity to return to Canada, again in the position of Commander-in-Chief.

Champlain seems to have had a religious, rather than a commercial instinct, and this grew in intensity as he became older. His aim, therefore, became rather the conversion of the savages to Christianity than the cultivation and development of the resources of the land. He did not live sufficiently long to see the outcome of his policy, but died three years after his return. His memory remains, if not the most, at least one of the very foremost figures in Canadian colonial history, and will ever be remembered as one of its honored dead.

Shortly after the capture of Quebec, Sir Lewis Kirke received the appointment of Governor of all the northernmost provinces, while Sir William Alexander returned to his former charge, now extended by the inclusion of Cape Breton and the whole of the Nova Scotian provinces. There, in order to promote tranquility, he again fused his interests with those of Charles de la Tour, and even made him a marquis of Nova Scotia, a right that he had received from the King. Considerable sums of money were expended, emigrants were settled, St. Johns, Port Royal, and the Cape Breton plantations were encouraged, and the future looked most promising.

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In Canada Sir Lewis Kirke, who seems to have been endowed with good administrative abilities, ruled the province wisely and for the benefit of all. Trade with the Indians was promoted, traffic with Europe in skins and fish was enlarged, and the seal industry was ordered. David and John, "the men of war," returned to England to advance the interests of their Company, while James and the other marine commanders under him were employed in the coast settlements in keeping off any chance raider, not alone the occasional French but Englishmen also, of whom several had been guilty of piratical forays. It was an era of reconstruction and advancement, and their enterprise flourished.

For three years the Company of Adventurers remained in undisputed possession. Then came the unexpected treaty of 1632-3, returning to France all of her possessions in North America. The consummate skill and diplomacy of Richelieu outweighed any right the Royal Commission afforded to the Adventurers' Company. A stroke of the pen was greater than years of hard and valiant toil and undid all their work, as well as the expenditure, for those days, of vast sums of money. At the Royal word the claims of the Alexanders, the Barkeleys, the Kirkes, were disregarded and set at naught. Commissioners were appointed by France both for Nova Scotia and Canada, and, on their arrival at Quebec, Lewis Kirke had the pleasure of surrendering the reins of government to the enemy of his house, Emery de Caen. Everything was given up in accordance with the royal command, and seemingly without hesitation.

The privileges and royal grants were forgotten by Charles, and afterwards slight compensation was returned to the London Company. Sir William Alexander fared equally badly, and for the second time his provinces of Nova Scotia went back to the French, though not to the first grantees.

In the confused account of claims and counter claims, appeals to the Lords of Trade and Plantations, appeals to the Crown for a restoration of some of their lost properties, ships, forts and expenditures, claims against the French that were never satisfied, claims that by the treaty should have been met with strict compliance,—we discover that Charles was not entirely devoid of all sense of responsibility, and to a slight extent did afford the Company means, through the agency

of the English ambassador at Versailles, to present their case at court. Nothing substantial ever came out of it; but he did grant some of the Kirkes certain privileges in northern Canada and Newfoundland that further embroiled them with their enemies.

Under the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, the provinces of Acadia and the south bank of the St. Lawrence River were returned to France. That the north bank was not mentioned showed just how thoroughly Richelieu and his associates were interested in the Colony; also that their principal aim was not colonization, but the expulsion of the English from the American continent. To surround them on the north and west afforded a means at some future time to expel them entirely. This omission of mention of the upper bank of the river immediately gave rise to a further complication of the already complicated affairs of Canada. Under the terms of the treaty, the associates of the Kirkes agreed to return the kingdom they had conquered, and punctually performed their part of the contract. In accordance with their peaceful withdrawal, they were to receive compensation to the amount of £9,000, but this was never paid, the agent of Louis XIII, though repeatedly admonished by the Barkeleyes, never fulfilling the agreements. Richelieu and his successor, Marazin, perhaps disdained to complete a contract made with Calvinists, who were also regarded as traitors to their country. The de Caens evidently thought this way, even though they were Protestants.

Charles did attempt some redress. "In 1633 the King taking notice that though the forts were to be delivered to the French, the English were not to be excluded from trade in those regions (the St. Lawrence Gulf and north bank of the river), in May, in consideration of the £50,000 laid out by the Company of Merchant Adventurers, on the fort of Quebec and other fortifications on the St. Lawrence, and of the ready obedience in resigning the same at his command, granted to Sir Lewis and his brother, John Kirke, for thirty-one years, not only for trade in the river of Canada, but to build forts and plant colonies where they should think fit." By virtue of this Commission, they in 1633 sent the ship, *Good Fortune*, laden with goods to these parts, where she was seized, by a certain Captain Bontempts, carried to Dieppe, France, and confiscated "to the value of £12,000, and though John Kirke and Lord Scudamore, the English Ambassador,

urged that the monies due to them for the ship and lading might be restored, they could obtain nothing" and ever afterwards the claim remained unsettled. There were also reprisals, on the part of the French, for vessels captured before the war had ended in 1632. The Admiral of the Company of an Hundred Associates, William de Caen, came to London and attempted to recover a cargo of beaver pelts, which had been stored in a ware-house belonging to Gervase Kirke. Sharp and acrimonious legal proceedings resulted. The Company was ordered to make restitution. It refused to restore them, and finally it took the entire power of the civil Courts to oblige it to surrender the goods. Even the Lord Mayor of London had his authority in the matter disputed. Finally the doors of the warehouse were broken in, and the Company surrendered. De Caen then received his pelts and removed them to France.

When the London Company vacated New France, they estimated that they had spent upwards of £60,000 in the venture. How much it had yielded them in the way of captured vessels and cargoes, the return from their three years' control of the fur and other trades, is not given in the records, but the sum must have been very large. The French in the St. Germain treaty agreed to pay back to the Company £9,000, presumably for additions to the forts and plantations in Acadia and Canada, but, as above mentioned, this was not settled. This figure may have represented the difference between the debt and credit side of the venture, or may have been an arbitrary amount given them for their "peaceful withdrawal."

Beginning with 1633, and up to the year 1685, petition after petition was sent in to the Crown and Lords of Trades and Plantations. Both acknowledged the justice of the appeals and a Commission was appointed for deciding the controversy, but the inquiry did not result in anything. Finally, in 1685, the last prayers of the survivors of the Company, Francis Barkeley and James Kirke, were heard; then follows a blank as to further proceedings on the records.

The fate of the several members of the Company of Adventurers of Canada is not devoid of interest. Alderman Barkeley, after prolonged and acrimonious litigation with the widow of Claude de la Tour, died and was buried in Bishopsgate about the year 1650. The litigation concerned conflicting claims in Acadia and Massachusetts.

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Sir William Alexander and his son never forgot their love for Nova Scotia, and joined with the La Tours in a kind of sovereignty over it, broken later by a renewal of the French pretensions, shortly after Cromwell's death. Except in the claims, James Kirke's name is not again mentioned, and he probably returned to and died in England. Gervase Kirke died in London about 1640, and was survived some years by his widow, Elizabeth.

Sir David Kirke was sent to Newfoundland in the capacity of governor of the Colony in 1633, and among his duties was to protect the fisheries from the French; a fertile source of disputes. For over an hundred years, Basque and Breton fishermen, in numbers, had frequented the Banks of Newfoundland, and after taking their catches, had dried and salted them upon certain parts of the shores of the island, especially Placentia Bay, which seems to have been a common meeting ground for all the fishermen. Kirke was commissioned to prevent them from practicing a custom founded on the precedent of many years.

In epilogue: As already stated, "New Foundland was the earliest of the English Crown grants in North America. Sir Humphrey Gilbert obtained a concession from Queen Elizabeth in 1578, which was not availed of and became vacant until 1602," when Sir Francis Bacon and associates received a charter from King James, which likewise after a time fell into abeyance. In 1620, Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, patented a tract of land on the Island known as Aviland or Avalon. There he erected a mansion house, oversaw the fisheries, built boats and landings, and for a time lived in what was approximately a feudal state. Eventually tiring of the lonesomeness of these desolate regions, he abandoned his house and the colonists that he had brought with him to their own devices, and returned home. As there was little else to do, most of those remaining lived on the trade of the foreign fishermen, and supplied them with spirits and other luxuries,—we fear, to too great an extent, as from time to time came back reports of dissolute life in the plantation of Aviland. Calvert seems to have left his colony previous to the year 1637-8, for at that date we find a grant from King Charles to "James, Marquis of Hamilton, Philip, Earl of Pembroke, Henry, Earl of Holland, and Sir David Kirke," of the entire Island of Newfoundland, a paper still

in existence among the Calvert papers, now owned by the Maryland Historical Society, and giving the full details of the patent. It recites, in brief, "that George, Lord Baltimore, having left the Plantation in no sort provided for: Cecil, his heir, having also deserted it, as have several others who had grants of parcels of land, leaving divers of poor inhabitants without government, this grant was made at the humble petition of the above."

Kirke settled at Aviland in 1638, dispossessing one William Gill, who represented Lord Baltimore, of his house and appurtenances on the Plantation. He does not appear to have made an exemplary Governor. Complaint was made, soon after his introduction into the office, of "the many tippling houses and taverns that were created by him to his own advantage, which was the first cause of debauching the seamen and the inhabitants increase." As noted, Kirke was not the first delinquent in this respect and he possibly followed only in the path of his predecessors.

After the death of George, the first Lord Baltimore, "Cecil his heir" did not propose to submit tamely to the usurpation of his rights in the plantation of Aviland. First to the Protector, Cromwell, later to Charles II, he addressed petitions in which he relates that his father built a fort and house, in which he resided, and spent upwards of £30,000 in perfecting his claims as well as bringing over colonists; also that Charles I would never listen to his prayers. He further recites that "in 1637, Sir David Kirke surreptitiously obtained a patent, went over the following year, and dispossessed the petitioner of all his rights." "In 1655 (Kirke being the sole survivor of the grantees) made over a part of his rights to John Claypole, son-in-law to Oliver Cromwell, Colonel Rich, Colonel Goffe, and others, and Sir Lewis and others are endeavoring to get a confirmation of that patent." "He prays that no grant may be passed to his prejudice, and his rights restored." Sometime later, about 1658, Sir David Kirke returned to England, was arrested by order of Lord Baltimore and imprisoned on the charge of having confiscated his Aviland estates. English prisons at this time were anything but healthy, and Kirke soon died "without satisfying the claims of the Lord Baltimore." Some years afterward, in another petition to the Crown, he naively rejoices that he has brought an honorable and valiant man to an

untimely end, adding that, unfortunately, his imprisonment and death did not suffice to fulfil his claim upon him. In 1663 Charles II issued an order "to all Commanders, Captains and all subjects in Newfoundland, to Sir Lewis Kirke, John Kirke, and the heirs of Sir David Kirke to deliver all houses and lands in Avalon to Cecil, Lord Baltimore," and the controversy ended. After the death of Sir David, his sons, George, David, and Philip, succeeded him and were residents of Newfoundland, and in 1680 were described in a petition to a commission, called to settle the fisheries question, as "able men of estate," who would be capable advisors as to the fisheries, the destruction of the forests by fire, and means of remedying these abuses.

A single further item of interest is to be found in the records of the later career of John Kirke, who continued to live in Newfoundland. In 1661 he and Thomas Kellond were sent by the King to search for Colonels Whalley and Goffe, the regicides, who had escaped from Old England to New England. Governor Endicott was ordered to afford them every facility to prosecute the search, and furnish them passage as well as passports to the several governors and commanders through whose territory they might wish to pass. They did trace the fugitives into Rhode Island, then into Connecticut. There the regicides appear to have received sustenance and succour from friends, who finally passed them into the Dutch territory of Manhattan, thence over the Hudson into the unknown land to the west, among whose forests and lakes they were finally lost sight of forever. One cannot think that Kirke pursued the search with avidity, but rather in a half-hearted manner, and his report to Governor Endicott, dated May 29 of the same year, does not portray a whole heart. Kirke was possibly acquainted with Goffe in England or Newfoundland, where he had purchased land that afterwards was returned to Lord Baltimore.

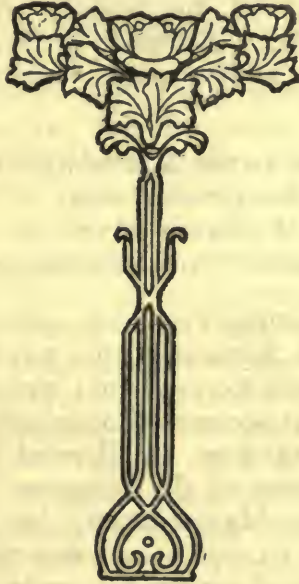
A curious incident concerning Goffe occurred during the middle part of the reign of Charles I, when the times were vexatious and dissenters from the royal way of thinking were suffering persecution. Oliver Cromwell, nephew of Sir Oliver Cromwell, who was one of the members of the Virginia Company, together with Goffe and Whalley, planned, in their desperation at the unwholesome outlook for religious and political freedom in England, to turn their footsteps to the new

world. They assembled a party of followers and co-religionists, engaged a ship to carry them, and were about to sail for a haven of peace and religious rest in Virginia. An exodus to the colony had lately begun, fomented by the same reasons that were urging them away, and the matter was brought to the attention of the King, who ordered that no one be allowed to sail without passports from the proper authorities. Cromwell and his associates were on board their vessel, ready to depart to the colony, when they were ordered to return to London. After a delay of several days, during which petitions were made for relief, this command was complied with; they separated, and went to their several homes. Thus the destiny of an entire nation was altered by a single seemingly unimportant mandate. It may well be that those of Virginia might also have suffered a total change, had Cromwell been allowed to sail as he intended doing. Bacon's rebellion might readily have been that of Goffe and Cromwell, and an epoch-making event in England, which has altered the condition of the Anglo-Saxon race for all time on this planet, would never have taken place.

An aftermath of the days of the Kirkes is found in the history of Nova Scotia. In 1654-5, after the English fleet had reduced New Amsterdam, a part of it proceeded to Nova Scotia, and there, acting with a body of New Englanders, proceeded to expel the French authorities. After this had been accomplished, they left Sir Thomas Temple and William Crowne in control of the government of the maritime provinces. Charles de la Tour made his peace with the new authority, but withdrew after a few months, departing in disgust. Temple and Crowne soon were at daggers' points. They separated. The trade of the country was divided between them, Temple assuming the Penobscott region, and Crowne that of the River Damarche, otherwise Machias Bay, and the territory contiguous to it. Trouble soon arose between Temple and his London agent, a man by the name of Elliott, who proved unfaithful to his trust. Temple petitioned the King in 1668 for redress, alleging that he was now old as well as feeble, and had spent all his substance in promoting and caring for his Majesty's colony, also that the revenues were insufficient to keep him in ordinary estate, and should he be dispossessed of them, he would have nothing whereon to live. His management seems to have been bad, and when

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several other disputes arose in which he was directly concerned, an order was issued by the Crown, February, 1669, that he be dispossessed of the province, and the French, to whom Acadia had recently been restored in accordance with the treaty of Breda, assumed control there. Peace, such as it was among a population long inured to petty warring upon each other, now followed, and lasted until the year 1710, when another series of events began which have no connection with this story.



A Colonial Preacher and Patriot

BY

COLONEL A. A. POMEROY



HERE lies the body of the Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D., Minister of the First Church of Hebron, and a Trustee of Dartmouth College. Native of Suffield. Ob. Dec. 21st, 1784; aged 81. For Fifty Years a Zealous Preacher of the Gospel, and eminently successful about 1743. A Patron of learning, a firm and active Pastor, and a Friend to the distressed."—*Epitaph on his tombstone at Hebron, Connecticut.*

"Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way,
Till full of years he drops,
Life's mellow fruit, into the grave."

The Reverend Benjamin Pomeroy, son of Joseph Pomeroy and the latter's wife, Hannah Seymour, (who was the daughter of Richard Seymour, Jr., of Hartford, Connecticut), grandson of Deacon Medad Pomeroy and his wife, Experience Woodward, of Northampton, Massachusetts, and great-grandson of Eltwed Pomeroy and his wife, Margery Rockett, founders of the Pomeroy family in America, was born at Suffield, then in Massachusetts, but later incorporated with Connecticut, November 19, 1704, and was thus, "so far as appears the oldest at graduation of any of the students [Yale College] commemorated in this volume."—[*Barber's Historical Collections.*]

He resided at Yale College a year after graduation, as one of the first scholars on Dean Berkeley's foundation, receiving as the income therefrom £16. He seems at the same time to have prosecuted the study of theology, as he began to preach in 1734 in Hebron, Connecticut, where he was ordained pastor, December 16, 1735. Soon after the great religious revival of 1740 began, he identified himself with the movement, and thenceforth labored abundantly to promote it.

A COLONIAL PREACHER AND PATRIOT

In June, 1742, after the law had been passed for correcting disorders in preaching, Mr. Pomeroy was accused before the General Assembly of disorderly conduct at Stratford, in company with his friend, James Davenport (Yale College, 1732), and was brought to Hartford for trial, but was dismissed by the Assembly as having been comparatively blameless. A summons was again issued by the Assembly, October, 1743, commanding his appearance to answer to charges of violation of law. Accordingly, he appeared at the next session, in May, 1744, was found guilty and compelled to bear the costs of the prosecution. He also, about this time, preached in the neighboring parish of Colchester without the leave of the resident minister and was in consequence deprived of his salary for several years.

The Reverend Doctor Timothy Cooley, of Granville, Massachusetts, said in conversation with Benjamin Pomeroy, of Stonington, Esq., in 1850: "After personal contact with George Whitfield your grandfather accepted the new teachings and thenceforth his opinions and preaching were much influenced by them." Alluding to the suspension from the ministry for preaching in another parish contrary to the wishes of the resident clergyman, he said: "Your grandfather said: 'Sir, those seven years that I was deprived of my stated salary were the most fruitful years of my ministry;' for he went up and down country and wherever he found two men and a hay-stack he had a pulpit and a congregation and he proclaimed the Gospel to them."

"The late Doctor Pomeroy and his brother-in-law, Doctor Wheelock, were the first who received the interest of the legacy given by Reverend Dean Berkeley to the best classical scholars of the senior class in Yale College." * * * "Samson Occum, the celebrated Indian preacher, lived a year with Doctor Pomeroy studying Latin and Greek."—[*Life of Wheelock*, 1811.]

His marriage to the sister of his classmate, Doctor Wheelock, caused his active interest in the establishment of the Indian Charity School and its successor, Dartmouth College. In the summer of 1766 he took a journey to consult Sir William Johnson as to the best place for building the future college; and in 1770 he accompanied Doctor Wheelock on the visit to Hanover, New Hampshire, which finally determined the site. He was named as one of the original trustees of

the college and continued in office till his death. The same college conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1774.

For more than a year before his death, Doctor Pomeroy was entirely blind. He died December 22, 1784, and a sermon preached soon after his death by his son-in-law, the Reverend David McClure (Yale College, 1769), was printed.

The Reverend Samuel A. Peters (Yale, 1757), who was born and bred in Hebron, Connecticut, wrote of him in 1781 as "an excellent scholar, an exemplary gentleman, and a most thundering preacher of the New light order." The Reverend Benjamin Trumbull (Yale, 1759), who was also brought up under Doctor Pomeroy's preaching, describes him as a "man of real genius, grave, solemn and weighty in his discourses, which were generally well composed and delivered with a great deal of animation, zeal and affection. He might be reckoned among the best preachers of his day."

Another parishioner, the Reverend David Porter (Dartmouth, 1784), wrote of him in 1848: "He possessed considerable native talent and more than ordinary attainments in literature and science. Nor was he less distinguished for wit and sarcasm. At the commencement of hostilities between the American Colonies and Great Britain, he showed himself a warm friend to the cause of Independence."

Benjamin Pomeroy published nothing, but some of his letters found the way into print, among them one written to Sir William Johnson in 1762, in the "Documentary History of New York," Volume IV, Page 316.

It was in March, 1758, that he was appointed Chaplain of the Third Connecticut regiment; and in March, 1759, Chaplain of the Fourth Connecticut, of which his son, Benjamin, Jr., had been appointed Surgeon.

It is due to the careful methods of his descendants, Mrs. Henry Thorp Bulkley (Rebecka Wheeler Pomeroy, a former Secretary of the Pomeroy Family Association), and Mrs. Brooks Hughes Wells (Mary Frances Pomeroy), of New York City, that the present writers is enabled to present a series of characteristic letters written by Doctor Pomeroy from the seat of war, to his wife.

In 1757 Doctor Pomeroy was at Fort Edward as Chaplain to the Connecticut troops in the French War. The earliest letter from him

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in my possession is dated "Camp Fort Edward, Sept. 10, 1757," and was to Mrs. Abigail Pomeroy at Hebron, Connecticut. It follows:

CAMP FORT EDWARD, Sept. 10, 1757.

My dear:

I am through unmerited mercy so far recovered that I hope to perform publick exercise tomorrow. I long to hear from you. I trust you will improve every opportunity to let me know your affairs, & how you do, & how it is with our dear little lambs our family & People. It is, I believe generally expected the most of our provincials will soon be dismissed, we hear four regiments of Regulars are come to Albany. Yesterday arrived here from No. 4 Lieut. Walker with 12 men. Informs me that Col. Whiting & his party have been remarkably healthy this summer, have lost but one man & he a few days ago, by the accidental discharge of one of the N. Hampshire men's pieces, that the Col. expected soon to be released from that place &c. But the part of our regiment stationed here tho distingstd by divine care above any of the Provincials have yet lost about 60 men, mostly by sickness, but are now much more healthy. I trust you will acquaint Eleazer with these *Hints* if he be safely arrived. Benjamin is a little better, has not been confined, or hindered from business at all. we hope his indisposition may pass off lightly, but how long he may escape God only knows. Oh that we might be wholly resigned to his will. Corporal Pomeroy whom I mentioned in another letter, is I hope mending tho' I've heard nothing today. Cousin Dan Pomeroy, I heard a day or two ago was like to do well. I am with kindest Salutation to you, our dear children &c. your true, constant, & Loving husband BENJN POMEROY.

P. S. Our stay is like to be so short Eleazer may omit to send my Concordance and Preaching Bible until further orders. I believe *papers* will be a good article. Candles such as you my dear used to make for winter store would do extremely well.

Mrs. Abigail Pomeroy, Hebron, Conn.

LAKE GEORGE Jul 23d 1759.

My dear:

Saturday last at break of day, our troops to the number of 12,000 embarked for Cabrillous all in health & high spirits. I co'd wish for more appearance for Dependence on God than was observable amongst

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them yet I hope God will Grant Deliverance unto Israel by them. Mr. Beebe & I, by ye advice of our Col. stay behind but expect soon to follow. A considerable number of Sick are left here in Hospitals. Five died last ni[gh]t.

Capt. Ichabod Phelps is stationed at Fort Millar. I saw him and my neighbor Feulding a week ago. Mr. Chamberlin's son is here in ye Hospital but mending. I have been in general as well as when at home, want very much to hear from you, our dr. children &c. the People & neighboring ministers &c. how does our son Gillet & dau. and son Ralph will they not write to me? I wd mention, wod time permit me to describe it The affecting scene of last Friday morning. A poor wretched Criminal Thos Bailey was executed. Mr. Brainard & myself chiefly discoursed with him but almost all his care was to have his life prolonged, pleaded with us to intercede with ye General for him, but there was no prospect of succeeding, his crime was stealing, or Robbing, whereof he had been frequently guilty, once rec'd 100 lashes, & once reprieved from ye gallows, but being often reproved he still hardened his heart, & was suddenly destroy'd. Several prayers were made at ye place of execution the poor creature was terrified even to amazement & distraction at ye approach of ye King of Terrors. An Eternity of sinful pleasure would be dear bought with the pains of ye last two hours of his life. He struggled with His Executioner, I believe more than an hour ere they could put him in any proper position to receive the shot the Capt. of ye guard told me since that he verily believed that the devil helped him. I was far from thinking so yet his resistance was very extraordinary.

July 21, 1759. For want of time my dear I send enclosed to Dr. Whalock a brief & imperfect journal from ye 3d inst to this present date, which please to open & read & send to him. The wind is now fair. I am just going to Embark for Carvillous. I want to hear more particularly from you, have any of our people gone to ye Eternal world &c. I wod have wrote you before had I opportunity. I am with increasing love and affection My Dr.

Your most affectionate loving husband

BENJ. POMEROY.

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Mrs. Abigail Pomeroy, Hebron, Conn.

CROWN POINT Sept. 24th 1759.

My dear son:

Were I to spend an hour with you in my study next to enquiring your health, improvement in learning, Religion &c. I'd be proposing methods to accomplish you in the best & easiest way for the public business, divine providence seems to point out wherein to your introduction duly qualified, and discharging to God's honour, and acceptance, the good of mankind and your own true peace is truly one of the brightest prospects respecting myself & family that yet buoy up the sinking spirits of your Father on this side the eternal world. *This sun* eclipsed, clouded sullied &c especially through any want of application prudence or steadiness in you, would, cast a dismal gloom all around. But I hope the caveat unnecessary, however considering the mighty temptations of the day tis paternal kindness to give it. There are my son no insuperable difficulties in the way to your improvement, both the importance that young men designed for public service, should be well accomplished, and the way thereto lie more open to me now, than ever before, had some few things been recommended & pressed upon me & means of attending to them been afforded 25 years ago the influence into my usefulness, as well as comfort has been happy beyond account. But for want of some such preparation my life is in a measure thrown away. Reap you my son this benefit, from your Fathers misfortune to learn a lesson which otherwise experience and reflection will lecture upon too late. Accuracy in orthography is of more importance than you can well imagine. I learn the worth of it by the want of it. Your present situation may perhaps favor your importance in this, and it must be done by Patience & Painstaking. Never make use of your pen in a hurry if it can be avoided.

I'll say nothing of oratory now, hoping shortly to see you, which failing, may the good Lord provide you a better guide & be to you more than my fondest wishes can represent.

In the mean time remember &c.

B. POMEROY.

The next is a letter to the Reverend Eleazer Wheelock, his wife's brother.

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CROWN POINT Oct. 8, 1759.

Dearest Brother

Yours of Sept. 29 as it would have been acceptable at any time was peculiarly so last Saturday evening as I was parting with two very dear brethren Messrs. Brainerd & Forbes who went yesterday morning with about 300 invalids for Albany but they both in health both salute you Kindly. Mr. Brainerd is forward to support the school but I fear will be able to do nothing at Albany for its not probable Mr. Ogelive is returned. I hope he will write you from Albany but if not soon after he gets home. Majr Rogers has been out about 25 days with 200 men, 30 days provisions. We heard little from him that can be relyed on. Know not his destination tis said Genl. . . has positive orders from Genl Amherst to proceed directly to Montreal but Im not satisfied of ye truth of it. tis expected ye Genl & main body of Regular troops with ye new Brig Sloops & other vessels of force will sail down ye lake very soon, tomorrow I suppose is the day appointed for embarking. But none of ye Provinsial troops are appointed. The weather is & generally has been favorable to our business being pretty dry and as warm as summer. If you was to see our garden which has been mostly made since our arrival youd imagine it May or June no frost having yet touchd ye tenderest plants. I thank you for ye care you take to inform of ye state of my family & very heartily condole ye afflicted circumstances of any branches of yours, if you have opportunity represent me to 'em as sharing their sorrow. Ive taken a good deal of pains to get a later act. of Dear Cousin Phelp's state but after all my hope is an expiring taper. Sergt Mack is informed she was just alive 25th Sept. The post came thro' Hebron was at Hosfords when he took his letters ye 27th, but can give no act. of Mrs. Phelps. Does not know yt. ee heard anything about her. He brought me no letter from my own family or any body in Hebron. Bro. Leavenworth only is with me now. he sends kind salutation. I hear Col. Wooster & Regt are ordered here & perhaps on ye march. Can you think of any body who might be obtained to preach ye Thanksgiving to my people if I should not come home soon eno? I return kind salutation to Dr Sister Whalock, yr dear family &c, & am much as ever your Brother

BENJA POMEROY.

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P. S. Oct. 12th. The post has waited for ye Embarkation for St Johns which began yesterday afternoon & was finished by Day-light they are about 5000 in number, no provincials except small drafts of Sailors, oarsmen &c. Theyeve had a very favorable night this morning looks a little threatening. As I trust you will remember them all in your prayers, so I would bespeak a particular regard to my son Eleazer who has gone with them.

Oct. 13. The weather is tempestous this morning. Ill boding to our troops but God whose thots & ways are above our may mean it for good. I fear the Posts long delay will rob you of ye little satisfaction you might have had from ye above imperfect sketch of news, which I can not always remedy, or compensate but by keeping my letter open to let you hear from me as late as I can.

Oct. 14. Ye post is going in a hurry at last. Son Eleazer writes, "Camp in Battoes, near Four Islands, 40 miles down ye Lake Oct 13." Nothing very extraordinary has happened yet But we hear our vessels have got below those of ye French. Our men are in high spirits. We are like to remain here till ye weather changes." An Ensign who brot ye letter says yt an officer of ours & 24 men mistaking a French vessel for ours were impressed by her but ours had blocked up the creek & were pretty sure of them."

BENJA POMEROY.

Ralph Pomeroy, son of the Reverend Benjamin Pomeroy, sent the following to his father, when the latter was serving as Chaplain at Fort Edward.

HEBRON, Oct. 16, 1758.

Hond Sr:

Yours of the 4th and 5th instant we have received: were very glad to hear of your welfare, and of Bro Eleazer's; are in hopes the Doctr may Recover. The Family at present are all well. Josiah and Augustus have been very sick but have recovered.

Hazkh Holdridge says he left the Drs greatcoat at Albany in his chest. He has brot home the old mare and a very old saddle, which he says is Eleazer's. The old mares back was very much bruised with it. She is very poor and not able to perform a journey. Palmer rides up the old horse and your saddle. Mother sends you by Palmer 2 shirts, 1 stock, and 1 caravat; likewise 2 cheeses one of them for the Dtr. and a little balm and sage.

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The people here have been without preaching but two Sabbaths since you left them. The neighboring ministers seem to be very kind, and they have engaged to supply the pulpit some Sabbaths longer. I shall wait for a line from you before I set out to come. Mr. Wheelock says he would not hinder me on account of his school if there be necessity for it. I expect to know before you receive this. My Hond Mother sends her love to you. The Dr. and Eleaz Tramway says give my services to Mr. Pomeroy and tell him my family is well and love him. Miss Rockwell sends her duty to you. If Bro Eleazer wants anything Brought from home if he has opportunity to send to me before and I can bring them. Sarah Ford sends her duty to you. Mary Major has gone home on account of the sickness of her grandchildren, two of which are dead. Sister Abigail, Brother Josiah and Hannah join with your unworthy son in duty to you and love to the Brothers.

(Signed)

RALPH POMEROY.

Ralph Pomeroy was a lawyer of good report and served as Quartermaster-General of Connecticut during the Revolution. When he was appointed Paymaster of Col. Wyllys's Regiment he subscribed to the following oath of allegiance:

"I, Ralph Pomeroy, do acknowledge the United States of America to be free, independent and sovereign states, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance to George the Third, King of Great Britain, and I renounce, refute and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him: and I do swear, that I will to the Utmost of my Power, support, maintain and defend the said United States against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his and their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the United States in the office of Paymaster to Col. Wyllys's Regiment, which I now hold, with Fidelity according to the best of my skill and understanding. So help me God.

(Signed)

RALPH POMEROY,

West Point, Headquarters, 8th day of March, 1778.

Personally appeared Ralph Pomeroy, Paymaster to Col. Wyllys's Regt. and took the above oath, by him subscribed, before me.

(Signed)

SAMUEL H. PARSONS, B. G."

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The last of Doctor Pomeroy's letters here quoted announced to his wife the departure of the Provincial troops from Fort Edward.

MONTREAL Sept. 11, 1760.

My dear:

I borrow a friends hand just to inform you that I received Mr. Whalock's letter of August 3d on the 4th instant which was peculiarly agreeable But before I had opportunity to answer it was seized violently with some of the usual camp disorders, but thor' pure mercy am now apparently on the gaining hand.

As our Provincials are returning by the same tedious route by which they came, I expect to be left here, "to proceed homeward by way of Crown Point, as soon as possible. I hope for the company of two worthy and very dear brethren 'Chaplains' Mess. Ogileve & Kirkpatrick should divine providence see fit to disappoint us of these Expectations may he give us resignation to his Will, prepare us for all trials & events & fit us for his holy pleasure.

Give Kind Salutations to the Family, to Dr. Bro. Whalock, to the Ministers & to the dear people of my Congregation desiring their prayers, & accept of wonted salutations yourself from, My dear, your Loving and Affectionate husband

BANJA POMEROY.

P. S. Our son the Doct. is in a poor state of health.

The Reverend Benjamin Pomeroy was commissioned Chaplain of the Third Connecticut Line (Colonel Samuel Wyllys), on January 1, 1777. He served for one year and six months, resigning on July 1, 1778. He was a zealous and able advocate for the civil and religious liberties of his country, and was warm with patriotism while he officiated as chaplain. Like a good bishop he was given to hospitality, and "The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, sat by his fire, and talked the night away."

The following statements were extracted from newspaper obituaries of Doctor Pomeroy (a colonial preacher and patriot).

The Reverend Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D., departed this life at Hebron, Connecticut, the 22nd of December, 1784, in the eighty-first year of his age; in the triumphant hope of a blessed immortality. The

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Reverend Doctor Huntington, of Coventry, preached at his interment, from Daniel 12, 13: "But go thou thy way, till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot, at the end of the days."

He was descended of a pious and respectable family, whose ancestors, at an early period of the settlement of New England, [1630] came from Britain, and settled in the town of Windsor, on the bank of the Connecticut river. He was a son of Mr. Joseph Pomeroy, of Suffield. His capacious mind early discovered an ardent thirst for learning. He received the first honors of Yale College A. D. 1733. He and his brother-in-law, the late President Wheelock, were the two first who received the generous legacy of the Reverend Dean Berkley, to that College, for superior merit in literature, while they were students there.

To his judgment, which was penetrating, was joined a warm and lively imagination. His taste was very good; and his memory retentive to an uncommon degree. Theology was his chief study from early life. The ancient and modern poets and classics were familiar to him, and improved in the cause of virtue and religion. In friendship he was constant and affectionate; and a pattern of the virtues which adorn the head of a family.

In the days of his youth, he became the friend of God, by the power of divine grace. The enlarged powers of his soul and all his acquirements, were consecrated to the work of the ministry of the gospel, of which he was a most ingenious preacher.

He excelled in casuistry and experimental knowledge. In this perhaps he hath scarce left his superior. He was active and zealous in labors in carrying on the reformation, remarkable for the uncommon effusions of the divine spirit, thro' New England and other parts of the continent, almost fifty years ago. Multitudes in various parts of the land rejoiced in his light. His zeal was ardent. It was a zeal for God and the immortal interests of mankind.

He was a Calvinist in principle, but not a bigot. His sentiments were liberal. His preaching was evangelical; his address solemn, pathetic and affecting.

He was greatly assisting, by his disinterested labors, to his worthy brother, the late President Wheelock, in establishing the foundation of the school in his vicinity, from which Dartmouth College arose,

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and exerted his kind offices to that seminary to the close of life; of which he was appointed by royal charter, a trustee. The *Senatus Academicus* of that University conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity, A. D. 1774.

His charities and compassion were unbounded. He enjoyed the luxurious pleasure of mitigating human wo, and wiping the tear from the face of sorrow. In relieving the wants of others, he was forgetful of his own. "The blessings of many ready to perish came upon him."

He was called off from his public labors, by a severe asthma, more than a year before his death, and was wholly deprived of his sight. His mental powers remained unimpaired to the last. He familiarly conversed upon his approaching dissolution; and the expectation of an exchange of worlds was pleasant. "He knew that his Redeemer liveth." He took an affectionate leave of his family, and sitting in his chair, quietly dropt into the arms of death. He left a widow and five children to imitate his great example.

His son-in-law, the Reverend David McClure, A. M., delivered a sermon on the "Death of the Reverend Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D.," which was printed in Hartford by Elisha Babcock.



A History of the Origin and De-
velopment of Banks and Banking
and of Banks and Banking in the
City of New York :: :: ::

BY
W. Harrison Bayles
and
Frank Allaben

FRANK ALLABEN, Editor-in-Chief

CHAPTER II

Bankers and Banking in the Middle Ages

Venice Becomes the Most Powerful Banking City of the World—The Venetians Display Marvelous Acumen in Their Commercial Expansion—Venice Institutes Forced Loans and Issues Certificates of Credit—Bills of Credit Are Issued in Place of Money Payment—The Venetian Chamber of Loans Becomes the Forerunner of Modern Banking—Failure of So Many Private Banks Causes the Venetian Senate to Establish the Bank of Rialto—Florence Becomes Prominent in the Banking World—Her Bills of Exchange Are Accepted in All Commercial Cities—The Church of Rome Forbids Money-lenders to Take Interest—Jewish Money-lenders Amass Wealth—Under the Protection of the Pope, the Italian Bankers Become Very Prosperous—Gold from the Newly Discovered America Enriches Europe—Supremacy in Commerce Passes to Holland, Making It the Banking Center of the World—The Bank of Amsterdam is Established—The Banks of Middleburg, Hamburg, and Rotterdam Become Prominent—The Bank of Sweden is Founded—The First Bank-note is Issued by the Riksbank in 1658.

II

Bankers and Banking in the Middle Ages



AFTER the fall of the Roman Empire there arose upon the ruins of its government separate Italian states which, after passing through a long period of strife and uncertainty, about the beginning of the Eleventh Century rapidly emerged from their previous insignificance. Among those which attained the most conspicuous places, achieved the greatest success in trade and commerce, and thereby became rich and powerful republics, were Venice, Florence, Genoa, Pisa, and Sienna.

In the northwestern part of the Adriatic Sea, between the mouth of the Piave and that of the Adige, some distance from the mainland, is a long, narrow sand-bank, through which run a number of sea-passages to the inclosed lagoon, a sheet of shallow water navigable only by vessels of very light draught. In this lagoon is a cluster of small islands, to which, when attacked by the invading Huns in the Fifth Century, some of the inhabitants of Venitia on the mainland fled for refuge. Here, managing to support themselves by fishing and by the manufacture of salt, they remained secure from attack. Engaging in trade and manufactures, in the course of time the settlement grew into a place of great importance. This was Venicia, or Venice, and thus arose from the sea one of the noblest and most singular cities of the world.

Without land, Venice was forced to turn her energies to commerce and manufactures, and so well did she succeed that in the course of a few centuries she not only became a wealthy but an independent and powerful city. Her rich merchants and nobles spent their fortunes on magnificent palaces, on works of art, and on dress. The houses of the early settlers, "built like sea-birds' nests, half on sea and half on land," were replaced by marble mansions and magnificent pub-

lic buildings. Venice became the seat of dazzling magnificence. In the Fifteenth Century she was called the jewel casket of the world.

"In the first quarter of the Eighth Century the Venetians, after having lent their fleet to aid the Greeks against the Lombards, passed from the protection of the Greek Empire to an alliance with Byzantium. They pushed forward into distant seas, and, by the middle of the Eighth Century, they had already reached Africa and the ports of the Levant. By their dexterity, sagacity, and activity they obtained concessions in every quarter." They carried on an extensive trade with Constantinople, and their ships visited the coast of Morocco and plowed the waters of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof.

On the dismemberment of the Latin Empire, Genoa, in common with the other sections of Italy, successively fell under the dominion of the Lombards, the Franks, and the Germans; but through all her vicissitudes she preserved in a remarkable degree her privileges and her prosperity. Her maritime situation opened to her people the pursuit of navigation and commerce, to which they devoted their energies and in which they displayed a special aptitude. At the close of the Eleventh Century Genoa commanded large land and naval forces and ranked as a powerful maritime state.

Meanwhile Pisa had also attained to great prosperity and had risen to the rank of a powerful republic. She was at the height of her prosperity in the Eleventh Century, and to this period belong most of the splendid works of art that still adorn the city.

The movement of the Crusades brought the three maritime states of Italy, Genoa, Pisa, and Venice, to the very forefront of European history. The Venetians were slow to act, but when they realized the commercial advantages which might result, they accepted the Crusades and entered into them with enthusiasm on the grounds of religion and commercial utility. The three states, in return for their effective coöperation, obtained maritime possessions and valuable commercial privileges in the Holy Land. This occasioned much rivalry among them. Each was jealous of the others and each determined to prevent the others from obtaining commercial advantages. They seem to have been as ready to fight each other as they were to engage the infidel. The Crusades were the means of opening up a large trade with the East, from which the Italian cities reaped a rich harvest and by which their prosperity was greatly increased.

In the maritime cities of Genoa and Pisa, as in the growing city of Venice, there must have existed some form of banking, handed down from the time of the Roman Empire, for all these cities traded extensively with the Eastern Empire, which was not involved in the barbarian invasions, and therefore had retained much of the civilization of former times. Venice had her mint and coined money in the Ninth Century. While it is true that neither history nor the records of that city make any mention of private bankers until the Fourteenth Century, there probably were banking facilities of some kind much earlier, for the Venetians displayed marvelous acumen in their commercial expansion, in the management of their guilds, and in the planting and government of their colonies, and it is difficult to believe that they developed no system in financial matters. Certainly there were changers of foreign money, called *campsores*, and doubtless these from an early date negotiated loans, and, in course of time, as the business of the city increased in extent and volume, became bankers.

Although the business methods in vogue in the Italian cities came down to them directly or indirectly from the Romans, modern banking has nevertheless been generally considered as having had an independent origin in the reviving civilization of the Middle Ages. But business always employs its tools; there had always been a measure of business; and probably there never was a complete discontinuance of business methods.

In the Twelfth Century Venice, to meet the expenses of her various wars, instituted forced loans from her citizens, to whom were issued certificates of credit for the amounts advanced. Commissioners were appointed to issue these certificates, or evidences of debt, which were divisible, negotiable, and could be mortgaged. They might in some measure thus serve in lieu of coin as a kind of government currency. A Chamber of Loans was established, into which the interest due from the government was paid, and thence distributed to those who were entitled to it, and at this office transfers of credit could be made from time to time from one creditor to another in place of money payments. Thus, in a limited degree, there was the use of certificates of debt as a medium of exchange somewhat after the manner of the government notes and bank credits of the present day.

These certificates, although not issued in convenient denomina-

tions, certainly were bills of credit just as much as those issued for circulation by governments in recent times, and could be made to serve, in some respect, the same purpose, only in a much more clumsy way. The Chamber of Loans has been designated by some as the Bank of Venice, and the date of its establishment has been given as 1171, making it the earliest public bank of modern Europe. Others have denied it the title of a bank, notwithstanding that it crudely performed some of the functions of a bank of issue, claiming that it was no more than a transfer office of the government loan. As we go on, however, we shall see that practically all of the great "banks of issue" of modern times have grown out of the exigencies of government in negotiating loans and issuing credits therefor. From this viewpoint the Venetian Chamber of Loans was a forerunner of modern banking.

It is an error, nevertheless, to suppose that these early loans gave rise to the more famous Banco del Giro of Venice, which was not founded until 1619. As soon as the latter was established it made a temporary loan to the republic of 500,000 ducats, which accounts for the tradition that the Bank of Venice owed its origin to a national debt. Private banks, however, grew and multiplied in Venice at a much earlier period. They were banks of deposit and discount, and their business was very similar to that of modern banks. Some of them became very powerful and many of them failed. The series of failures, in the latter part of the Fifteenth and the early part of the Sixteenth Century, induced the Venetian Senate, by laws passed in 1584 and 1587, to establish the Banco della Piazza del Rialto, a later law decreeing that all bills of exchange should be paid only by bank transfers. The Bank of Rialto was thus created solely for the security and convenience of trade, like the Bank of Amsterdam a little later. It continued down to 1637, when it was absorbed by the Banco del Giro, or Bank of Venice, which transacted business in exactly the same way.

Genoa, during the wars of the Fourteenth Century, borrowed large sums of money from her citizens, to whom she pledged or assigned, as security, at least for the interest, the revenue produced from taxation of certain portions of her territory. The subscribers to the loans were permitted to collect the taxes, paying into the treas-

ury the excess above their claims. The creditors of the state, in 1371, formed a society called the Chapter, which met in a Chapter House, where a staff of administrators resided and the books were kept. The loans being of various classes, and the subscribers becoming numerous, with a view to economy a managing committee of eight was formed to take the place of the many employees who had formerly administered the different branches of the revenue, and a corporation was thus founded, about the year 1407, called the Bank of St. George, which from that time was the sole creditor and mortgagee of the state. It soon became almost independent of the state and exerted a powerful influence on state affairs. Every senator, on assuming the duties of his office, took oath to maintain the rights and privileges of the bank, which were confirmed by the Pope and the German Emperor. "The bank interposed its advice in every measure of government," says Hallam, "and generally, it is admitted, to the public advantage. It equipped armaments at its own expense, one of which subdued the island of Corsica; and this acquisition, like those of our great Indian corporation, was long subject to a company of merchants, without any interference of the mother country." However, these functions of the so-called Bank of Genoa were neither those of the modern bank of issue nor bank of deposit, although analogy may be established with some of the fiduciary operations of the modern trust company.

Fiesole (anciently, Fæsulæ), situated on the crest of an irregular hill, was one of the earliest of Etruscan cities. Its site was probably originally selected as offering protection from its enemies. Access to it was so difficult to the traders who visited its market places, with their various articles of merchandise, that it was decreed that they should be allowed to assemble at the base of the hill in the fertile plain traversed by the Arno, where a few rough shelters were erected to accommodate them. These, according to traditions accepted by the Florentine historians, became the nucleus from which sprang the splendid city of Florence. As early as the time of Sulla there had been a Roman colony here; another was sent after the death of Julius Caesar, and it soon became a thriving town.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, true to its traditions as a city founded for and devoted to trade, Florence passed through a

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period of alternate strife and commercial expansion, to find itself, in the Eleventh Century, under the protection of Rome, a free city, whose trade extended throughout all Europe, whose citizens were the possessors of great commercial depots in France and England, and the skill of whose workers in jewels and the precious metals had grown proverbial.

Although Florence was not a seaport, yet by the middle of the Thirteenth Century her merchants had established commercial relations with all the markets of the East and West and had succeeded in extending her trade to almost every part of the known world. Her nearest rival on the side toward Rome was Sienna, on which she looked with envious eyes because the Siennese enjoyed a goodly share of the business of acting as financial agents of the Pope, one of the main sources of their prosperity. After the great battle of Montiperti, Sienna for a time maintained her ascendancy and dominated all Tuscany. But Sienna was Ghibelline, while Florence, strongly Guelph, was loud and strong in her support of the party of the Pope. Sienna soon felt the powerful hand of the Church, in the form of interdicts and excommunications, and was forced to succumb to these irresistible influences. Florence then took the lead, especially in trade, and was able to maintain it.

She thus became the center of a vast commercial system which radiated through every part of Europe and to all the large and important cities of Asia and Africa. This trade was not of sudden growth, but was the result of long-continued effort. Having correspondents or agents in every region, the Florentine merchants had little trouble in collecting money or making payments in almost any commercial city. For example, they bought up the Flemish wool and rough cloth which, after being dressed and dyed in Florence, was returned to Northern Europe, or sent to the East, from whence came in return silks, dyes, and spices. It was quite natural, therefore, for a trader of Antwerp or Bruges, wishing to make a payment in Rome, or some eastern city, to apply to some one of the Florentine merchants in his own town.

In such transactions the Florentine merchant received an *agio* on the money to be paid,—in some city of the East, for instance,—and by sending its equivalent in the form of merchandise, reaped a second

profit, or, by sending merchandise to Florence, where it was sold and the amount again put in merchandise suitable to the place where payment was to be made, realized even a third profit. In making collections of money due, the process just described was simply reversed. In this way not alone was the trade of the Florentines extended, but they gradually became the bankers, money-changers, and negotiators of exchange for all Europe.

Florentine merchants were constantly sending goods to the East, and making purchases there, and Florentine bankers presently had their branch houses in various cities. Hence it became increasingly easy to negotiate a bill of exchange, or letter of credit, making or demanding payment in almost any commercial city. Thus the world's commercial paper was bought and sold in Florence, as formerly it had been in Athens, and a little later in Rome; Florence serving as the center of exchange in the Middle Ages, as London and New York serve in our own day.

The bill of exchange has been said by some to have been an invention of the merchants of Genoa. Others have attributed its origin to the Jews and Lombards, banished from France and England in the Thirteenth Century for usury and other alleged vices, who are said to have devised the bill of exchange in order to withdraw property left in these countries. Neither of these statements nor suppositions is credible. As we have seen, bills of exchange were extensively used in ancient Chaldea, in Babylon, in ancient Greece, and afterwards in Rome, both in the time of the Republic and under the Empire throughout its whole extent. After the fall of the Roman Empire there were many cities on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean that were engaged in extensive trade and had retained the civilization of Rome, and it is scarcely possible that during what are called the dark ages the art of transferring credit by means of bills of exchange was entirely lost.

The bill of exchange, in its simplest form, is nothing more than a letter from one person or business man to another requesting him to pay the bearer, or a person named in the letter, a certain sum of money, charging it against the writer's account. A bank draft is such a bill. Its real importance consists in its convenience, and, therefore, its extensive use in the adjustment of credits between different commercial

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cities, eliminating the necessity of the actual transportation of gold or silver, generally involving a higher cost and greater risk and danger. Thus, too, at each point of exchange coin is needed only to settle the balances of trade, and not the total operations, and thus immense exchanges in trade are carried on with the use of comparatively little currency. In all this the Italians, and especially the Florentines, early became proficient. They were unsurpassed in the art of finance, conducting business on principles which, by simple elaboration, have been made to serve the demands of the complex and enormous transactions of modern times.

In the reviving commerce of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries the fair was employed as a convenient instrument for facilitating trade. The fairs of Champagne in eastern France were of an international character, were in fact world-marts. There were six of them each year and they attracted traders from every part of Europe. They were held in the towns of Lagny, Bar-sur-Aube, Provins, and Troyes, each lasting from one and a half to two and a half months, and each succeeding the one before in such a way as to make them practically continuous throughout the year.

Each of these fairs was inaugurated on or near one of the great holidays of the Church, and its opening was celebrated by a formal act of worship, such as was usual in mediæval times. Wooden booths were erected to accommodate the merchants, and scores of tongues and dialects resounded along the streets formed by these temporary structures. Each man, by his dress or by the style in which he wore his hair or beard, gave unmistakeable notice of his nativity.

Among the merchants thus gathered were many Italians who, on account of their sharp bargains, were usually designated as Lombard dogs. These were especially active at the end of each fair, for the sale of goods having been effected, the work of the banker and money-changer was in demand to adjust the differences between the many coinage systems. Armed with great leathern purses, these bankers offered their services in effecting exchange in the different moneys found at the fair, or in extending a loan, on good security, to some unlucky trader hard pressed for cash. The rate of interest was rarely less than twenty per cent. per annum, and might be as high as fifty per cent., or even more. This excessive rate of interest was due,

perhaps, not more to the greed of the lender than to the scarcity of coin in the Middle Ages and the lack of loaning companies. As interest of any kind was at that time outlawed as usury, the risk of loaning was great and had to be paid for by the borrowers.¹

Letters of Siennese merchants, that have been preserved, show how in that city companies were formed for trading at the French fairs of Champagne, and it was probably pretty much the same in the other Italian cities. Several citizens would form a partnership and dispatch one or more of their number to Champagne to turn their combined capital to account. Almost all the great Siennese families figure in this correspondence. While the business appears to have been traffic in money, their aim, above everything else, was big profit, and the opportunities were great.

All interest in the Middle Ages was considered "usury," no matter at what rate, and was strictly forbidden by the Church. The edict of the Church was followed by legislation against usury in almost all the states and cities of Europe. As a result the business of loaning money was for a time left almost entirely to the Jews, whose Scriptural law forbade a Jew taking interest from a Jew, but not from a Gentile, so that there grew up a system of money-lending from Jews to Christians. Circumstance thus made the Jews the first great money-lenders of Europe. But when trade, stimulated by the Crusades, became more active, the Christians were not disposed to allow the profitable banking business to be monopolized by the Jews, and, during the period of the fairs of Champagne Christian money-lenders came to the front.

In time the prejudice against interest or usury somewhat abated. In the Thirteenth Century Sienna, notwithstanding the position of the Church, authorized usury, provided the usurer was not a man of ill repute and of suspicious religious opinions. To a papal inquisitor it was reported that there was in Sienna a notary, Ser Pietro by name, who practiced usury, and, besides, "stubbornly asserted that to lend money to people was not a sin, and that the brothers and religious who said otherwise *nesciunt quid loquantur*; they do not know what they are talking about." Ser Pietro did not live long enough to feel the effects of the denunciation of the Church, which soon followed. It

¹See note on usury and interest at the end of this chapter.—F. A.

must be remembered that the attitude of Church and State in regard to usury was directed against tremendous interest rates, exacted in that day. On the other hand, it no doubt gave opportunity for much injustice practiced under the plea of enforcing the law. There was scarcely a man in power who did not periodically arrest Jews, and sometimes Italians, on the ground of usury. These were released only on the payment of a sum sufficient to establish a presumption of innocence,—which sum was in proportion to their ability to pay.²

The business of trading at the French fairs had a romantic and adventurous side. The merchants, passing in large caravans across valleys and over mountains, were sometimes beset by robbers against whom it was necessary to defend themselves with the sword. Lords and castle-men, worse than thieves, also imposed exactions, which had to be settled with dues and presents as seemed best. The journey from fair to fair was made in the midst of the greatest risks and dangers. The villages and cities, through which the merchants passed, likewise imposed exactions of every sort. If the barons of France allowed the merchants and money-lenders to gain large profits from their subjects, they did not fail to demand a share of it for themselves; so that the agents of the trading companies "were obliged, in order to curry favor, to keep their purses open, since without a discreet liberality, neither life nor substance was secure."

Compared with those of more ancient, as well as modern, times prices were exceedingly low. The cause of this, in a large measure, was the scarcity of the precious metals used as a medium of exchange. In the early history of the world kings and rulers were accustomed to accumulate as large a treasure of gold and silver as possible. There is a fascination in these metals, which it is easy to explain, since the possession of a large treasure in them gives power in both peace and war. There were always soldiers, ready to serve for pay in gold or silver.

Slaves, generally those captured in war, were by rulers who had gold or silver mines used to work them, and it was not a question whether the production of the metal was commercially profitable or not. The desire to get it was gratified at whatever cost of human energy. Enormous quantities of gold and silver were used for orna-

²See note at the end of this chapter.—F. A.

mental purposes, especially of gold. When used in commercial transactions, the metals passed by weight, as we have seen. They were always an important item in the booty of conquered cities. Not being largely used in coined money, waste was not great, so that whatever was added to the world's stock remained in use and was not lost. For many centuries the supply continually increased.

When Rome became the ruler of the most important part of the known world, wars ceased between the different part of what then constituted the Empire and in which the precious metals had formed a large part of the booty. The Romans had acquired by capture vast supplies of gold and silver, which, to a larger extent than ever before, were coined into money and used to pay their soldiers. Mints were set up in different parts of the Empire and a large amount of gold and silver put in circulation as money. It is supposed that in the time of Augustus the amount of gold and silver in existence was about four hundred million pounds sterling.

The mining operations, which down to that time had been so extensively carried on, were to a large extent discontinued. By the Roman system the mines were "farmed" out to persons who worked only the best ones and such as would give them profitable returns. In the course of time the mines were almost entirely deserted, so that in the Sixth or Seventh Century of the Christian era the production of gold and silver hardly made a perceptible addition to the existing stock. This cutting off of the sources of supply, and the waste in the existing stock from being largely used as coin, which is probably the most destructive use to which gold and silver can be put, caused the amount of the precious metals to decline so that prices were only a fraction of what they had been. It is estimated that the world's stock of money metal thus became reduced to about two hundred million dollars. After the year 800 A. D. the stock was kept from diminishing further by supplies chiefly from the mines of Spain.

The profits of trade in the Middle Ages were enormous. The traders possessed virtual monopolies in many lines, and held the keys of those eastern countries whence were brought the luxuries for which there was a constantly-increasing demand. The merchants of some of the cities of Italy became so opulent as almost to rival the ancient nobility. In the latter part of the Thirteenth Century the Florentine

manufacturers of various kinds were also very considerable. Profits were large and wealth increased with great rapidity. The largest fortunes were at this time probably made in the manufacture of woolen cloth, which was the most important industry of the city. Throughout the Fourteenth Century Florence held the lead in trade and finance among the Italian cities, having during the first half of this century more than two hundred cloth manufacturing and dyeing establishments, where from seventy to eighty thousand pieces of cloth were produced annually, valued at two million two hundred thousand gold florins. More than thirty thousand persons were supported by this manufacture and trade. The dressing and dyeing of foreign cloth held also an important place.

As we have seen, it was this commercial activity of the Florentines, and the connections formed by them in making sales of their goods in every part of Europe that had led them to engage in that other branch of trade, banking; and in consequence of their energy and success in this, the monetary transactions of many of the kingdoms of Europe passed through their hands, and in some countries, where large loans had been made, they were entrusted with the collection and administration of the public revenue. The Florentines were lending money at interest to sovereign princes as early as the first quarter of the Twelfth Century.

The prince who at this time supplied the greatest impetus towards the development of trade and finance was the Pope. The earliest international banking operations seem to have arisen from his need of finding means of collecting and transmitting to Rome the dues which he gathered in distant parts. He had financial relations with all the world. From every part of Europe flowed towards Rome a continuous stream of money, the collection and transmission of which was entrusted to Italian merchants, or bankers. The advantages gained in handling the Pope's money were among the features which enabled the Italians to take the lead in banking and to keep it for a long period. In the city of Sienna may still be seen on the front of an ancient building an inscription which states that Angelieri Solafica, *campso* *Domini Papae Gregorii IX*, "built this house," A. D. 1234.

The Pope entrusted a great deal of business to another Siennese banking house, the Buonsignori, one of the greatest of the Thirteenth

century, becoming known as the Magna Tavola. In 1289 this house had a capital in business of 35,000 gold florins, which at that time was considered a tremendous sum of money. Among its clients were popes, emperors, kings, barons, merchants, and cities.

While vast financial advantages resulted from collecting and accumulating the Pope's moneys, the Italians who enjoyed them frequently brought down upon themselves the envy and hatred of the various peoples among whom they operated. In the reign of Henry III. of England (1216-1265) the Pope, through his Italian agents, obtained large sums from the English prelates. As the bishops and abbots were sometimes unable to pay the sums assessed, they were compelled to borrow from the collectors at exorbitant rates of interest. Matthew Paris, a chronicler of the time, regards the Italian bankers as the pest of his country and designates them as *Lombardiæ canes*. The Italians, or Lombards, settled in London and carried on their business in a part of the city which still bears the name of Lombard street, and which has ever since been the locality frequented by banks and bankers. It has long been not alone the financial center of England, but of the world; and to the present time only one other of the great centers of finance, New York City, threatens its supremacy.

When the papal court was transferred from Rome to Avignon, and on its return to Rome, there was occasion, twice at least, for the movement of great financial interests and the transfer of large sums of money. The papal residence at Avignon caused a greatly increased sending back and forth of money between Italy and that city. According to good authority this was the favorable time when the Florentine contractors of the papal revenue were enabled to become the principal bankers of Rome.

In the middle of the Fourteenth Century the Alberti had banks at Avignon, Bruges, Brussels, Paris, Sienna, Perugia, Rome, Naples, Bartella, Constantinople, and Venice. The Peruzzi, and their associates the Bardi, had agencies and dependent houses still more widely scattered. The extensive business and colossal operations of the Peruzzi and Bardi as bankers and loan-contractors, however, ended in a bankruptcy which shook the whole commercial fabric of Europe to its very foundation, and occasioned great loss and distress. This occurred in the year 1346, and was caused by the failure of Edward III. of

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England to pay the enormous sum of 1,365,000 gold florins, advanced to him by these bankers. The King's inability to pay was caused by his wars with France. Various English Kings borrowed largely from Florentine bankers. Commynes declares that Edward IV. owed his throne to help obtained from them. At a subsequent period the Strozzi suffered heavy losses through loans made to the King of France and to the popes. Such losses lead us to the conclusion that loan-contracting was a somewhat hazardous business. At the same time there is abundant evidence to prove that, in general, it was an extremely profitable one, and that the wealth brought into Florence by this branch of trade was enormous.

Florence had an evil reputation for usury. The money-changers' guild, one of the oldest in Florence, prospered as the city prospered. The business was carried on in the New Market, which today is the flower market, under the graceful colonnades of which the bankers had their shops, with counters or tavoletti, money-bags, and ledgers. All business had to be transacted in the shop, and registered in the account book, and there were heavy penalties for infringement of the rules. No one was allowed to practice the craft without being on the matriculation list, a privilege obtained by giving proofs of capacity and honesty during matriculation and swearing to obey the statutes of the guild. In the early part of the Fifteenth Century, when Florence had reached the summit of her prosperity, there were seventy-two banks in the streets round about the New Market, and it was estimated that the amount of gold currency in the city was upwards of two million florins, while the wealth in merchandise and other possessions was enormous.

One of the most important cities on the Mediterranean in the Fourteenth Century was Barcelona in Spain. Its merchant ships vied with those of Genoa and Venice, trading as far east as Alexandria and as far west as the Baltic and the North Sea. Its code of maritime law was recognized as authoritative by many European states. Consuls represented Barcelona in the principal commercial centers, and this city was among the first to adopt the practice of marine insurance.

Previous to the year 1349 the drapers of Barcelona, probably among its most opulent and substantial citizens, had evidently carried on the business of banking and exchanging money, very much as

the rich merchants of Venice and Florence had done, and as the goldsmiths at a later period did in London; for, by an order of the King of Aragon, the Barcelonian drapers were in 1349 obliged to give security before being allowed to undertake such business. In 1401 the magistrates of Barcelona established a bank of exchange and deposit, called *Taula de cambi* (Table of exchange), secured by the funds of the city, with the intention of extending the accommodation afforded by it to foreigners as well as citizens.

The following is a close translation of a bill of exchange sold by Antonio Quarti, a merchant of Luca residing in Bruges, to John Columbo, a merchant of Barcelona also residing in Bruges, to be paid at Barcelona in the usual manner by Francisco de Prato, a merchant of Florence.

"Francisco de Prato and Company at Barcelona.

"In the name of God. Amen—the 28th day of April, 1404.

"Pay this first of exchange at usance to Piero Gilberto and Piero Olivo one thousand scutes at ten shillings Barcelona money per scute; which thousand scutes are in exchange with John Columbo at twenty-two grosses per scute. Pay on our account and Christ keep you.

"Antonio Quarti sal. of Bruges."

This bill and another, differing only in the date and in being made payable to Piero Gilberto and Piero de Scorpo, were sent to Barcelona, but were not paid by Prato. William Columbo, acting as agent for Gilberto, Olivo, and Scorpo, purchased scutes in Barcelona to pay the bills and returned them, protested, to John Columbo at Bruges, claiming reimbursement from Antonio Quarti for the expense. But Antonio Quarti alleged that William Columbo should have gotten the money to pay the bills from the Bank of Barcelona, according to the custom of the city in such cases, which would have been less expensive. As a result, the magistrates of Bruges wrote to those of Barcelona requesting information on this subject, and it was on account of this correspondence that these bills were preserved.

It appears from records still extant that foreign bills of exchange were habitually negotiated at the Bank of Barcelona, and that assistance was given to manufacturers in the purchase of raw material, such as English wool, etc. By all accounts, therefore, the Bank of Barcelona financed and facilitated business much more in the manner

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of the bank of the present day than did any other public institution of the Renaissance period. Spanish writers claim that it was the very first establishment of its kind in Europe, while Hallam remarks that "The earliest bank of deposit instituted for the accommodation of private merchants is said to have been that of Barcelona in 1401." The creditors of Genoa were at that time not yet incorporated as a banking company.

Many of the early Italian bankers had branch establishments in Rome. The Via del Banco of the papal city became the Wall street of the Renaissance, and here the bankers had their quarters and carried on financial transactions with the Camera Apostolica, the greatest financial institution then existing, into which were paid the collections made for the Pope, through the agencies of these banks, in every part of the world. About the middle of the Sixteenth Century, after the reform of Paul III., this street lost its prestige, and the section of the city in which it was located, considered the most fashionable and desirable from the time of Innocent VIII. to that of Paul III., subsequently lost caste, the palaces of bankers, merchants, and prelates becoming tenanted by people and tradesmen of the lower classes. For this reason the street retained its Sixteenth Century aspect, free from such changes as had been made in more fashionable neighborhoods, until the year 1888.

The money sent to Rome from all parts of the world was in coins of the greatest variety. To some of these a legal value was given; some were tolerated. Monetary transactions were carried on in florins, ducats, scudi, carlini, testoni, morapesini, corone, crazie, guilli, etc. While the exchanging of all this diverse money for coin, current in Rome or in the place where it was to be used, gave business to the bankers, it was a great obstacle to commercial enterprises.

The monetary system of Charlemagne, derived from that of the Roman Empire and of the Eastern Empire, was the precursor and source of the chief currency systems of mediæval and modern Europe, except that of Spain, which was derived directly from the Roman system without the intermediation of that of Charlemagne. The monetary basis was the libra or pound. The Florentines, the Venetians, and the citizens of many other Italian cities, made their calculations in lire, soldi, and denari. The silver lire, originally libra, supposed to

weigh a pound, the conventional standard or unit of value, consisted of twenty soldi, each equal to the Lombard shilling, while the soldi consisted of twelve denari, corresponding to the English pound, shilling, and pence. In France the reckoning by livres, sols, and deniers, was derived from the Frankish Kings. One livre was equal to twenty sols, and one sol was valued at twelve deniers. Germany, too, inherited her monetary system from that of Charlemagne. The silver libra was divided into twenty shillingen, and the shilling into twelve pfennings. In The Netherlands the same system was reproduced. The ideal Flemish pound was divided into twenty shillingen, and the shilling into twelve grooten.

Before the reign of Clement VII., who issued the first state securities, the popes borrowed money directly from the bankers, with whom were deposited certain valuables as security. In the state archives is the account of such a transaction between Pope Leo X. and Piero and Giovanni Bini, Florentine bankers in Rome in the year 1521. The Pope had become indebted to them by loans made from time to time to the total of 156,000 ducats (\$195,000), for which they had received no special security besides the Pope's written acknowledgment. A more substantial safeguard was requested. This was at once granted in a document, *motu proprio*, dated September 25, 1521, which stipulated that the brothers Bini were authorized to sell to the highest bidder the offices of the papal *curia*, as fast as they became vacant by death, the proceeds of the sale, up to the sum of 30,000 ducats, to go to the Bini, the surplus to be equally divided between them and the Apostolic Chamber. This agreement was to continue until the Bini had recovered the entire loan with interest. As security for the fulfillment of this contract the Pope entrusted to the firm the mitre of Paul II., the mitre and tiara of Julius II., and the "sacred pontifical silver vessels including those used for the celebration of divine service." In the inventory of the strong room of the castle of Sant' Angelo, where it was usually kept, the description of the triregnum, or tiara of Julius II., occupies as much as four closely written pages. This gorgeous headgear was studded with thirty-nine diamonds, twenty-nine emeralds, twenty-two sapphires, sixty-nine rubies, twenty-seven balases, and five hundred and seventy-one pearls, besides an inscription written in small diamonds and punctuated with small

rubies. These articles, emblems of authority and instruments of worship, held as security by the bankers, were probably loaned back for use when occasion required.

The banking house of the Bini was on the corner of the Via del Banco and the Via del Consolato. The hall in which the cashiers and clerks sat had a vaulted ceiling, in the center of which was a most charming composition of Pierino del Vaga—the coat of arms of the Bini, in a frame of fruit and flowers, supported by two cupids. The building was demolished in 1888.

Clement VII. was the first pope to raise money from state bonds. The sum realized on the first issue was not large, but, having acquired the art of raising money on bonds, the burden of which could be distributed over future years, Clement VII. and his successors made liberal use of this method,—so essential in modern business,—and increased the public debt to such an extent that the total revenues of the Pontifical States were scarcely sufficient to pay the interest. It is said that from the time of Paul III. to that of Paul IV.—about twenty years—the Apostolic Chamber spent some sixteen millions of dollars in aiding the German princes who remained faithful to Rome, sometimes borrowing money at an interest rate as high as twelve and a half per cent.

One of the most successful Italian bankers of the first part of the Sixteenth Century was Agostino Chigi, who was born in Sienna about 1465. He was possessed of such talent for trade that before he reached the age of forty years he had become, it is said, the most powerful man financially in the world. He was not only a great merchant and financier, but a patron of the arts and one of the greatest collectors of his time. His palace, by the Porta Settimiana, was designed by Peruzzi and decorated by Raphael and Giulio Romano. He gave employment to many of the great artists whose works still exist in the churches of Rome.

He started in business with Stefano Ghinucci, in the Via del Banco, with an aggregate capital of not over two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. In May, 1502, he entered into a second partnership with Francesco Tommasi, with a capital of ten thousand dollars, and in 1508 was the sole owner and manager of the most prosperous and extensive banking concern in the world, dealing in all

branches of trade with France, Spain, Germany, the Low Countries, England, and Turkey, and holding in Italy a monopoly of trade in the three staples, wheat, salt, and alum. He was banker to Pope Alexander VI., and afterwards became Minister of Finance, or financial adviser to and confidant of Pope Julius II.

When Cardinal Giovanni de Medici became Pope, as Leo X., the procession to the Laticranium, announced for the morning of April 11, 1513, was the most magnificent that Rome had ever seen. In front of the residence of Agostino Chigi had formerly stood one of the triumphal arches of Rome. This, for the occasion, Agostino caused to be restored, and then adorned with figures and groups of living men, women, and children, the fairest subjects to be found in Rome, representing Apollo, Mercury, Pallas, etc. There were two nymphs, attended by Moorish pages, one of whom recited verses as the Pope passed by. Agostino was on intimate terms with Leo, and not long after the latter became Pope, the banker gave several entertainments in his honor, for which the villa Farnesina, on the Tiber, has been more celebrated than for all the priceless treasures of art which it contained.

The first of these functions was given in an unfinished building, the condition of which, from designs furnished by Raphael himself, was so skilfully concealed by means of Flemish tapestries, oriental carpets, and cupboards filled with gold plate, that the Pope was astonished at the sight of such magnificence. The second was held a few months later, in the loggia projected on the Tiber at the south end of the garden. At this feast, it is said, the price of three fish alone amounted to two hundred and fifty crowns; and to prove that the same silver plate was not used twice in the course of the meal, the dishes were thrown into the Tiber, where they fell into nets spread beneath the surface of the water. The third of these entertainments was given in the main hall of the Casino, on the twenty-eighth of August, 1519, on the festival of Sant' Agostino, and presented two original features. Each of the twenty cardinals, or foreign representatives, was served on silver and gold plate bearing his particular coat of arms, crest and motto, and each guest was served with fish, game, fruit, vegetables, delicacies, and wines peculiar to his own country. These supplies had been brought to Rome by messengers timed to arrive on the eve of the banquet.

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Agostino's yearly income was estimated at 70,000 ducats, an enormous sum for that period. He stated to Pope Leo, whom he was fond of entertaining in the beautiful garden of the Villa Farnisina, that, besides the central banking establishment at Rome, he had one hundred branch houses in Italy alone, that one hundred vessels sailed under his flag from the docks and harbor of Porto Ercole, and that twenty thousand men were in his employ. He also had houses of business in Constantinople, Alexandria, Cairo, Lyons, Amsterdam, London, and even in Babylon. He filled his villa with tapestries, gold and silver ornaments designed by the foremost goldsmiths, and with other works of art. The fixtures of the bath-room were of solid silver. His bedstead, it is said, was carved in ivory, encrusted with gold, and studded with precious stones.

Some of the rich bankers of Italy founded families which became linked with many of the royal houses of Europe. One of the most important of these was the Medici. Two of this family became Popes of Rome, Leo X. and Clement VII. Dukes of Florence and of Tuscany were of this family, and it became connected by marriage with the royal house of France, members of it becoming ancestors of French Kings. Fabio Chigi, nephew and biographer of Agostino Chigi, the rich banker of Rome, became Pope Alexander VII.

The taking of Constantinople, in 1453, and the victories of the Turks throughout the East, cut off in a great measure the trade in that direction of the Italian cities, and especially of Venice. But still more disastrous to this trade was the voyage of Vasquez de Gama, a Portuguese who in 1497 passed around the Cape of Good Hope and opened a new route to the East Indies. Hearing of it, a merchant of Venice noted in his diary: "This is the worst piece of news we could ever have had." A few years before this Columbus had discovered the new world. These great events carried important consequences to all the nations of Europe. The art of printing, about the same time, was exercising a strong influence on the times, while the invention and use of gunpowder changed the whole art of war. Notable changes were produced in trade. The prosperity of the cities on the Mediterranean began to be transferred to the ports of the Atlantic.

Soon after the discovery of America the rich spoils of the Spaniards, in the form of gold and silver, were poured into the markets of

Europe and produced disturbance in trade. The annual production of silver, after the discovery of the rich mines of South America about the year 1545, has been estimated at over two million pounds sterling. This was a huge addition to the then-existing world-supply of the precious metals, supposed to have been about forty millions. The effect was not immediate, but in the course of fifteen or twenty years prices advanced in England and throughout all Europe. People who had depended mainly on fixed incomes had to cut down their scale of living. On account of higher prices for English wool, farmers turned their plough-lands into pasturage for sheep. Great numbers of servants and farm-hands were discharged. Wage-earners also became needy on account of the high prices, and poverty was general; but the increase of money had a marvelous effect in developing trade.

By the close of the Sixteenth Century the supremacy in commerce had passed over to Holland. "Before the grandeur of Venice had declined," says Macaulay, "another commonwealth still less favored, if possible, by nature, had rapidly risen to a power and opulence which the whole civilized world contemplated with envy and admiration. On a desolate marsh overhung by fogs and exhaling disease, a marsh where there was neither wood nor stone, neither firm earth nor drinkable water, a marsh from which the ocean on one side and the Rhine on the other were with difficulty kept out by art, was to be found the most prosperous community in Europe. The wealth which was collected within five miles of the Stadthouse of Amsterdam would purchase the fee-simple of Scotland."

The prosperous trade of Amsterdam attracted to that city merchants of all nationalities, who brought into it coins of every description.⁸ Had Amsterdam been the capital or metropolis of an extensive country under one control, like England or France, it might have been possible, to some extent, to have reformed the currency; but it was surrounded by numerous small principalities, each with its own mint and each with its own standard of coinage. All such coins as were produced by these separate states were poured into the active

⁸Here, too, arose great Dutch banking and financial houses, rivalling their Italian predecessors. One of the most notable of these, the Hochstetters of Amsterdam, attempted to "corner" the tin market of the world between 1511 and 1517, and, like some of their imitators since, were squeezed to the extent of one-third of the immense sums they had invested in the metal. It was of the head of this house that a contemporary wrote: "Princes, counts, nobles, tradesmen, peasants, valets, and servants have placed with Ambrose Hochstetter all their money, for which he pays five per cent."—F. A.

BANKERS AND BANKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES

trade of the city. Some were worn, others clipped or mutilated; many were produced by private mints. On an average they were about nine per cent. below their nominal value. Money, fresh from the mint, was soon carried away or melted down, as is always the case when inferior money is in circulation. To pay their bills of exchange, drawn against purchased goods, the merchants of Amsterdam, having great difficulty in finding good money, were put to much inconvenience and loss. The uncertain nature of the currency of the city, being valued in all foreign states below its actual worth, made the exchange very much against the merchants of Amsterdam, and the value of their bills of exchange was very uncertain, in spite of every effort.

By an ordinance of the city, January 31, 1609, the Bank of Amsterdam was established to remedy these inconveniences, to prevent loss, and to facilitate trade. It was a bank of deposit without capital of its own. The object of the institution was to give a fixed and unquestioned value to a bill on Amsterdam; and for this purpose all sorts of coin were received on deposit at the bank, their true weight and fineness determined, and credit given for their actual value in standard coin, less a small charge for recoinage and expense of management. Depositors were allowed to draw out for their own use, or to transfer to others, the true value so credited in standard money, or in "bank money," as it was commonly called, which was without hesitation accepted by merchants without the need of testing its value.

The ordinance which established the bank required that all bills of exchange payable in Amsterdam, of six hundred gulden or upwards, should be paid through the bank or by the transfer of credit at the bank. In 1643 this limit was lowered to three hundred gulden. In consequence, every merchant of prominence kept an account with the bank, to pay his foreign bills and to reduce the coins he received in trade to a known and unmistakable value. Transfers of credit were at first made personally at the bank, by the payer or his authorized agent, which entitled the payee to the credit on the next day. They were later made by orders in writing. Extravagant estimates were made of the amount of gold and silver in the vaults of the bank. The amount has been placed by some as high as 900,000,000 gulden, but the more modern estimate of 33,000,000 gulden (\$13,500,000), made by Adam Smith, is probably more accurate.

For every gulden of bank money, or credit, it was understood and confidently believed that there was a gulden of specie in the vaults of the bank. Although this was a regulation of the institution, it was not strictly adhered to, for as early as 1657 individuals were allowed to overdraw their accounts, while at various times in later years enormous loans were made to the Dutch East India Company. The truth became known to the public in the winter of 1789. In 1795 a report was issued showing that the City of Amsterdam was largely indebted to the bank, which held as security the obligations of Holland and West Friesland. The debt was paid and an effort made to keep the bank on its feet, but the need for such a bank had declined with the dwindling commercial importance of Amsterdam. The bank was accordingly closed by royal decree, December 19, 1819.

By supplying a currency that would be accepted by anyone without question, the Bank of Amsterdam contributed greatly to the prosperity of the city.⁴ Similar banks were established in Middelburg (March 28, 1616), in Hamburg (1619), and in Rotterdam (February 9, 1635). Of these the Bank of Hamburg was the most important.

The Bank of Hamburg was founded on precisely the same plan as the Bank of Amsterdam. It had no capital of its own. No loans were made and no liabilities created beyond the credits on its books for the coin or bullion received on deposit. This rule was faithfully kept. When the French took possession of it, on November 5, 1813, there was found in the bank 7,506,343 marks in silver, more than sufficient to redeem all outstanding liabilities. A large part of this

⁴To Amsterdam flowed the available capital of the world in the seventeenth century, and in the Bank of Amsterdam the operation of money-changing, a principal function of the ancient and mediaeval banker, reached its climax in the largest single institution for this kind of transaction in the history of the world. It was an "Exchange Bank," as its name, indeed, *Amsterdamsche Wisselbank*, expressly declared, and became a bank of issue only in a limited sense, through the fact that it issued transferable credits for specie or bullion deposited with it, while these passed into general circulation as "bank money." At the bank one could either exchange specie or bullion for "bank money," or "bank money" for specie.

The analogy of these functions is found in the United States Treasury, which issues Treasury notes for bullion and coin, and coins for Treasury notes, and not in the bank-note of modern times, which is a bank's promissory demand note, payable to bearer. The loans made by the Bank of Amsterdam to the city of Amsterdam, above noted, by issuing its specie credits in exchange for deposited collateral, were analogous to some of the loan operations of modern banks, but these transactions were anomalous and not contemplated among its designed functions; while its unsecured loans to individuals and the East India Company, by issuing credits, or "bank paper," in excess of the bullion deposited, were most irregular, as the bank received nothing in exchange on which it could realize the amount of the loans in case they were unpaid. It would be an analogous performance for the United States Treasury to issue fiat Treasury notes without having on deposit the requisite amount of gold or silver with which to redeem its promises. The credit of the Bank of Amsterdam collapsed with the spread of knowledge of transactions of this kind—as even the credit of a great government, engaging in impossible promises and misrepresentations, must suffer.

It is an interesting consideration, on the other hand, that the legitimate exchanges of the Bank of Amsterdam were the kind of banking operations with which the early merchants of New Amsterdam, now New York, were familiar.—F. A.

was removed, but when the freedom of the city was re-established the bank resumed business with unimpaired credit, and what had been carried away by the French Army was made good, in 1816, by a transfer of French securities. Of all the exchange banks, the Bank of Hamburg survived the longest. Its existence was closed by the act of the German Parliament, which, creating a new monetary system for Germany, ordered that the bank should liquidate its accounts by February 15, 1873.

The Bank of Sweden (*the Riksbank*) was founded November 30, 1656, by a Swede named Palmstruch. It has always, from its commencement, been the state bank of Sweden, and is still in operation, being probably the oldest bank in existence in Europe today. To Palmstruch is attributed the first issue of bank notes in amounts considerably in excess of the coin held in reserve to redeem them. By an *enquete*, made by the French government in 1729, the priority of Sweden in this matter was recognized and the bank-note was declared to be an admirable Swedish invention, designed to facilitate trade. The first bank-note was issued by the *Riksbank* in 1658.

Note by Frank Allaben

A word may be added to the above references to the prejudices against "usury" in the Middle Ages. In all ages the conscience of mankind has condemned the extortioner, who wrings out of man's necessity exorbitant taxes for the use of money, and no laws are more stringent than ours today in outlawing the "loan-shark." We need not wonder, then, that usury was indiscriminately condemned in mediæval times, when extortion was the rule.

On the other hand we must acknowledge that churchmen were among the very first to distinguish between the vastly different principles of investment for "interest" and loans to extort what we now style "usury." "The rigors of the Church were directed primarily against loans for consumption to persons in need," says Conant, while he continues, citing Rambaud, that "as early as the Thirteenth Century, Albert le Grand conceded that 'if usury is against the perfection of Christian law, it is at least not contrary to civic interests,' " while "St. Thomas [Aquinas] admitted the loss resulting (*damnum*

emergens) to the lender who was kept out of his money, and the interval of time and the value lost (*quantum ejus intererat*) gave birth to the word interest as a substitute for usury (*usura*)."

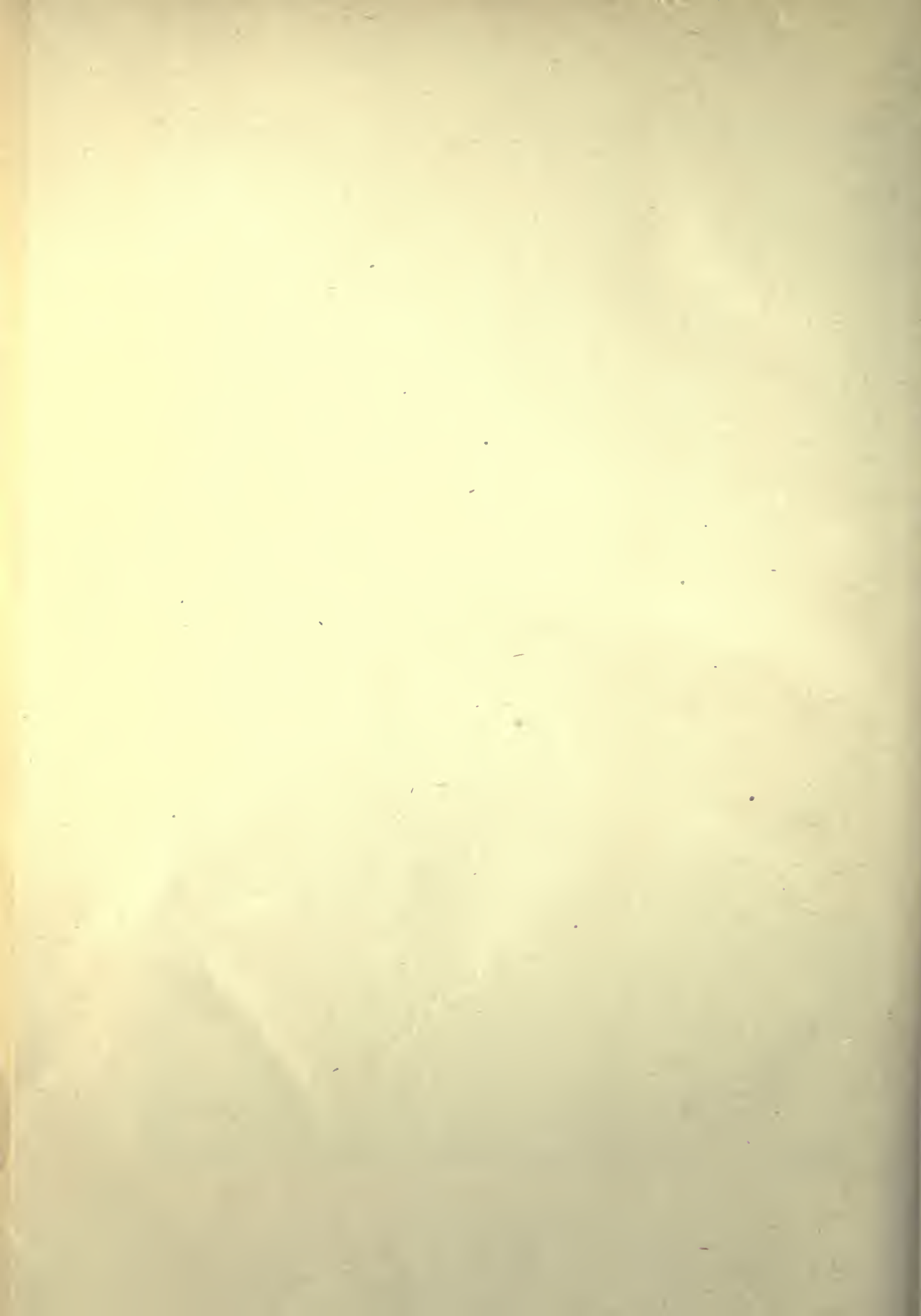
In short, in the loan of money, business and philanthropy should not be confused or mixed. The law of Moses indeed recognized this distinction by fully sanctioning money-lending on interest in the ordinary course of business, while prohibiting the exaction of interest when relieving distress. Similarly, in the New Testament, we have the clearest possible distinction. At the approach of distress we are enjoined to "give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away" (Matt. 5:42); and we are warned concerning the great bankrupt, forgiven a debt of five hundred pence, who takes by the throat the little bankrupt, who owes him fifty. While, on the other hand, he with talents, who does not put out at interest the funds entrusted to him, receives punishment and the rebuke, "I should have received mine own with usury" (Matt. 25:27).

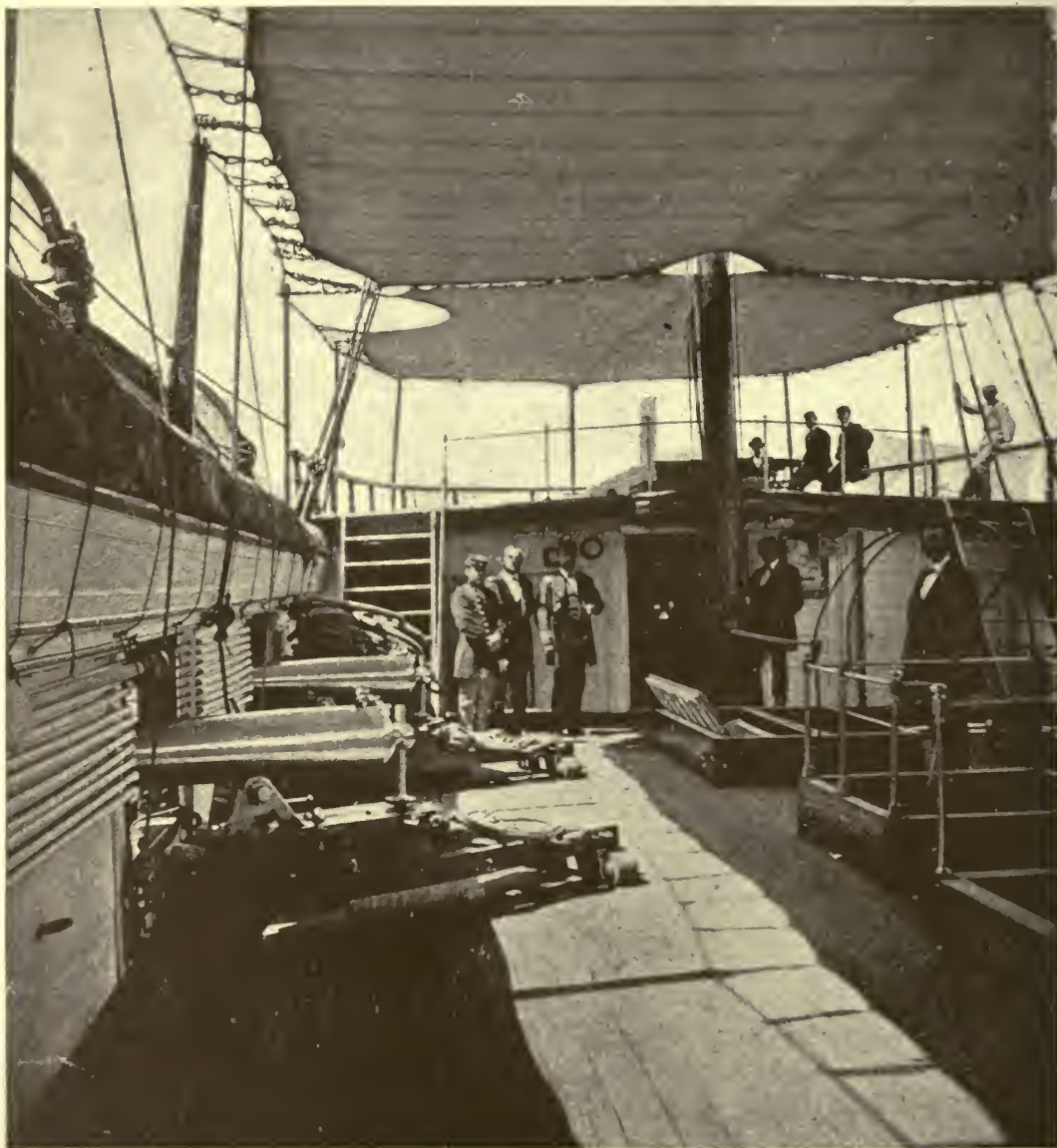
Yet only in modern times has the full measure of responsibility enjoined in this parable begun to dawn upon us in the possibilities of the principle of capital and interest, capital becoming the "silent partner" in every enterprise of man, in which it has the silent partner's "interest," in proportion to its value. On the principle of capital and interest the products of man's life can be accumulated and stored, from generation to generation, not as the miser hoards unproductive gold, but like the store of material energy in the world, transfused from one form of power into another form, and continually thrown back into the channels of life to do the world's work and conserve its values. And when we all learn how to acquire an "interest" in every good work, moral and spiritual, by loaning all our surplus energy, as we loan on interest our surplus capital, the full measure of responsibility suggested in the parable will be achieved in the world.



UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP, "WOLVERINE," FORMERLY THE "MICHIGAN"

From a photograph taken in 1892.





DECK VIEW, TAKEN IN 1870, OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "MICHIGAN," NOW THE "WOLVERINE," SHOWING TO THE RIGHT AND FRONT OFFICER GRIDLEY, WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA, WHEN ADMIRAL DEWEY SAID, "YOU MAY FIRE WHEN YOU GET READY, GRIDLEY."

The "Michigan," now the "Wolverine," was the first iron vessel launched upon the Great Lakes. The iron for her hull, engines, boilers, etc., was cast in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and carried in sections to Erie, Pennsylvania, where the ship was launched on December 5, 1843. She is still in service, propelled by original engines, being used as a training ship by the Pennsylvania Naval Reserve at Erie.

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Lafayette

BY

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

What Epochs have men planned and wrought since then!
That slow birth of our Nation in the war
Of Concord Bridge to Yorktown, when a youth,
Forsaking France, hearth, friends and titled ease,
Fought bravely at the side of Washington.

How many years ago it seems since he,
Survivor of a frenzied feud at home,
Of battlefield and durance long abroad,
Then highly honored by his countrymen,
Again returned, like absent, well-loved son
Revisits kith and kin, to this our Land,
Revered and fêted by its citizens.

Courageous, righteous, courteous, sincere,
A noble man of France,—grand Lafayette!

Whom Should History Rank Next to Washington Among the Heroes of Our War for Independence

BY

THE REVEREND GEORGE ISRAEL BROWNE, M. A.

Rector of St. John's Church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Member of
The National Historical Society



THE great modern historian of Rome, Ferrero, has said somewhere, that the history of the Roman Empire ought to be re-written for each generation, for each will see new things in it, and see it in a new way; see it from a different angle, gain a fresh lesson from it, and find in it some peculiar illustration of its own problems, to throw light upon the mistakes of the past, the tendencies of the present, and the probabilities of the future.

This is also peculiarly true of our own Colonial and Revolutionary eras. Some day, perhaps, it will be seen to have had a value for mankind almost equal to Roman history—it may be, even greater. We have not yet done conclusive historical work on all the aspects and personages of our Epic Era, and it is “epic” to a degree and to an extent that we have not yet soberly begun to realize.

We find, too, strange modern survivals of persistent tendencies to create myth and folklore, and the instinct to seize on a few picturesque details in our early traditions, ignoring to an equal degree the great body of other facts which are overshadowed by such treatment, so that we lose a true prospective. Then, too, local, family, state, and civic partialities and predilections keep alive some memories to the exclusion of others: time and chance seem to have their will.

We propose to outline a fresh treatment of one of the most interesting personages of our early history, in the form of a series of questions.

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It would be interesting to discover what percentage of our citizens, even of our fairly well educated ones, could answer each of these questions if put to them separately, as of a different person. Of course, we suppose the accumulation of them will suggest the soldier in mind to most people. But test yourself as you read them.

1. Who ranked next to General Washington as Senior Major General in the Continental Army?

2. Who was the subject of the first American biography? Of whom, during the first one hundred years of our National history, were nearly as many biographies written as of Washington himself?

3. Who was at Ticonderoga, Detroit, Fort William and Henry, Fort Edward; helped in a naval battle on Lake Ontario; was captured by the Indians, tied to the stake to be burned; taken a prisoner to Quebec and Montreal; shipwrecked on the coast of Cuba; commanded Colonial troops at the capture of Havana—all before his part in the War of Independence?

4. Who made a longer, harder ride after the news of the Battle of Lexington to help secure its results, than Paul Revere did to warn the Minute Men to prepare for it—with a well-known dramatic episode connected therewith, all unsung by the poets?

5. Who planned and fought the Battle of Bunker Hill?

6. Who, being well-known to and a companion in arms of many of the British officers, was offered the rank of Major General among them, and a large pecuniary reward, if he would desert the side of the Colonists?

7. About whose part in the most famous battle of the American Revolution has raged a literary contest, and an historical controversy, which has elicited more facts about that event than any other, including affidavits of then living soldiers?

8. Who was born in one State, fought as soldier from another, and was attacked, after his death, by an officer of a third New England State, defended by his son and other leading men of his native State?

9. What two Generals were of the same name and family in our struggle for freedom?

10. Who commanded one of the two concentration camps during the winter of Valley Forge?

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11. Who selected West Point as a military spot, where today exists the remains of a fort bearing his name?

12. Who was the one General, compelled by the disabilities of age, to retire before the intervention of the French, the hopeful turn of affairs, and the successful conclusion of our struggle for Liberty, therefore, dropping out of sight in the glorification of its termination, also being absent when Washington founded the Cincinnati and said farewell to his officers?

There are deeply significant comments to be properly made on each of these questions, which make in their total a sum of fascinating details, that strikingly illuminate the side currents, as well as the main stream, of our National history.

Here are the answers:

Question 1. Who ranked next to Washington?

On the granite slabs forming part of the pedestal for the equestrian statue of Israel Putnam, erected by the State at Brooklyn, Connecticut, is the epitaph, written by President Dwight, of Yale College, copied from the original stone, now (all hacked and scarred by relic hunters), protected behind oak and glass in the battle-flag wing of the Capitol at Hartford. The opening words of the epitaph are these:

“To the Memory of Israel Putnam, Esquire,
Senior Major General in the Armies
of
The United States of America.”

“On July 4th,” says Livingston, author of one of the later lives of Putnam, “just one year before the memorable day of the Declaration of Independence, Washington, on his arrival at Cambridge, issued the following in General Orders, about two weeks after the Battle of Bunker Hill—

“ ‘The Hon. Artemus Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler and Israel Putnam, Esq., are appointed Major Generals of the American Army, by the Honorable Continental Congress, and due obedience is to be paid to them as such.’ ”

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Of these, Putnam, alone, had received the unanimous vote of Congress, and was given his commission by Washington at once. The others he withheld for a time, because of the jealousies aroused among some of the officers who thought themselves overlooked. Even Putnam was the victim of like passions. He had just been appointed Brigadier General by the Legislature of the Connecticut Colony, but there were others who had outranked him on the Colonial basis. Some of them left Cambridge without even bidding farewell to Washington, throwing up their Commissions in the Army by reason of the fancied slight, but were, ere long, persuaded to return to the Service.

Washington wrote Congress upon the matter, informing it that he had given his Commission to General Putnam alone, on whose account, also, one officer had left the Army, "Without visiting me, or making known his intentions in any respect."

Silas Dean, the Connecticut delegate, heard this letter of Washington read before Congress in Philadelphia, and said in a letter written soon afterward that the members had greatly disapproved of this officer's conduct. The same author was elated by the honor won for his Colony and country by "the brave intrepidity of old General Putnam," on whom, he says, "by every account of the battle, the whole Army had depended ever since the Lexington battle." With high pride, Deane penned: "Putnam's merit rang through the Continent: his fame still increases,—and every day justifies the unanimous applause of the Continent. Let it be remembered, that he had every vote of Congress; and his health has been the second or third at almost all our tables in this City. But it seems that he does not wear a large wig, nor screw his countenance into the form that belies the sentiments of his generous soul; he is no adept either at political or religious canting or cozening; he is no shake-hand body; he is therefore totally unfit for everything but fighting; that department I never heard that these intriguing gentry wanted to interfere with him in. I have scarce any patience. O Heaven! blast, I implore thee, every such narrow, selfish, envious manoeuvre in the land, nor let one succeed far enough to stain the fair page of American politics." (Collections of the Connecticut Historical Society, Vol. II; Collections of the New York Historical Society, Vol. XIX.)

Question 2. A. Who was the subject of the first American biog-

raphy? B. Of whom were nearly as many "lives" written as of General Washington himself?

A. Israel Putnam was the subject of the first American biography. So says Colonel David Humphreys in the Preface to his "Life of the Honorable Major General Putnam," an essay addressed to the Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut. These are the words he uses: "The enclosed manuscript justly claims indulgence for its venal errors, as it is the first effort at biography that has been made on this Continent."

All the circumstances and the relations of the author to his subject are filled with a very deep and varied significance. Colonel Humphreys had been aide on Putnam's staff and wrote the book at Mount Vernon while a member of Washington's household. He had special fitness for his task, and his own career is interesting. He graduated at Yale College at the age of nineteen, in 1771, and was a fellow-student with Trumbull, Dwight, and Barlow, afterwards forming a little coterie of literary men called the "Hartford Wits."

He entered the Army as Captain, was soon promoted to rank of Major in General Putnam's Brigade, and was on the retreat from New York in 1776. Soon after, he was appointed *aide-de-camp* to General Putnam. Later, he served as *aide* to General Greene. In 1780, he was appointed *aide* and Secretary to General Washington soon after, joining Washington's family, and remaining with him till the close of the war. At the siege of Yorktown, he held a separate command, and when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the American forces in 1781, Colonel Humphreys had the distinguished honor of receiving the Colors, and, as a mark of approbation, was made the bearer of the same from the Commander-in-Chief to Congress, taking with him copies of the returns of prisoners, arms, ordnance, and twenty-five stands of surrendered Colors, and carrying also to Congress a letter from Washington commending the bearer to that honorable body. Therefrom resulted the presentation of an elegant sword to the gentleman in question.

When General Washington surrendered his Commission at Annapolis in 1783, he was attended on that memorable occasion by Colonel Humphreys, who, at Washington's special request, accompanied him from Annapolis to Mount Vernon.

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In 1784, Humphreys was appointed by Congress, Secretary to the "Commission for Negotiating Treaties of Commerce with Foreign Powers," the Commissioners being John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson.

After two years abroad, Humphreys returned to America and again visited Washington at Mount Vernon. In 1789, he was appointed first American Minister to Portugal, afterwards being transferred to Spain, where he married, in Lisbon, 1797, Ann Frances Bukley, daughter of a wealthy English banker.

In the War of 1812, he was made Brigadier General of Connecticut Militia, and served in the State Legislature.

He received from three American Colleges, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and was a member of the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia and of the Royal Society of London.

It is, perhaps, well to know what his qualifications for writing of the first American biography were, and what was the motive behind his work.

From the preface to William Cutter's "Life of Israel Putnam, Major General in the Army of the American Revolution," I quote the following extract:

"Among the multitude of letters which might be referred to, an extract from one only will be given. It was addressed to Colonel Humphreys in Europe, under date of the 25th of July, 1780. General Washington, apparently in reply to a suggestion from Humphreys that he (Washington) should apply himself to preparing Commentaries upon the Revolutionary War, says:

"In a former letter, I informed you, my dear Humphreys, that if I had talents for it, I had no leisure to turn my thoughts to Commentaries. I should be pleased indeed to see you undertake this business. Your abilities as a writer, your discernment respecting the principles which led to the decision of arms, your personal knowledge of many facts as they occurred in the progress of the War, your disposition to justice, candor, and impartiality, and your diligence in investigating truth, all combining, fit you, when joined with the vigor of life, for the task.

"I should, with great pleasure, not only give you the perusal of all my papers, but any oral information of circumstances, which cannot

be obtained from them, that my memory will furnish; and I can with great truth add, that my house will not only be at your service, during the period of your preparing this work, but (I say it without an unmeaning compliment) I should be exceedingly happy, if you would make it your home. You might have an apartment to yourself, in which you could command your own time.

“‘You would be considered and treated as one of the family, and meet with that cordial reception and entertainment, which are characteristic of the sincerest friendship.’”

Colonel Humphreys returned home in May, 1786, after which, he was often at Mount Vernon, a member of Washington's family. It was there that he wrote the “Life of General Putnam” in 1788, under the eye of Washington, and with the best possible means of knowing that great man's opinion of the subject of his work.

The work was written for the Society of the Cincinnati of Connecticut, and by them, and under their sanction, presented to the world. The Society was composed of surviving officers of the Revolution, comrades and compeers of Putnam. He had not only his own memories of Putnam's life, and his stories, but he visited him in order to verify his narrative.

“It would appear, however,” says Cutter, “that Putnam was not disposed to estimate his own services very highly, or to present in very strong colors his own acts of heroism; since Colonel Humphreys, who gathered much of his material from personal conversations with his subject, is far more modest and unpretending in many of his statements, than authentic documents, furnished by both friends and foes of that period, would warrant.”

Now there is a touch to stir our imagination, if we ever try to re-construct the data of Putnam's own inner consciousness. This life appeared while Putnam was still living—two years before his death. What a pity 'tis, we have no legend or tradition of his receipt of the first copy or of his reading it!

(B) Surprising as the statement may seem, there were as many “lives” written of Israel Putnam as of Washington himself, till the steady stream of later years placed our first President in the lead.

There was, to begin with, Humphreys' first American biography, published at Hartford, in 1788, re-printed several times, one edition in

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New York in 1810, to which was annexed two poems by Humphreys, "An Address to the Armies of the United States," and "A Poem to the Happiness of America," which strikingly convey to us a sense of the fervor and ardor and very atmosphere of those days. Still another edition was published in Boston, in 1818, with notes and additions, and an appendix containing an historical and topographical sketch of Bunker Hill Battle by Colonel Samuel Swett. It is not known how many other editions there may have been.

These successive "lives" are splendid illustrations of the growth and change in scholarship and the changing attitude of the American mind, and may be listed as follows: Humphreys, with its evident recollections of classical models; the one by William Cutter, New York, 1847, freer, easier in style, with unrestrained enthusiasm; one by George Canning Hill, Boston, 1858, with still another viewpoint; Peabody's, in Sparks' Library of American Biography, characteristic of the whole; that by Increase N. Tarbox, a careful writer and trained historian and antiquarian, with its forceful treatment of original documents, and written with especial reference to the Battle of Bunker Hill; and, finally, a wholly modern one by William Farrand Livingston, New York, 1905, in the "American Men of Energy" Series, making use of much new material, well-balanced, cool and dispassionate.

John Fiske and all the historians, of course, treat of him, more or less, according to the needs of their task; and there have been many children's "lives" of Putnam written in juvenile style.

Livingston gives an interesting list of early portraits and prints of the General, some appearing in London and Paris as early as 1775 and mentions one whose title unhesitatingly reads: "Israel Putnam Esq., Major General of the Connecticut Forces and Commander-in-Chief at the Engagement on Buncker's Hill, near Boston, June 17, 1775."

Question 3. Who was at Ticonderoga, Detroit, a prisoner at Montreal and Quebec, etc., shipwrecked on Cuba, at Capture of Havanna,—all before his part in the War of '76?

There has been an unnatural cleavage in the continuity of our historical consciousness as a people, between our Colonial and Revolutionary eras. A false and disconnected emphasis has been placed, in

turn, upon each separately. Even the existence and activities of our various historical, patriotic, and hereditary societies have tended to exaggerate and perpetuate this disconnected and separate emphasis. The Colonial Societies confine themselves rigidly to the Pre-Revolutionary epochs, while the Revolutionary Societies place their emphasis and restrict their attention wholly to the Post-Colonial life.

There were many men, of course, whose careers were confined, so far as their public activities, at least, were concerned, to one or the other of these marked historical epochs. But there were others who played varied and complex parts in both. This is pre-eminently true of Israel Putnam. Of no other of the Revolutionary Generals is this equally true, and we make no exception even of Washington himself, though his part placed him at the strategic centre of events.

The mere catalogue of events treated in the text as given in the Index of Livingston's Life, shows the marvellous extent and range of his participation in nearly all our earlier struggles. These are some extracts:

Enlists in French and Indiana War, 1755.
In Crown Point Expedition.
In Battle of Lake George.
Receives Commission as Second Lieutenant.
Becomes a Ranger.
Scouting expedition to Ticonderoga.
Saves Roger's Life.
Perilous experiences.
Reconnoitres near South Bay.
On Winter duty.
Attempts to relieve Dyer.
Returns home.
Rewarded by General Assembly.
Appointed Captain.
At Fort Edward.
Kills an Indian. (This story ought to be told in full.)
Takes a prisoner.
Pursues French plunderers.
Encounters the enemy.
Reconnoitres Ticonderoga.
Patrols woods.
At Fort Edward, 1757.
Moonlight battle.
Repels attack on workmen.
Escorts General Webb to Fort William Henry.
Discovers hostile force on Lake George.
Ordered back to Fort Edward.
Hears distant bombardment.
Visits scene of massacre.
Becomes acquainted with Lord Howe.

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Saves Fort Edward from fire.
Reconnoitres Northward.
Returns home.
Appointed Major.
In expedition to Ticonderoga.
In skirmish.
Mourns death of Lord Howe.
Shows kindness to wounded enemy.
Renders efficient aid during assault on French works.
Covers retreat.
Returns with main army to head of Lake George.
Escapes down rapids of Hudson.
In Roger's party against French plunderers.
Surprised by an ambuscade; made prisoner; tied to a tree; cruelly treated; led into forest to be burned alive.
Rescued; taken to Ticonderoga.
In presence of Montcalm.
Sent to Montreal; receives sympathetic attention from Schuyler.
Transferred to Quebec, exchanged.
Cares for Howe's family on homeward journey.
Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel.
Superintends work of Connecticut Regiment near Lake George.
In another expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point.
Assists in repairing and rebuilding captured forts.
Returns home.
With Amherst's Army against Montreal.
Disables a French warship.
His novel project for capture of Fort Lewis.
On the dangerous passage down the rapids of the St. Lawrence.
Rejoices on surrender of Montreal.
Cordially greeted by his former captor.
Again at home.
In last campaign of French and Indian war.
On duty at Ticonderoga and Crown Point.
Acting Colonel of Connecticut Regiment in expedition against Havana.
Presence of mind in storm at sea.
Participates in attack on Moro Castle.
A sharer in prize money.
Goes into country to buy fresh provisions.
Embarks for home, taking Cuban negro.
Works on farm.
In Bradstreet's expedition in Pontiac's War.
Meets, again the Indian Chief.
Reaches Fort Niagara.
Assists in building Fort Erie.
Arrives at Detroit.
Embarks with Bradstreet's troops for Sandusky.
Hardships on Lake Erie and Ontario.
Reaches home bereaved of wife and daughter.
Joins Congregational Church.
A leader of Sons of Liberty.
Interviews Governor Fitch at Hartford.
Chairman of Committee on Correspondence.
Representative to General Assembly.
Second marriage to Mrs. Deborah Avery Gardiner.
His Diary at New York and on Voyage to Pensacola.
Explores Mississippi as far North as Yazoo.

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Visits Jamaica.
Voyage homeward.
Sympathizes with Massachusetts patriots.
Goes to Boston with letter and flock of sheep.
Interviews British officers.

Then the catalogue goes on, but is too voluminous to quote.

Question 4. Who made a longer ride to secure the results of the Battle of Lexington than Paul Revere did to warn the Minute Men to get ready for it?

Bancroft puts Putnam's ride at one hundred miles in eighteen hours. This, too, has been a matter of discussion, fortunately, as always, for so the real facts are threshed out to final conclusions.

Tarbox, in his "Life of Putnam," says:

"Governor Ingersoll, of Connecticut, at the Concord Centennial, on April 19th, 1875, made the statement in his speech that Putnam was at Concord on the 21st of April. The statement was doubted. Judge Hoar thought it could not be so. Governor Ingersoll rested upon Hollister's History of Connecticut for his authority, but would not insist upon it in the presence of those who might be supposed to be better informed."

"Here, again, we get an example of the quite natural indifference or rather minor degree of interest which the students of history of one locality display toward the story of those who come from other parts.

Continuing, Tarbox relates of Governor Ingersoll: "He went home, however, and consulted that indefatigable antiquarian, J. Hammond Trumbull, L.L.D., of Hartford, Conn., close relative of the one only Colonial Governor who sided with the Patriots, Jonathan Trumbull (the original of "Brother Jonathan"), in whose War Office at Lebanon, Washington, Putnam and others met frequently, and of whom Washington was accustomed to say, when in doubt, 'Let us consult Brother Jonathan!' Dr. Trumbull immediately found and produced a copy of an old Norwich paper containing Putnam's letter written at Concord, April 21st, and published at Norwich, Sunday, April 23rd."

Then Trumbull repeated the fact, also attested by Putnam's son, Daniel, which has become one of the most picturesque episodes of our history.

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"When the news of the fight at Lexington and Concord reached Pomfret, Israel Putnam," says his biographer, Colonel Humphreys, "left his plow in the middle of the field, and without waiting to change his clothes, mounted on his horse and set out for the scenes of action." He was in Concord the second day after the Battle, and the same day, April 21, after a conference with the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, he wrote to Connecticut to advise the Governor and Council what was to be the Colony's quota to be raised for the Army in New England.

"These facts seem to have escaped the notice of our historians, and at the late Centennial Celebration in Concord, Governor Ingersoll's allusion to Putnam's visit in 1775, did not pass unquestioned. Paul Revere's ride," says Tarbox, "is made famous by its circumstances and the dangers that encompassed him, and especially, by the pen of the poet who has glorified it." (Just suppose Holmes had matched Longfellow's poem on Paul Revere, with one on Putnam, but alas! he was a Connecticut man, and the motive was lacking!) "But here," says Tarbox again, "was a ride not attended with any such present dangers, but involving marvellous powers of endurance in a heavy man of fifty-seven years of age. But the story is not all told yet. The same day that he reached Cambridge, he was also in Concord, and probably returned to Cambridge that same night."

Question 5. Who planned and fought the Battle of Bunker Hill?

They all fought it. There was no controversy on the field as to who commanded. That came afterward; but there is no doubt as to who planned it. Colonel Prescott has been made the victim of his friends, or rather, the friends of his family, a too zealous friendship, long after his death. He was an honorable man and a good soldier, and commanded with valor the Massachusetts troops, and deserves all the credit due him for his part; but no one dreamed of claiming, till years afterward, that he commanded at Bunker Hill.

In the Council of War at Cambridge, both Generals Ward and Warren opposed Putnam's plan of fortifying Breed's Hill. Daniel Putnam reports the discussion at length. "Warren," he said, after giving the preliminary conversation, "rose and walked several times across the room, leaned a few minutes over the back of a chair in a thoughtful attitude and said, 'Almost thou persuadest me, General Putnam, but I must still think the project a rash one.'"

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We cannot be too grateful to Increase N. Tarbox, the careful and skilled historian, for his elaborate study of the whole story in his "Life," written because of a desire to present the whole truth of the matter of who planned and fought the Battle of Bunker Hill. It would be ungrateful to condense it, cruel to abridge it. This reference to it must suffice.

At any rate, it was Putnam who gave the command, "Do not fire till you see the whites of their eyes;" who insisted on the fortification of Breed's Hill; who constantly rode back and forth across the Neck, raked by British cannon balls to seek and bring up reinforcements; who fired the last cannon with his own hands; who was first on the field and last to leave it.

It may be said that Israel Putnam did not stand alone among his family in patriotic zeal and devotion, for the Putnams were always martial. Lists may be seen of eighty-six Putnams who hastened to Lexington from various Massachusetts towns. Henry Putnam was at Lexington with seven sons, and lost his life on the field. Over one hundred Putnams were in the Continental Army and, at least three hundred fought for the Union in the Civil War.

Question 6. Who was offered the rank of Major General in the British Army?

Twice in Putnam's life did he request another officer, whose worth and life he valued, not to expose himself with him, and both these men, refusing, met their deaths.

It was in the attack on Ticonderoga that Lord Howe, brother of the General, in command at Boston, and by far the more attractive character of the two, met his death. He was much beloved by the Colonial troops, and it has been said, had he lived, there would have been no Revolution.

Humphreys narrates the incident.

"Putnam," said Lord Howe, "what means that firing?" Their column was advancing with others, through the thick wood. "I know not, but with your Lordship's leave, will see," replied the former. "I will accompany you," said the gallant young nobleman. In vain did Major Putnam attempt to dissuade him by saying, "My Lord, if I am killed, the loss of my life will be of little consequence, but the preservation of yours is of infinite importance to this Army." The only

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answer was, "Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me; I am determined to go." In the skirmish that followed, it was Howe that received the fatal wound.

Again, at Bunker Hill, Putnam begged Warren to leave the field, but it was he who escaped and Warren who was killed.

He saved the life of Major Small in the same fight, throwing up the muskets of his men when he saw them leveled at the breast of the British officer, exclaiming, as he did so, "My God, spare that man. I love him as a brother!" Small acknowledged the generosity by a bow as he retired. Afterward, they met under a flag of truce, and Small had a chance to express his appreciation.

There was then more than the refusal of reward and recognition on the British side to emphasize the depth of his sincere loyalty to the American cause. It was the severing of many friendships. It was to battle against former comrades in arms, for he was popular among them, even as among his own men. Not only did they desire to weaken the leadership of the rebel armies, but they wanted him for his own sake. Never, for one instant, did Putnam hesitate or waver in his firm confidence in the rightfulness of his stand. The attempt was made, however, to win him from it.

The British Commander, Gage, having learned that his personal friend of the French and Indian War was a leader in the Army besieging Boston, "found the means," according to Colonel Humphreys, "to convey a proposal privately to General Putnam, that if he would relinquish the rebel party, he might rely upon being made a Major General in the British establishment, and receiving a great pecuniary compensation for his services. General Putnam spurned the offer, which, however, he thought prudent at that time, to conceal from public notice." Such efforts of the British General to break the rebellion were in vain. A similar offer was made to General Stark of New Hampshire.

The following anecdote, told by his son, Colonel Daniel Putnam, discloses the true state of Putnam's mind. "From the arrival of Washington at Cambridge, till the enemy left Boston, his and Washington's military families were not only on the most friendly terms, but their intercourse was most frequent. Not a week passed but they dined together at the quarters of one or the other. One day in the

month of September (1775) General Washington gave at his table for a toast, "A speedy and honorable peace," and all appeared to join with good will in the sentiment. Not many days after, at Putnam's quarters, addressing himself to Washington, he said, "Your Excellency the other day gave us 'a speedy and honorable peace' and I, as in duty bound, drank it; but now, I hope, Sir, you will not think it an act of insubordination if I ask you to drink one of rather different character. I will give you, Sir, 'A long and moderate war.'"

"It has been truly said of Washington that he seldom smiled, and almost never laughed, but the sober and sententious manner in which Putnam delivered his sentiment, and its seeming contradiction to all his practice, came so unexpectedly on Washington, that he did laugh more heartily than I ever remember to have seen him before or after; but presently he said, 'You are the last man, General Putnam, from whom I should have expected such a toast, you who are all the time urging vigorous measures, to plead now for a long, and what is still more extraordinary, a moderate war, seems strange, indeed.' Putnam replied, that the measures he advised were calculated to prevent, not hasten a peace, which would only be a rotten thing, and last no longer than it divided us. 'I expect nothing' (said Putnam) 'but a long war, and I would have it a moderate one, that we may hold out till the Mother Country becomes willing to cast us off forever.' Washington did not soon forget this toast. For years after, and more than once, he reminded Putnam of it."

This was in the first year of the War. The same son records how Putnam, before Bunker Hill, in moods of abstraction, used to talk aloud to himself: "We must go there;" "we must go in the night;" "I know 'em of old—they fire without aim," etc., etc.

Question 7. Whose part in the most famous battle of the American Revolution has caused the greatest historical controversy resulting therefrom?

Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard, in his "Narrative and Critical History of America," gives a complete summary of all the literary references, papers, addresses, and books on both sides of the question. It is a not wholly creditable story. The friends of Putnam, however, can be unreservedly glad that the question was raised when and as pointedly and bitterly as it was. It came in time to evoke sworn affidavits of soldiers still living who had been present in the battle.

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"The whole matter," says Livingston, "is at bottom a question of Colonial jealousy between Massachusetts and Connecticut, stirred into renewed flame by the chance it gave a few people in New Hampshire to reveal some slumbering embers of the same human prejudice. Even so good men as the Starks seem not to have been entirely free from it, but it was General Dearborn who so tremendously overshot his mark, going so far as to make the claim (so absurd that it was almost funny) 'that Putnam was a coward.'"

The account of our hero in the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, a characteristically English production not supposed to be especially enthusiastic on American affairs, ends with this passage:

"Putnam was a brave, intrepid and very industrious soldier, rather than a great General, but his fame in the Indian Wars, his personal courage, his bluff heartiness and his good fellowship made him the idol of the rank and file, and he is one of the popular heroes of American history. He seems to have taken no part in the political manoeuvrings and cabals which busied many officers in the American Army."

Colonel Samuel Adams Drake, the eminent historian, says that Putnam "was beyond question the foremost man of that army in embryo, which assembled at Cambridge after the battle of Lexington. Not Ward, or Thomas, or Pomeroy, or even the lamented Warren, possessed its confidence to the degree that Putnam did."

"Yet," says Eben Putnam, "it was this unbounded popularity and the high promotion which accompanied it, which he never meanly sought for himself or grudged to others, that inspired with a feeling of jealousy and envy, certain military officers whose unfriendly spirit was never wholly repressed or concealed while yet he lived, but broke forth with peculiar violence long after his death, and when most of those who knew him best and loved him most were in their graves."

It was only a few months after the death of Colonel Humphreys, Putnam's earliest biographer, that the attack on Putnam culminated in a work of General Wilkinson, of which nobody even hears now, and which McMaster, in his "History of the United States," justly describes as his "three ponderous volumes of memoirs, as false as any yet written by man."

General Dearborn, who corresponded with Wilkinson, also per-

mitted himself to publish an attack on Putnam, in which he bewailed his "extraordinary popularity," his "universal popularity," his "ephemeral and unaccountable popularity."

Justin Winsor, in his "Narrative and Critical History of America," as remarked above, gives in full the whole literary range and development of the controversy participated in by many writers, including Daniel Webster himself.

Israel Putnam's youngest son, Colonel Daniel Putnam, an able and highly esteemed son of the departed veteran, wrote and published, I think originally in the "Gentleman's Magazine of Philadelphia," an eloquent and triumphant answer, of which, with another letter from the same source, John Adams wrote, "neither myself, nor my family, have been able to read either with dry eyes." "They would do honour to the pen of a Pliny."

Question 8. Who was born in one Colony, fought as a soldier of a second, was attacked by a soldier of a third New England State, and defended by leading men of the State of his birth?

We will not elaborate: the references in literature are too numerous. It remains only to briefly state the facts. Israel Putnam was born near Salem, Massachusetts. He early bought land of Governor Belcher in Pomfret, Connecticut, so lived and died as a citizen of that State. We have already outlined the matter of the attack on his memory.

We can learn a little of what the successful consolidation of the Thirteen Colonies into one Nation saved us from, when we realize, with some amazement, as we study this phase of our history, the potentialities of intercolonial jealousy, pride, indifference, and an incipient antagonism which fortunately was never allowed to do more than mutter and smoulder. The sense of justice in some of the leading citizens of Massachusetts has led them to generously repress overt manifestations of a lesser spirit. Tarbox, Cutter, Swete, Drake, and Webster have nobly striven to restore the balance of equanimity, even if, at Concord, they had forgotten, and when the Bunker Hill monument was dedicated there remained a little over-emphasis on local descendants. As for New Hampshire and the Starks, there is glory enough for all, while as to Dearborn, the less said, in this connection, the better. Daniel Webster himself came to the defense of Putnam,

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his legal instincts stirred by the manifest injustice of the prejudice and partiality exhibited. But the time was not ripe for a complete understanding.

Question 9. What one family furnished two Generals in the War of '76?

General Rufus Putnam, the engineer officer of the Revolution, was born in Sutton, Massachusetts, his grandfather being half-brother to Israel Putnam's father.

In 1898, the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the Revolution placed a tablet on the former home of Rufus Putnam, at Rutland, Massachusetts, the home becoming the property of the Massachusetts Society. Senator George F. Hoar wrote the inscription and gave an oration of great historic value, which was a study of the facts noted in the inscription, giving a new interpretation and a fresh emphasis to the true significance of his life. This inscription reads:

Here
From 1781 to 1783
Dwelt
General Rufus Putnam
Soldier of the old French War
Engineer of the Works
Which compelled the British Army
to evacuate Boston
and of the Fortifications of
West Point
Founder and Father of Ohio.
In this House
He planned and matured
the scheme of the Ohio Company,
and from it issued the call for the
Convention
which led to its organization
Over this threshold
He went to lead the Company
which settled Marietta, Ohio
April 17, 1788

To him, under God, is owing that the
Great North West Territory
was dedicated forever to
Freedom, Education and Religion
and that the
United States of America is not now a
Great Slave-holding Empire.

When Sir William Howe rubbed his eyes on the morning of March 5, 1776, looked from Boston over towards Dorchester Heights, and saw, through the heavy mist, the entrenchments planned and erected by Rufus Putnam, the exclamation was forced out of him, "The rebels have done more in a night than my army has in a month."

The whole story is a fascinating one, and Senator Hoar's oration is worth preserving among the classics of our literature. He spoke of the fire of patriotism glowing as brightly in the breast of this young self-taught officer as in the breasts of a Bayard or a Sydney, saying that "the old French War, with its adventures and escapes was better for him than a West Point education."

But we are only calling attention to a few landmarks concerning the Putnam family's service in our history, which he who would know well his country's story must in no wise forget. The story of Ohio is a story by itself. Colonel Israel Putnam, eldest son of "Old Put," with his two sons, joined the Ohio expedition and went with his relative to found a new State in the West. He went back to bring out his family a year or so later, and their descendants are still found there.

A three volume Genealogy of the Putnam family has been written by Mr. Eben Putnam, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, Editor of the *Genealogical Magazine*, and son of Frederick Ward Putnam, for twenty-five years Professor of American Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard University, in which he traces the past of the family in Buckinghamshire, England, to Sir Roger de Puttenham and back of him, quoting from Browning's "Americans of Royal Descent," to Louis IV. of France, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, and Geoffrey de Boulogne.

There are fourteen States that have either a county or town bearing the name "Putnam."

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In the Patriotic Societies for both sexes, you will find more descendants of Israel Putnam, than any other soldier of the Revolution. James Dixon Browne, Esq., a lawyer of Terre Haute, Indiana, compiled a manuscript Genealogy of the Putnam ancestry of his mother, Emily, wife of James Browne, and daughter of Colonel Daniel Putnam. He prefixed to the record his text from the Scriptures: "And the children of Israel increased and multiplied abundantly."

Question 10. Who commanded one of the two Concentration Camps during the Winter of Valley Forge?

It was near Danbury, Connecticut, during the winter of 1777-1778. "In order," says David Humphreys, "to cover the country adjoining the Sound, and to support the garrison of West Point in case of an attack, Major General Putnam was stationed for the Winter at Redding, Connecticut.

"He had under his orders, the brigade of New Hampshire, the two brigades of Connecticut, the corps of Infantry commanded by Hazen, and that of Cavalry by Sheldon.

"The troops, who had been badly fed, badly clothed and worse paid, by brooding over their grievances in the leisure and inactivity of Winter quarters, began to think them intolerable." So they mutinied. To quote Humphreys: "When word was brought to General Putnam that the two brigades were under arms to march to Hartford to compel the General Assembly to listen to their complaint, he mounted his horse, galloped to the cantonment, and thus addressed them:

"'My brave lads, whither are you going? Do you intend to desert your officers, and invite the enemy to follow you into the country? Whose cause have you been fighting and suffering so long in? Is it not your own? Have you no property, no parents, wives or children? You have behaved like men so far—all the world is full of your praises—and posterity will stand astonished at your deeds; but not if you spoil it all at last. Don't you consider how much the country is distressed by the War, and that your officers have not been any better paid than yourselves? Let us all stand by one another, then, and fight it out like soldiers.'

"When he had done, he directed the acting Major of Brigade to give the word for them to shoulder, march to their regimental parades

and lodge arms. All which they executed with promptitude and apparent good humor."

It was about the middle of this winter, when Putnam was on a visit to his outpost at Horseneck, with one hundred and fifty men, that he found Governor Tryon advancing on him with fifteen hundred. He fired a volley or two, and then, ordering his men to disperse, secured his own safety by galloping down the famous stone steps, whither the dragoons were unwilling to follow. They fired on him, however, and a ball hit his headpiece, which was seen to fly off. Tryon sent him the next day a new hat, so the story goes. Grim playfulness between enemies! The house from which he saw the English approaching has been preserved by the Daughters of the American Revolution of Greenwich, Connecticut, and is open to visitors.

Question 11. Who selected West Point as a military spot?

Israel Putnam made the decision, not, however, without asking counsel of others in authority, but against the advice of the French engineers called in consultation. (Livingston's Life, page 370.) The ruins of the old Fort up the hillside above the new chapel of the Military Academy still bears the name "Fort Putnam."

Colonel Humphreys, who was on the spot at the time, claims for General Putnam the whole merit for the selection of this post, and adds: "It is no vulgar praise to say, that to him belongs the glory of having chosen this rock of our military salvation. . . . The British, who considered this post as a sort of American Gibraltar, never attempted it, but by the treachery of an American officer." For West Point was the key to the Hudson, and it was the prize the British sought at the price of making Benedict Arnold a traitor.

Question 12. Who was the one General compelled by the infirmities of age to retire, all unwillingly, before the conclusion of the War, but with a long military career behind him?

Generals Greene and Anthony Wayne were younger men by nearly thirty years than this old veteran, and gained their spurs in reaching their military maturity during the War of the Revolution. Putnam had already grown grey in the Seven Years' War, and served in many successive campaigns. He reached his military maturity at the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was fourteen years older than Washington himself, and was the most active commander at Boston until Washington came.

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In December, 1779, after a visit at home, Putnam set out on horseback to re-join the Army. On the road between Pomfret and Hartford, he suffered a stroke of paralysis, which affected his whole right side, and, struggle against it as he might, he was compelled to realize that his military days were over. The iron frame that had been subjected to the strains of the days of his Indian fighting, of his French imprisonment and shipwreck at Havana, succumbed after three years of more continuous service. He was an old man even at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

This meant that his part in that struggle was confined to the dismal days and darkest hours of our great War for Liberty, and ended before the new turn of affairs which the French intervention afforded. His part, then, in it, belonged to losing days and ended before the winnings days, before things began to give any sure promise of success.

This, in turn, meant that he could not be present with the other officers, when Washington bade them farewell and organized the Cincinnati at Fraunces' Tavern in New York, for Putnam was sick and helpless in Connecticut. This was, perhaps, why Colonel Humphreys dedicated his "Biography" to the Connecticut Society of the Cincinnati.

Putnam was pre-eminently a soldier of the people, for the people—a true, Democratic soldier. Therefore, the people loved him, and his memory struck such fast and strong roots in popular appreciation and recollection. In this he was like Andrew Jackson, Grant, Napoleon himself, in part, and the great Joffre, who felt for and with the people and whom the people understood. These were no parlor soldiers. Putnam could not spell, but he could offer a pointed toast, one filled with a deep political insight, with the wisdom of the true statesman, as we have seen elsewhere in this paper. The British officers who fought with him, respected and liked him.

Putnam was "ever attentive to the lives and happiness of his men," as President Dwight put it, in his epitaph. He was a fully grown American, representing the best in our hearts, sincere, simple, unaffected, loyal, brave and true!

Even in praising Putnam, many writers seem to miss the point, betray an inadequate acquaintance with and failure to see the full

significance and success of his career. For example, Washington Irving says of him:

"A yeoman warrior fresh from the plow in the garb of rural labor: (he begins, you see, with the historic ride after Lexington, and seems not at all to have realized his previous service, this aspect of his character seeming to have loomed so large in the eyes of some that they fail utterly to see his previous training and exploits—the largest work of his life), a patriot, brave and generous, but rough and ready, who thought not of himself in the time of danger, but was ready to serve in any way, and to sacrifice rank and self-glorification to the good of the cause. He was eminently a soldier for the occasion. His name has long been a favorite one with young and old—one of the talismanic names of the Revolution, the very mention of which is like the sound of a trumpet. Such names are the precious jewels of our history, to be garnered up among the treasures of the Nation, and kept immaculate from the tarnishing breath of the cynic and the doubter."

General Putnam's epitaph, as written by President Dwight, of Yale, and re-carved in granite for the base of the bronze statue in Brooklyn, Connecticut, dedicated in June, 1888, follows:

To the Memory
of
Israel Putnam, Esquire,
Senior Major General in the Armies
of
The United States of America
who
was born at Salem
in the Province of Massachusetts
on the Seventh day of January
A. D. 1718
and died
on the twenty-ninth day of May
A. D. 1790.

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PASSENGER

If thou art a Soldier
Drop a tear over the dust of a Hero
who
Ever Attentive
To the lives and happiness of his Men
Dared to Lead
Where any Dared to Follow;

IF A PATRIOT

REMEMBER the distinguished and gallant services
Rendered thy Country
By the Patriot who sleeps beneath this Monument;
If thou art honest, generous & worthy
Render a cheerful tribute of respect

To a MAN

Whose generosity was singular
Whose honesty was proverbial
who
Raised himself to universal esteem
And offices of eminent distinction
By personal worth
and
Useful Life.

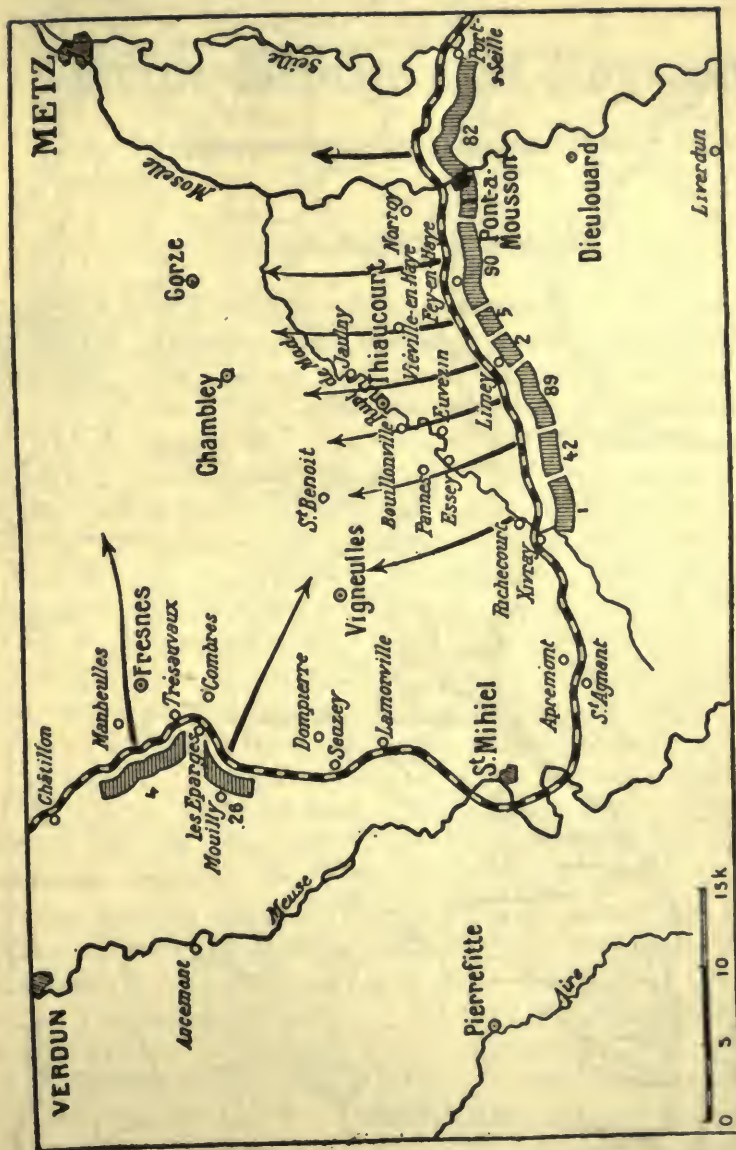
Charles Johnson, graduate of Yale, and English Professor at Trinity, read a poem at the dedication of this equestrian statue, erected in Putnam's honor, from which we quote these ringing words:

"He dared to lead
Where any dared to follow. In their need
Men looked to him.
A tower of strength was Israel Putnam's name
A rally word for Patriot acclaim:
It meant resolve, and hope, and bravery,
And steady cheerfulness and constancy,

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And if, in years to come, men should forget
That only freedom makes a nation great;
If men grow less as wealth accumulates,
Till gold becomes the life-blood of our States;
Should all these heavy ills weigh down our hearts,
We'll turn to him, who acted well his part
In those old days, draw lessons from his fame
And hope and strength from Israel Putnam's name."





THE PLAN FOR THE ATTACK FOR THE SAINT-MIHIEL SALIENT. THE FIRST GREAT EXPLOIT IN FRANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY ACTING AS SUCH UNDER ITS COMMANDER, GENERAL PERSHING. THE ATTACK BEGAN ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1918, AT 5 A. M. IN THE MORNING

Used by the courtesy of the MacMillan Company, from their valuable and interesting publication, entitled, "The American Army in the European Conflict," by Colonel Chamberlain and Captain de Marenches.



THE WATERWAYS OF ILLINOIS

Saint George's at Popham

Forerunner of All American Forts

BY

GRACE LOUISE ROBINSON



T WAS a long while ago, even before the landing of the Pilgrims, that a simple wooden blockhouse on a jutting bit of land, near the mouth of the Sagadahoc, was built, the first fastness of the British in New England. Saint George's it was called, and its place was, most likely, on the little promontory called Phippsburg, where the Popham Colonists spent their brief historic year.

Matter of tradition, for the most part, that old fort is now. Not even its ruins are to be seen. The Atlantic winds and waves have scattered every bit of wood and mortar, every nail and bullet. Yet it is not all tradition, after all. For Strachey, the chronicler of the Popham expedition, tells of the building of a fort with trenches about it, with twelve cannon mounted on its ramparts; and, in a strange place to look for early New England documents, there is a map of the old fortification. That place is in Simancos, Spain, where the Honorable J. L. Curry, when he was United States Ambassador to Spain, discovered the old drawing. That shows it with towers, flankers, bulwarks, an imposing fortification for that early time.

There, on the sands of Maine, it was built by the communist expedition under Captain Popham and Captain Gilbert, at the beginning of their ill-starred adventure in New World life. With the storehouse for trade with the Indians, the fifty log cabins, the other community buildings, it sprang, mushroom-fashion, into history, and passed as quickly. First English-built fastness in New England, it rose before the eyes of the Pemaquid Indians, a marvel, a menace. Tragic was the drama it played, when some of the colonists, more bulldozing, we are bound to believe, than the most of their number, turned

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the cannon upon curious, visiting Indians who did not know the horrors and cruelties of civilized warfare. Tragic for the men of the Popham Colony, in its turn, was the aftermath of that sin of the English; for the Fort of Saint George's could not protect its colony unless there were, for the people of that colony, food, fuel, clothing, the chance of trade with the Algonquins. Without that life could not go on. But fish and game, skins and furs, corn and other foods the outraged Indians would not bring to the Fort. In fear of revenge by the natives, the colonists did not dare hunt, fish, or go into the forests to cut wood. They had killed the goose that laid the golden egg. Civilization, having played false with the natives, must hurry back to Europe and wait for another time to make itself strong in New England. That the Pilgrims, coming in a different spirit, thirteen years later, were to do.

So the men of Saint George's, who might have made a bigger, better history for Maine at that time, left their village, their cabins and yards, the place where their burned storehouse had stood, and traveled back across the Atlantic. Maybe they took, maybe they left, the first little ship built in New England, The Virginia. By the shore they left the grave of George Popham, their President, who said:

"I die content. My name will always be associated with the first planting of the English race in the New World. My remains will not be neglected, away from the home of my fathers and my kindred."

But the gallant and courteous gentleman, who was worthy of a better company than were many of those who sailed with him and Raleigh Gilbert, was no prophet. His grave was neglected. For only the fort was left, with the dismantled semblance of a village, to give the look of England to that coast region.

Without a colony to protect, Saint George's was no longer a fort. Yet it has a right to a place in the mind of New Englanders and of all other Americans, for it was the first of its kind, and, whatever the faults and mistakes, spelling ruin to the colony, of the men who should have been settlers, their leaders were noble men and the adventure of the building of Saint George's was a passionate page in the life of the seventeenth century.

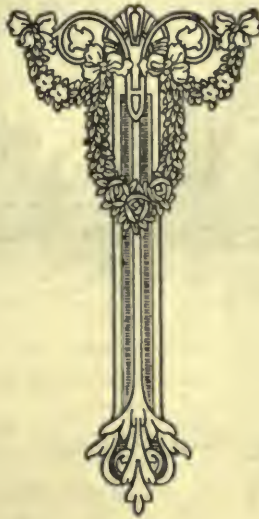
Thinking of that, the men of the twentieth century, three hundred years away from the romance, danger, bravery, mistakes of that for-

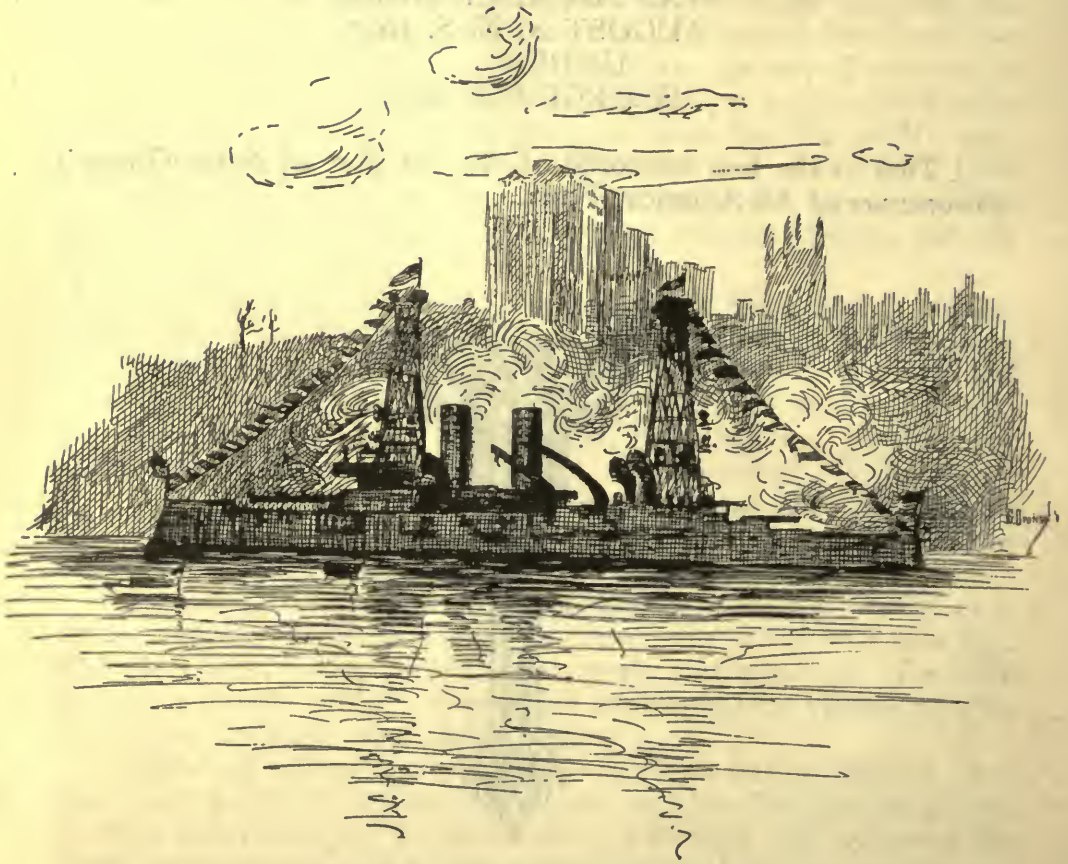
SAINT GEORGE AT POPHAM

lorn undertaking, held, on the Popham site, in 1907, a Tercentenary.
There they unveiled a tablet which reads thus:

THE FIRST ENGLISH COLONY
ON THE SHORES OF NEW ENGLAND
WAS FOUNDED HERE
AUGUST 29 N. S. 1607
UNDER
GEORGE POPHAM

That is the best memorial of the old Fort of Saint George's,
Forerunner of All American Forts.





UNITED STATES WARSHIP FIRING A SALUTE

In October, 1912, when the United States Navy was anchored off New York City in the Hudson River.

Articles of Capitulation Between ^{the} Genl Burgoyne and
 Maj Gen Gates — ^{Art 1st} The Troop Commander
 Gen Burgoyne are to march and set down Camp with the Honorable
 Officer and the Detachment of the Garrison of the Fort of the River
 when the old Fort is taken. When the Arms and Detachment are to be left
 the Armies to be piled by word of Command & their own Officers —
 Art 2^d A free passage to be granted to the Army under Gen Burgoyne
 Capt. Borden after Land taken not driving again into North America
 During the present hostilities and the port of Boston is to be open for the entry of
 Troop supports to the Army the Troops when ever Genl Gates shall so order —
 3^d - Should any Article take place by which the Army under Genl Burgoyne
 or any part of it may be exchanging the foregoing Articles to be Void after
 or such Exchange shall be made —
 4th The Army under Genl Burgoyne to March to Westchester by
 by the easiest & most expeditious and convenient Road and to be
 Quartered in such or as convenient or possible to Boston that the march
 of the Troops may not be delayed when Troops are arrived to receive them
 5th The Troops to be supplied on their March and During their being on
 the River with the Port open by Genl Gates & the same Rate of Pay as
 The Troops of his own Army and if possible the Officers houses & stable
 to be supplied at the usual Rate —
 6th The Troops to be supplied with Carriages Boat Horses & other Articles
 necessary to be supplied or such. Genl Burgoyne giving his Honor
 that no publick stores are situated within Maj Gen Gates will of course
 take the necessary measures for the due performance of this Article & that
 any Carriages be wanting During the March of the Troops to the Officers
 baggage may and if possible to be supplied by the Country at the
 usual Rate —
 7th upon the March and During the time the Army shall remain in
 Quarters in the Month of September the Officers are not as far as
 necessary will permit to be separated from their men, The
 Officers are to be paid according to Rank and are Not to be
 hindered from disembarking their men for Small Cattle and other
 purposes of necessity —
 8th All Corps who take of Genl Burgoyne & Army who either by force
 of Arms or by other means are taken Prisoners & are to be
 sent to the Camps and Soldiers of the Army of Genl Gates & Everlastingly shall be
 Included —

FACSIMILE OF THE ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION SIGNED BY GENERAL BURGoyNE OF
 THE BRITISH ARMY, AFTER THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA, IN 1777



A History of the Origin and Development of Banks and Banking and of Banks and Banking in the City of New York :-: :-: :-:

BY
W. Harrison Bayles
and
Frank Allaben

FRANK ALLABEN, Editor-in-Chief

CHAPTER III

The Rise of Banking in England

Practically No Banking Houses in Existence Before the Time of Charles I—The Jews Control the Banking in England—English Kings Extort Huge Sums of Money from the Jews—Jews Robbed and Banished from England—England Begins to Borrow from Italian Bankers—The City of London is Forced to Loan to the English Sovereign—Extravagance of English Monarchs Forces Them to Sell Crown Jewels to Gain Credit—The English Silver Penny the New Medium of Exchange—Henry III Issues Gold Coinage—The Royal Exchange is Established—The Royal Exchange Passes Out of Existence—Corfy Buys the Right of Entire English Exchange-Control from the King—Royal Exchange is Again Revived—The Goldsmiths Become the Bankers of England—The Famous "Temple Bar" Bank is Founded—Blackwell and Other Bankers Make Heavy Loans to Charles II—The Exchequer is Closed and Edward Blackwell is Ruined—All Other Bankers Who Have Loaned to the King Fail—Banking Conditions in England Sink Into a Very Uncertain State—Only One Financial House Survives the Crash.

The Rise of Banking in England



BEFORE the reign of Charles I. there do not appear to have been in England any business houses devoted entirely or principally to banking or exchange. The little of this sort of business done in London was transacted by the merchants. The Italian merchants of Lombard street, who in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries bought up the wool of England for the cloth manufacturers of Florence, were ready to negotiate bills of exchange, through their correspondents, on almost any city of Europe, and were also willing to loan money on good security and at high rates of interest. Earlier than this, as on the continent, the loaning of money was almost entirely in the hands of Jews, and seizure and confiscation of the property of people of this nationality seem to have contributed to a considerable extent to the income of the crown.

The Jews came in from Normandy with the Norman Conquest, and from that time were used by the Kings of England as a source of revenue in any sudden need. They were settled by themselves in separate quarters, or "Jewries," were protected from the popular hatred in the free exercise of their religion, and were allowed to erect synagogues and to direct their ecclesiastical affairs by means of Rabbis. A royal justiciary was set up to secure law to the Jewish merchant, who had no standing in the courts. The Jew had no right of citizenship; he was simply the King's chattel, and his life and goods were absolutely at the King's mercy; but he was a source of revenue and was used without stint. A large portion of the wealth, which his industry and enterprise accumulated, was demanded by the King when in need, and torture and imprisonment were resorted to in case milder means did not succeed.

King Henry III. squeezed the Jews most unmercifully. One Jew alone, called Aaron of York, was on various occasions obliged to pay large sums of money, until the total amounted to the enormous sum of fifty-six thousand marks, equal to about half a million pounds of

the present day, or over two million dollars. A large part of this was extorted by an accusation of forgery, which was probably a false charge. Having borrowed money from his brother, Richard, in the years 1255 and 1271, the King on both occasions mortgaged to him all the Jews of England, that is to say, the revenue that it was possible to extort from them, as security for payment. The excessive interest, demanded and obtained by the Jews from those to whom they loaned money,—which, we are told, was at least two pennies a week for the use of twenty shillings,—need cause no surprise; for they exacted such exorbitant interest under risk of plunder, torture, murder, and the certainty of being obliged to pay a large portion of it to the King, who used them as an indirect means of taxing the people.

King John, the father of Henry III., once demanded ten thousand marks from a rich Jew of Bristol, and, on his refusal, ordered one of his teeth to be drawn every day until he should comply. After losing seven teeth the Jew paid the required amount. At one time, during the reign of King John, the Jews were all thrown into prison and the sum of sixty-six thousand marks required for their release.

The revenue arising from these exactions was so considerable that a particular Court of Exchequer was set apart for its management.

In the time of Edward I. great complaint was made of the adulteration of the coin, and as this debasement required more art than was supposed to be possessed by the English, it was generally attributed to the Jews. Edward required that the full rigor of the laws be used against them. Two hundred and eighty Jews, for the crime of coin-debasement, were hanged at once in London alone, besides many in other parts of England. Their property was confiscated and sold. Nor was this the end of their sufferings, for although the exactions levied upon them had produced a constant and considerable revenue, Edward resolved to purge the Kingdom entirely of the hated race and appropriate to himself their whole property. This was done, leaving them only sufficient funds to carry them into some foreign country, where new persecutions probably awaited them. At the ports many were robbed even of this small pittance, and some were thrown into the sea. More than fifteen thousand Jews were thus robbed and banished, and after this no Jews were to be found in England until the time of Cromwell.

THE RISE OF BANKING IN ENGLAND

In the reign of Richard I., a law was enacted requiring that three copies should be made of every bond given to a Jew: one to be put in the hands of a magistrate, one to go to a man of credit, and the third to remain with the Jew. The canon law, supported by the municipal, allowed no Christian to take any interest whatever, so that after the expulsion of the Jews all transactions of this kind had to be done secretly, and, consequently, the lender expected to be paid not alone for the use of his money, but for the obloquy and risk incurred. The banishment of the Jews, however, brought no alleviation to those who wanted to borrow money. The Lombards and the Corsini proved as exacting in the matter of interest as any Jew had ever been.

After the expulsion of the Jews, the Kings of England became extensive borrowers from the Italian merchants or bankers, some of whom had branch houses, managed by one or more partners, in London and other places. Through these offices, as we have seen, were collected the dues claimed by the Pope in England, which were either remitted to him or loaned out at interest on his account.

These Italian merchant-bankers were very serviceable to the Kings in lending them money, negotiating exchanges, and transacting other kinds of business, and consequently enjoyed a good deal of favor. The collection of the customs was frequently entrusted to them, the receipts either to be accounted for, or to be retained at a stipulated rent. Bonricini Guidicon and Company accounted to the exchequer for the proceeds of the customs on wool, wool-fells, and hides, from Easter, 1281, to Easter, 1282. The customs were sometimes assigned to individuals as security for the payment of debts due from the King. Edward I., in the year 1307, assigned to the merchants of Brabant, for the payment of a debt, the new customs due on their own imports, in consideration of which they promised to bring much more merchandise to the port of London. In 1312 the customs of Boston were assigned to a merchant of Genoa, for the payment of a debt due from the King.

In the latter part of the Fourteenth Century loans to the King became much more frequent. In 1382 the King repaid a loan of £2,000, which he had borrowed from the City of London, by putting his crown and some valuable trinkets in pawn. In a demand made for a loan, about this time, the proportion for the City of Boston was

placed at £200, and an order was issued that every citizen of that place or its suburbs possessing property to the value of £20, should contribute his proportion under pain of imprisonment. Whether the people of Boston had been refractory, or whether this was part of a general scheme, we are not informed.

In 1404, King Henry borrowed 1,000 marks from ten merchants of Genoa, and in payment allowed them to retain the duties on goods to be imported, and on wool, hides, wool-fells, cloth, and other goods. He borrowed 500 marks from five merchants of Florence, on the same terms, and the next year these arrangements were repeated by the same parties.

In September, 1405, the King, desiring to anticipate the payment of the taxes voted by Parliament, commissioned the sheriffs and other gentlemen to oblige the richest men in every shire to advance the amount of the taxes to be collected in their districts, which would be repaid to them by the collectors when collected.

From this time forth the Kings of England anticipated the revenues by borrowing on the security of the subsidies on wool, hides, and wool-fells, or any other tax not collected.

Britain, when under the rule of Rome, had received and used the Roman money. Constantine, it appears, had a mint at London, and the Roman currency continued to circulate for some time after the departure of the conquerors. The first independent coinage, however, shows scarcely a trace of Roman influence. Two small coins, called *skeatta* and *styca*, were issued, the former of silver and the latter of copper. They both seem to belong to the Saxon Kingdom of Northumbria.

A bird, a rude profile, and some unintelligible symbols, appear upon them, but no inscription, and their execution is very rude. In the other Kingdoms of the heptarchy silver pennies were coined, which, with the occasional addition of half-pennies, on the disappearance of the *skeatta* and *styca* formed the sole currency of England down to the reign of Edward III.

The penny, the same as the German *pfenning*, is first mentioned in the laws of Ina, King of the West Saxons, about the close of the Seventh Century. It was then a silver coin and weighed about $22\frac{1}{2}$ grains Troy, or about $1/240$ of the Saxon pound weight, and con-

tinued so for centuries. A treasure was found at Rome in 1883, in the Atrium of the Vestals on the Palatine, which contained 830 Anglo-Saxon silver pennies, the tribute of England as Rome-scot during the latter part of the Ninth and the fore part of the Tenth Century. Among them were pennies of King Alfred, of Edward, Athelstan, Edmund, Sitric, and Anlof. They had been buried in the time of Pope Marinus II. (943-946).

By a statute of the thirty-first year of Edward I. (1302), "for ascertaining the former standard of English coins," it was enacted that "I, An English penny, still the largest coin in England, which is also called a sterling, round and without clipping, shall weigh thirty-one grains of wheat well dried and gathered out of the middle of the ear. II, And twenty of those pence, or twenty pennyweights, shall make an ounce. III, And twelve of those ounces shall make a pound." Before the time of Edward I., halfpence and farthings had not been coined, but the practice prevailed of deeply indenting the penny with a cross mark so that it could be easily broken into two or four parts as desired. The coining of silver farthings ceased under Edward VI., and silver halfpennies under the Commonwealth. From the time of Edward II., the penny greatly decreased from its original weight, becoming 18 grains under Edward III., 15 and 12 under Edward IV., 8 under Edward VI., and, under Elizabeth, being finally fixed at $7 \frac{23}{31}$ grains, or $\frac{1}{62}$ of an ounce.

The first diminution of the weight of English money was made by Edward I., who coined 243 pennies out of a pound of silver. This was but a slight reduction, but the example set was abundantly followed and greatly enlarged upon by succeeding Kings.

King Edward III., embarrassed by the debts which he had incurred, in order to pay his creditors the nominal amounts due, but at less value than that at which he had borrowed them, in 1344 ordered 265 pennies to be made from a pound of standard silver, while in 1346 he further diminished the money by making 270 pennies out of a pound. Thus his own and all other creditors were defrauded, and the people, especially those of the lower classes, were much distressed by the rise in prices of all the necessities of life.

There was in England no such coin as the shilling until the year 1504, and there never was a piece of silver money coined in that country weighing a pound.

The first King of England to issue gold coins was Henry III., who in 1257 coined a penny of fine gold, of the weight of two silver pennies, and ordered it to be current for twenty pence. This coinage of gold was premature. There was no commercial necessity for it, and an interval of nearly ninety years ensued before any coinage of gold occurred again in England.

The silver coinage of King Edward III. consisted not only of pennies, halfpennies, and farthings, but also of groats and half groats; and the special feature of the coinage of this reign was the issue, in 1344, of gold nobles, valued at six shillings and eight pence, half nobles, and farthing nobles. This coinage appears to have given occasion for the office of royal exchangers. At that time it was not easy for any one having a gold noble to get it converted into silver, or to exchange silver for gold, and, therefore, to prevent extortion and fraud, and also for their own profit, Edward III. and several of his successors appointed royal exchangers, supplied with a sufficient quantity of gold and silver coins, who had a monopoly of the business of exchange in London and other places.

The people were allowed to exchange money for mutual accommodation, but were not allowed to make any profit by it. When the royal exchangers gave silver for nobles, they gave one silver penny less for each noble than its current value, and when they gave gold nobles for silver, they took one penny more than its current value for each noble, by which they made a profit of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The royal exchangers had also the exclusive privilege of giving the current coins of the Kingdom in exchange for foreign coins to accommodate merchant strangers, and of purchasing light money for the mint. As the laws forbade the exportation of English coin, the royal exchangers at the several seaports furnished merchants and others who were going abroad coins of the countries to which they were going in exchange for English money, "according to a table hung up in their office for public inspection." By these various operations considerable profit was made, of which a certain share went to the King.

King Henry VII. granted to Peter Corfy, a Florentine, the right of exchange on all money paid by persons going or sending money to foreign parts, and from thence back to England, allowing him to take three pence on the exchange of every gold ducat for his own account.

THE RISE OF BANKING IN ENGLAND

For this privilege Corfy was to pay the King yearly £200 sterling. The institution of the office of exchanger was continued until the middle of the reign of Henry VIII., "who suffered his coin to be so far debased that no regular exchange could be made." The office was discontinued, and the business of making exchange of money fell into the hands of the goldsmiths. King Charles I., searching for every source of revenue not controlled by Parliament, revived the office of royal exchange in 1627.

Charles issued a proclamation in which he claimed the exchange of all kinds of gold and silver money, bullion, or foreign coin fit for the mint, as the sole right and prerogative of the Crown, wherein no subject ought at all "without our special license to intermeddle, the same being prohibited by divers acts of Parliament and proclamations, both ancient and modern."

In his "whereas" he states how some of his royal predecessors had for some time "tolerated a promiscuous kind of liberty to all, but especially to some of the mystery and trade of goldsmiths in London and elsewhere." These goldsmiths, he continues, not only make exchanges of money, and buy and sell bullion, but they have for many years presumed to sort out coins which are weightier than the rest, which they melt down for plate or sell to merchant strangers, who have exported the same, whereby there has been a great consumption of coins, and the rate of silver has been so raised that no silver can be brought up to the mint, but to the loss of the bringer.

To reform all these abuses, for his own profit and the good of the realm, the King determined to assume his rights, and appointed Henry, Earl of Holland, and his deputies, to be the royal exchangers. As this caused some dissatisfaction, the King in the following year authorized the publication of a pamphlet entitled "*Cambium Regis*, or the Office of His Majesty's Exchange Royal," which attempted to show, "That the prerogative of exchange of bullion for coin had always been a flower of the Crown, of which instances are quoted from the time of King Henry I., downward.—That King John farmed out that office for no smaller a sum than five thousand marks—that the place or office where the exchange was made in his reign was near St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and gave name to the street still called the Old Exchange"—that this method continued till the time

of Henry VIII.—that the confusion caused by the debasement of the Coin “made way for the London goldsmiths to leave off their proper trade of goldsmitherie and to turn exchangers of foreign coins for English coins” and that the appointment of royal exchangers was to prevent “those trafficking goldsmiths from culling and sorting out all the heavy coin and selling the same to the mint of Holland or melting it down.”

The Goldsmiths' Company of London earnestly petitioned the King against the revival of the royal exchange, as did afterwards the lord mayor, court of aldermen, and common council of London. Upon a second petition of the goldsmiths, the King told them to trouble him no more, since his right to the office was undoubtedly clear.

Previous to the year 1640 the mint in the Tower of London had been used as a sort of bank or repository for the deposit of the merchants' money for safe-keeping. To supply his wants without the aid of Parliament, King Charles seized this money, amounting to £200,000, to replace which he demanded a loan of the like amount from the City of London, which was refused. To punish this refusal an exorbitant fine was laid on the City for having, as the King alleged, occupied more land in Ireland than was granted by the charter. After this compulsory loan, although the King gave the lenders the security of his customs, the mint was never after resorted to as a place of deposit.

After the mint thus lost its credit, the merchants and traders of London generally trusted their cash with their servants or clerks, until the breaking out of the civil war. But in the unsettled war times, when apprentices and clerks were leaving their masters to join the army, some of them taking their masters' money with them, merchants first began, about the year 1645, to lodge their cash in the hands of goldsmiths, *both to receive and pay for them* (just as was done in ancient Greece and Rome)—“until which time,” says one writer, “the whole and proper business of London goldsmiths was to buy and sell plate and foreign coins of gold and silver, to melt and cull them, to coin some at the mint, and with the rest to supply the refiners, plate-makers and merchants, as they found the price to vary.”

This same author observes that in those times of civil commotion

the goldsmiths' new business of receiving on deposit soon grew to be very considerable, and that the new Parliament, out of the plate and old coin brought into the mint, coined seven million into half crowns. There being no mills then in use at the mint, this new money was of a very unequal weight, there sometimes being two pence or three pence difference in an ounce, while most of it was heavier than it ought to have been. The goldsmiths, as usual in such cases, took advantage of this by picking out the heaviest pieces and melting them down or exporting them. With such opportunities offering, and with the ratio of gold and silver frequently changing, and also varying in different countries, it can readily be seen how profit could be made by dealing in coined money.

Such of the merchants' servants and clerks as still kept their masters' cash now fell into the way of secretly lending it, at four pence per cent. per diem, to the goldsmiths, who by such means were enabled to lend to needy merchants at high interest, and also to discount mercantile bills at high rates. About this time they also began to receive, remitted to town, the rents of country gentlemen, who, since their homes were exposed to all the dangers and consequences of civil war, were glad to entrust their money to the goldsmiths, and especially so since these allowed them, with others who put cash into their hands, some interest for it. Thus the goldsmiths, without much trouble, found themselves in possession of large sums of money, and the most prominent among them were able, with great advantage to themselves, to supply Cromwell with money, as it was needed, as an advance on the revenues.

After the restoration, to Charles II., in need of money, the goldsmiths made loans at the rate of ten per cent., while on many bills, orders, tallies, and debts of that King, they received twenty and sometimes thirty per cent., which induced them more and more to loan to him, to anticipate all revenue, and to take in pawn every grant of Parliament as soon as made, so that in reality all the revenue passed through their hands, "and they then first came to be called bankers." The number of these bankers increased, and as more money came into their hands than could be employed in public demands, they turned to the business of loaning at high interest on private security, discounting bills of exchange, lending on personal security to heirs in expectancy, etc.

This continued until the year 1672, when King Charles, having by plausible representations obtained a grant of £800,000 from Parliament, immediately prorogued that body. But this sum not proving sufficient for his designs, he let it be known by his confidential advisers that the office of Lord High Treasurer was ready for any one who would devise a plan to supply his present needs. Sir Thomas Clifford proposed the closing of the exchequer, which was done, whereby all the money which the London goldsmiths and bankers had lent the King at eight per cent. became available for the King's intended war against Holland. These advances amounted to £1,328,526, and the sudden stopping and cutting off of the customary weekly repayments to the goldsmiths out of the revenues created acute panic in London and great distress among the creditors of the bankers. It is said that ten thousand families were greatly injured, and many of them entirely ruined. Clifford was granted the promised reward, together with a peerage, and the King gave orders to the treasury to fit out a British fleet with the money.

Oliver Cromwell had an account at the Marygold, where William Wheeler kept running cashes. He also had dealings with Edward Blackwell, of the Unicorn, in Lombard street, alderman of the ward of Bishopsgate, and the great banker of that day. Pepys tells in his diary of his own purchases from Blackwell of silverware for presents, but he also visited him for political purposes. The money to pay the garrison of Dunkirk, and also the money received from the French, when, much to the disgust of his subjects, Charles II. sold that fortress to Louis XIV., passed through Blackwell's hands.

Blackwell made loans to the Crown on various kinds of security, and Pepys went to him in 1665 to secure the advance of a small sum for the navy. Blackwell was sent by the King on errands to France, and undoubtedly was the intermediary in many money transactions between Charles and Louis, after the famous treaty of Dover. Before the great fire, the banker used to allow as much as six per cent. interest on deposits, at twenty days call, and even three and one-half per cent., or more, on demand. He negotiated loan after loan to meet the needs of Charles II.; and when all the bankers' houses in Lombard street were destroyed in the great fire, Alderman Blackwell, on account of the important services he could render, had a special precept from the

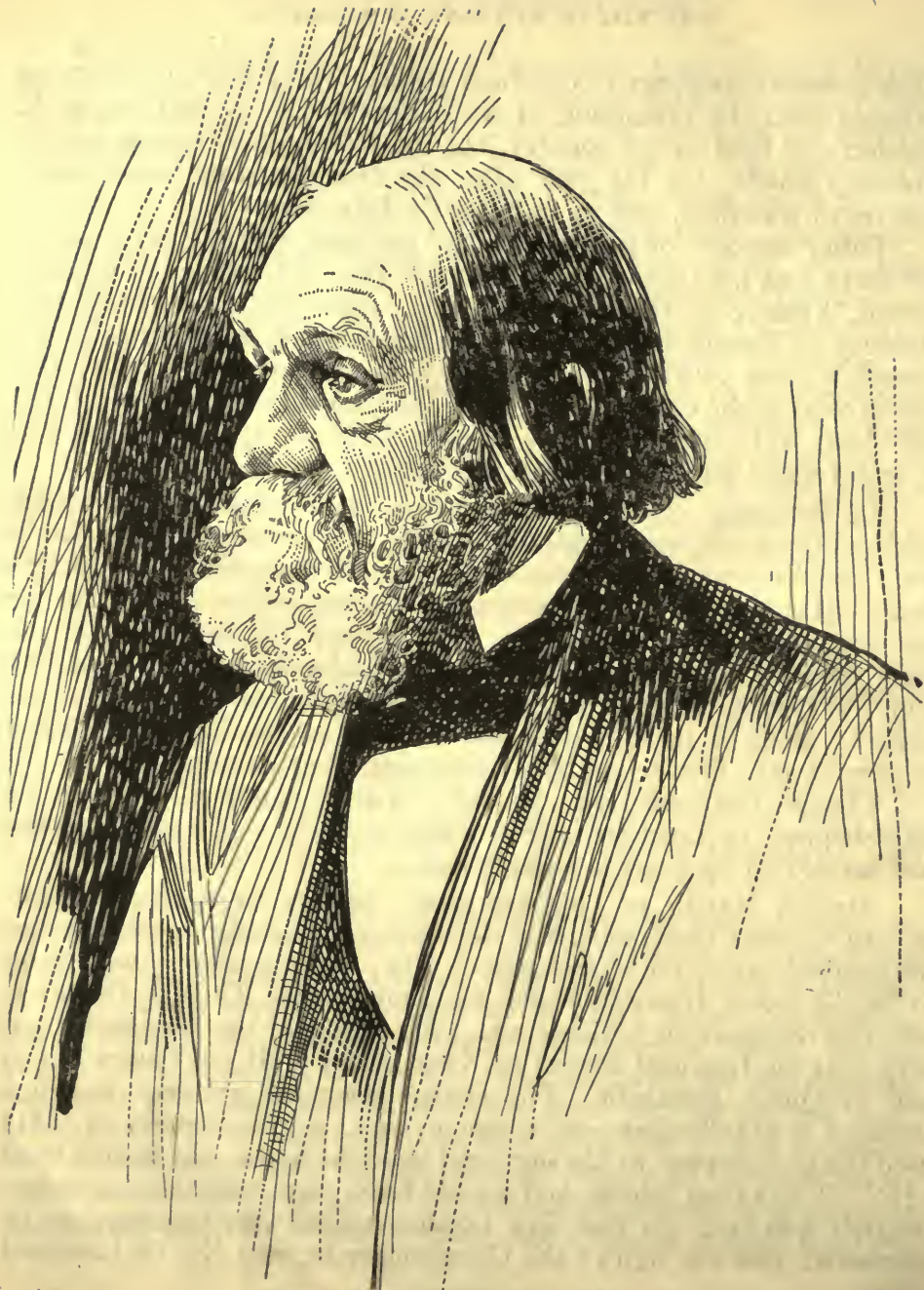
King to secure lodgings in Gresham House, where he could carry on business until the rebuilding of the Unicorn. He owned houses in London and land in the country, but the bulk of his fortune was in Treasury bonds; for the year after the fire the King owed him a quarter of a million, and in 1672 nearly £300,000.

Other bankers, or goldsmiths, had dealings with the government, for there was keen competition among them. Sir Francis Child succeeded Wheeler at the Marygold, just within the then newly-built archway of Temple Bar. Part of the house stood on the ruins of the Temple's outer courts, and remains of the ancient vaulting are said still to exist in the cellars of the bank, for the banking house of Child's still exists, although none of the original name are now connected with it, and Temple Bar has long ago disappeared.

In the great crisis of 1672, when the exchequer was closed, Edward Blackwell was financially ruined, with nearly all other bankers. Child's, and another important firm, Duncombe's, escaped this fate. Of course such an abominable scheme as the closing of the exchequer had to be kept secret, yet somehow the intentions of the King came to the knowledge of a few. Shaftesbury was a depositor with Duncombe, while Child also had influential men among his customers. Both of these houses had warning of the impending crash in time to save themselves by withdrawing their money.

Charles Duncombe was, in 1672, keeping running cashes at the Grasshopper, in Lombard street, where a century before Greshman had carried on his extensive operations.

Messrs. Martin, of Lombard street, are the mercantile descendants of Charles Duncombe, and their present banking house occupies the original site of the Grasshopper. They may therefore justly claim to be the oldest financial house in London. Sir Thomas Gresham, who had occupied the building about the middle of the Sixteenth Century, was the financial adviser of King Henry VIII., of Queen Mary, and of Queen Elizabeth. The charge upon his armorial bearings included a grasshopper—on a mount, vert, a grasshopper, or. He used the grasshopper as his sign, and by it the house was known until 1770. It was then rebuilt, and the old brass sign, taken down, unfortunately was lost. At that time London houses were beginning to be numbered, and the sign of the Grasshopper became No. 68 Lombard street.



PORTRAIT OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Report of the Treasurer of
THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Trial balance for the period from January 1, 1920, to December 31, 1920:

	Debits	Credits
Founders' Donations Account.....		\$ 200.00
Sustaining Memberships (New).....		142.00
Endowment Patrons.....		400.00
Publication Account, "The Red Conspiracy" \$	3,258.67	
Sales Account, "The Red Conspiracy"....		3,642.22
Sales Account, Leaflets.....		.85
General Expense	796.52	
Salary Account	3,575.00	
Annual Dues		5,400.10
General Summary Account (Transfer of Expense and Income Accounts from 1915 to December 31, 1919.....		9,646.44
Frank Allaben Genealogical Company, Bal- ance due on the purchase of the Magazine.		16,196.00
The National Historical Company.....		617.30
Donations toward Arrears.....		614.00
Publication Account, The Journal of American History	6,736.74	
Postage Account	760.31	
Paper Edition Sales, "The Red Con- spiracy"		49.04
Investments, Liberty Loan Bonds.....	3,950.00	
Rent Account	600.00	
Sales and Subscriptions.....		1,714.70
Notes Payable (Secured by Liberty Bonds)		3,150.00
Interest Account		28.40
Frank Allaben		44.40
The Journal of American History, Pur- chase	25,000.00	
John Brown Memorial, One-Fourth In- terest	50.00	

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Copyright Account	1.00	
Haskins & Sells Co., Advance on Lease....	200.00	
Dudley Butler		5,623.00
Accounts Receivable, Good.....\$	483.40	
Doubtful	1,283.50	1,766.90
Cash Balance, December 31, 1920.....	773.31	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$47,468.45	\$47,468.45

Respectfully submitted,

DUDLEY BUTLER, Treasurer.





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